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FROM

Mr. H. Hubbard
and
J. G. Seaton

CASTLE RACKRENT

At this Lady takes up the corner of her apron and puts it first to one eye and then to the other [illegible] to all appearance in great trouble [illegible]

N York, 1st October

NOVELS AND TALES

BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH

In Ten Volumes

VOL. I.

NEW YORK: J. & J. HARPER, 82 CLIFF ST.

1833

Harper's Stereotype Edition.

TALES AND NOVELS

BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

EIGHTEEN VOLUMES BOUND IN NINE.

VOLS. I. & II.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

CASTLE RACKRENT; AN ESSAY ON IRISH BULLS; AN ESSAY ON THE NOBLE SCIENCE OF SELF-JUSTIFICATION; AND MORAL TALES.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,

NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET.

1835.

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PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS edition of the TALES and NOVELS of MISS EDGEWORTH, which, in conformity with the present prevailing taste, is embellished with plates, will consist of Castle Rackrent, Irish Bulls, The Moral Tales, Popular Tales, Tales of Fashionable Life, The Modern Griselda, Belinda, Leonora, Patronage, Harrington and Ormond, and a few smaller pieces. It is not intended to include in it any of those writings of Miss Edgeworth which are of a more juvenile character than the Moral Tales, a smaller size being deemed more appropriate. Of these a fitter opportunity for speaking will occur hereafter. At present it is only necessary to say that there are few persons who have not, in their earliest years, experienced the greatest pleasure, and imbibed the highest moral truths, from the perusal of the "Early Lessons" and "The Parent's Assistant." "Rosamond and Frank," "The Little Dog Trusty," and "The Cherry Orchard" will not be easily forgotten by them; and in their after-years they will delight to renew, and will profit by renewing, their early acquaintance, by a perusal of works from the same pen, but adapted to maturer age.

With respect to her works of higher pretensions, it may be justly said that her TALES and NOVELS form a class by themselves. They are for the most part Irish, but without any of those savage features so painfully characteristic of the novels which for the last few years have turned on the circumstances of Ireland, or

that admixture of foreign manners which is so striking in the works of Lady Morgan. They contain highly-finished pictures of fashionable and domestic life, and yet have few points of similarity, if any, to the novels of Hook, Bulwer, Lord Mulgrave, on one side, or Miss Ferier, Miss Austin, or Mrs. Brunton on the other. Though they cannot be said strictly to be historical, yet they will be found to resemble no contemporary works in the department of romance so much as the earlier novels of the author of Waverley. Sir Walter Scott, indeed, with his characteristic frankness, has acknowledged that his original idea, when he commenced his career as a novelist, was to be to Scotland what Miss Edgeworth was to Ireland—to portray peculiarities of manners belonging rather to the generation passing away than to that which now exists; and to give life to the natural scenery, and permanence to the national characteristics of his countrymen. Waverley, Guy Mannering, Rob Roy—the novels to which Sir Walter Scott originally intended to have confined himself, bear in their most striking features a considerable likeness to Castle Rackrent, Ennui, Ormond, &c.; and the works of Miss Edgeworth will not suffer by a comparison which to almost any other series could not fail to be fatal, while she may also justly claim the merit of priority.*

* "Two circumstances in particular recalled my recollection of the mislaid manuscript. The first was the extended and well-merited fame of Miss Edgeworth, whose Irish characters have gone so far to make the English familiar with the character of their gay and kind-hearted neighbours of Ireland, that she may be truly said to have done more towards completing the Union than perhaps all the legislative enactments by which it has been followed up.

"Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland —something which might introduce her natives to those of the sister kingdom in a more favourable light than they had been

In depicting the strange varieties of Irish character, whether grave or gay, she is confessedly without an equal; and when she puts her foot upon a soil foreign to her own, she does not tread it as a stranger. The same felicity which inspires her in the unequalled characters of Sir Phelim, King Corny, &c. presides over the pictures which, in "Patronage" and other works, she draws from the higher classes of English society. Her comic and playful satire ranks her high in the dominions of humour, while it is combined with a sterling common sense, and a power of picturesque description which seldom fall to the lot of the wit or the satirist. Her story-telling powers are admirable. Who but herself could infuse so much grace and shrewdness into so small a compass as we find them in the Moral and Popular Tales, in "To-morrow," "Murad the Unlucky," and many others? It is, however, unnecessary now to eulogize the works of Miss Edgeworth. They have taken an enduring position in the literature of the country, and the publishers of this series give it to the world in a well-grounded confidence of its successful reception.

The whole of the works have undergone a careful revision and correction by the author herself.

PATERNOSTER-ROW, *April* 30, 1832.

placed hitherto, and tend to procure sympathy for their virtues and indulgence for their foibles."— *Extract from Sir Walter Scott's General Preface to the Waverley Novels.*

PREFACE.

THE prevailing taste of the public for anecdote has been censured and ridiculed by critics who aspire to the character of superior wisdom: but if we consider it in a proper point of view, this taste is an incontestable proof of the good sense and profoundly philosophic temper of the present times. Of the numbers who study, or at least who read history, how few derive any advantage from their labours! The heroes of history are so decked out by the fine fancy of the professed historian; they talk in such measured prose, and act from such sublime or such diabolical motives, that few have sufficient taste, wickedness, or heroism to sympathize in their fate. Besides, there is much uncertainty even in the best authenticated ancient or modern histories; and that love of truth which in some minds is innate and immutable, necessarily leads to a love of secret memoirs and private anecdotes. We cannot judge either of the feelings or of the characters of men with perfect accuracy from their actions or their appearance in public; it is from their careless conversations, their half-finished sentences, that we may hope with the greatest probability of success to discover their real characters. The life of a great or of a little man written by himself, the familiar letters, the diary of any individual published by his friends or by his enemies after his decease, are esteemed important literary curiosities. We are surely justified in this eager desire to collect the most minute facts relative to the domestic lives, not

only of the great and good, but even of the worthless and insignificant, since it is only by a comparison of their actual happiness or misery in the privacy of domestic life that we can form a just estimate of the real reward of virtue or the real punishment of vice. That the great are not as happy as they seem, that the external circumstances of fortune and rank do not constitute felicity, is asserted by every moralist. The historian can seldom, consistently with his dignity, pause to illustrate this truth; it is therefore to the biographer we must have recourse. After we have beheld splendid characters playing their parts on the great theatre of the world, with all the advantages of stage effect and decoration, we anxiously beg to be admitted behind the scenes, that we may take a nearer view of the actors and actresses.

Some may perhaps imagine that the value of biography depends upon the judgment and taste of the biographer; but, on the contrary, it may be maintained that the merits of a biographer are inversely as the extent of his intellectual powers and of his literary talents. A plain unvarnished tale is preferable to the most highly ornamented narrative. Where we see that a man has the power, we may naturally suspect that he has the will, to deceive us; and those who are used to literary manufacture know how much is often sacrificed to the rounding of a period or the pointing of an antithesis.

That the ignorant may have their prejudices as well as the learned cannot be disputed; but we see and despise vulgar errors; we never bow to the authority of him who has no great name to sanction his absurdities. The partiality which blinds a biographer to the defects of his hero in proportion as it is gross ceases to be dangerous; but if it be concealed by the appearance of candour, which men of great abilities best know how to assume, it endangers our judgment sometimes, and sometimes our morals. If her grace the Duchess of Newcastle,

instead of penning her lord's elaborate eulogium, had undertaken to write the life of Savage, we should not have been in any danger of mistaking an idle ungrateful libertine for a man of genius and virtue. The talents of a biographer are often fatal to his reader. For these reasons the public often judiciously countenance those who, without sagacity to discriminate character, without elegance of style to relieve the tediousness of narrative, without enlargement of mind to draw any conclusions from the facts they relate, simply pour forth anecdotes, and retail conversations, with all the minute prolixity of a gossip in a country town.

The author of the following memoirs has upon these grounds fair claims to the public favour and attention. He was an illiterate old steward, whose partiality to *the family*, in which he was bred and born, must be obvious to the reader. He tells the history of the Rackrent family in his vernacular idiom, and in the full confidence that Sir Patrick, Sir Murtagh, Sir Kit, and Sir Condy Rackrent's affairs will be as interesting to all the world as they were to himself. Those who were acquainted with the manners of a certain class of the gentry of Ireland some years ago will want no evidence of the truth of honest Thady's narrative: to those who are totally unacquainted with Ireland the following Memoirs will perhaps be scarcely intelligible, or probably they may appear perfectly incredible. For the information of the *ignorant* English reader, a few notes have been subjoined by the editor, and he had it once in contemplation to translate the language of Thady in plain English; but Thady's idiom is incapable of translation, and besides, the authenticity of his story would have been more exposed to doubt if it were not told in his own characteristic manner. Several years ago he related to the editor the history of the Rackrent family, and it was with some difficulty that he was persuaded to have it committed to writing; however, his feelings for "*the*

honour of the family," as he expressed himself, prevailed over his habitual laziness, and he at length completed the narrative which is now laid before the public.

The editor hopes his readers will observe that these are "tales of other times;" that the manners depicted in the following pages are not those of the present age: the race of the Rackrents has long since been extinct in Ireland; and the drunken Sir Patrick, the litigious Sir Murtagh, the fighting Sir Kit, and the slovenly Sir Condy are characters which could no more be met with at present in Ireland than Squire Western or Parson Trulliber in England. There is a time when individuals can bear to be rallied for their past follies and absurdities, after they have acquired new habits and a new consciousness. Nations as well as individuals gradually lose attachment to their identity, and the present generation is amused rather than offended by the ridicule that is thrown upon its ancestors.

Probably we shall soon have it in our power, in a hundred instances, to verify the truth of these observations.

When Ireland loses her identity by a union with Great Britain, she will look back with a smile of good-humoured complacency on the Sir Kits and Sir Condys of her former existence.

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CASTLE RACKRENT:

AN

HIBERNIAN TALE.

TAKEN FROM FACTS,

AND FROM

THE MANNERS OF THE IRISH SQUIRES

BEFORE THE YEAR 1782.

CASTLE RACKRENT.

Monday Morning.

HAVING, out of friendship for the family upon whose estate, praised be Heaven! I and mine have lived rent-free time out of mind, voluntarily undertaken to publish the MEMOIRS of the RACKRENT FAMILY, I think it my duty to say a few words, in the first place, concerning myself. My real name is Thady Quirk, though in the family I have always been known by no other than "*honest Thady;*" afterward, in the time of Sir Murtagh, deceased, I remember to hear them calling me "*old Thady,*" and now I'm come to "poor Thady;" for I wear a long great-coat* winter and summer, which is

* The cloak, or mantle, as described by Thady, is of high antiquity Spencer, in his "View of the State of Ireland," proves that it is not, as some have imagined, peculiarly derived from the Scythians, but that "most nations of the world anciently used the mantle; for the Jews used it, as you may read of Elias's mantle, &c.; the Chaldeans also used it, as you may read in Diodorus; the Egyptians likewise used it, as you may read in Herodotus, and may be gathered by the description of Berenice, in the Greek Commentary, upon Callimachus; the Greeks also used it anciently, as appeared by Venus's mantle, lined with stars, though afterward they changed the form thereof into their cloaks, called Pallai, as some of the Irish also use: and the ancient Latins and Romans used it, as you may read in Virgil, who was a very great antiquary, that Evander, when Æneas came to him at his feast, did entertain and feast him sitting on the ground, and lying on mantles: insomuch as he useth the very word mantile for a mantle,—

'——— Humi mantilia sternunt:'

so that it seemeth the mantle was a general habit to most nations, and not proper to the Scythians only."

Spencer knew the convenience of the said mantle, as housing, bedding, and clothing.

"*Iren.* Because the commodity doth not countervail the discommodity: for the inconveniences which thereby do arise are much more many; for it is a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloak for a thief. First, the outlaw, being for his many crimes and villanies banished from the towns and houses of honest men, and wandering in waste places, far from danger of law, maketh his mantle his house, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of Heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth it is his penthouse; when it bloweth it is his tent; when it freezeth it is his tabernacle. In summer he can wear it loose; in winter he can wrap it close; at all times he can use it; never heavy, never cumbersome. Likewise for a rebel it is as serviceable; for in this war that

very handy, as I never put my arms into the sleeves; they are as good as new, though come Holantide next I've had it these seven years; it holds on by a single button round my neck, cloak-fashion. To look at me you would hardly think "poor Thady" was the father of Attorney Quirk; he is a high gentleman, and never minds what poor Thady says, and having better than fifteen hundred a year, landed estate, looks down upon honest Thady; but I wash my hands of his doings, and as I have lived so will I die,—true and loyal to the family. The family of the Rackrents is, I am proud to say, one of the most ancient in the kingdom. Everybody knows this is not the old family name, which was O'Shaughlin, related to the kings of Ireland—but that was before my time. My grandfather was driver to the great Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin, and I heard him, when I was a boy, telling how the Castle Rackrent estate came to Sir Patrick; Sir Tallyhoo Rackrent was cousin-german to him, and had a fine estate of his own, only never a gate upon it, it being his maxim that a car was the best gate. Poor gentleman! he lost a fine hunter and his life, at last, by it, all in one day's hunt. But I ought to bless that day, for the estate came straight into *the* family, upon one condition, which Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin at the time took sadly to heart, they say, but thought better of it afterward, seeing how large a stake depended upon it,—that he should, by act of parliament, take and bear the surname and arms of Rackrent.

Now it was that the world was to see what was *in* Sir Patrick. On coming into the estate he gave the finest entertainment ever was heard of in the country; not a man could stand after supper but Sir Patrick himself, who could sit out the best man in Ireland, let alone the three kingdoms itself. He had his house, from one year's end to another, as full of company as ever it could hold, and fuller; for rather than be left out of the parties at Castle Rackrent, many gentlemen, and those men of the first consequence and landed estates in the country,—such as the O'Neils of Ballynagrotty, and the Moneygawls of Mount Juliet's Town, and O'Shannons of New Town Tullyhog,—made it their choice, often and often, when

he maketh (if at least it deserves the name of war), when he still flieth from his foe, and lurketh in the *thick woods* (*this should be black bogs*) and straight passages waiting for advantages, it is his bed, yea, and almost his household stuff."

there was no moon to be had for love nor money, in long winter nights, to sleep in the chicken-house, which Sir Patrick had fitted up for the purpose of accommodating his friends and the public in general, who honoured him with their company unexpectedly at Castle Rackrent; and this went on I can't tell you how long—the whole country rang with his praises—Long life to him! I'm sure I love to look upon his picture, now opposite to me; though I never saw him, he must have been a portly gentleman—his neck something short, and remarkable for the largest pimple on his nose, which, by his particular desire, is still extant in his picture, said to be a striking likeness, though taken when young. He is said also to be the inventor of raspberry whiskey; which is very likely, as nobody has ever appeared to dispute it with him, and as there still exists a broken punch-bowl at Castle Rackrent, in the garret, with an inscription to that effect—a great curiosity. A few days before his death he was very merry; it being his honour's birth-day, he called my grandfather in, God bless him! to drink the company's health, and filled a bumper himself, but could not carry it to his head, on account of the great shake in his hand; on this he cast his joke, saying, "What would my poor father say to me if he was to pop out of the grave and see me now? I remember when I was a little boy, the first bumper of claret he gave me after dinner, how he praised me for carrying it so steady to my mouth. Here's my thanks to him—a bumper toast." Then he fell to singing the favourite song he learned from his father—for the last time, poor gentleman; he sung it that night as loud and as hearty as ever, with a chorus:

"He that goes to bed, and goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;
But he that goes to bed, and goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to do, lives as he ought to do, and dies an honest fellow."

Sir Patrick died that night: just as the company rose to drink his health with three cheers, he fell down in a sort of fit, and was carried off: they sat it out, and were surprised, on inquiry in the morning, to find that it was all over with poor Sir Patrick. Never did any gentleman live and die more beloved in the country by rich and poor. His funeral was such a one as was never known before or since in the county! All the gentle-

men in the three counties were at it; far and near how they flocked! my great-grandfather said, that to see all the women even in their red cloaks, you would have taken them for the army drawn out. Then such a fine whillaluh! you might have heard it to the farthest end of the county, and happy the man who could get but a sight of the hearse! But who'd have thought it? just as all was going on right, through his own town they were passing, when the body was seized for debt: a rescue was apprehended from the mob, but the heir, who attended the funeral, was against that, for fear of consequences, seeing that those villains who came to serve acted under the disguise of the law: so, to be sure, the law must take its course, and little gain had the creditors for their pains. First and foremost, they had the curses of the country; and Sir Murtagh Rackrent, the new heir, in the next place, on account of this affront to the body, refused to pay a shilling of the debts, in which he was countenanced by all the best gentlemen of property, and others of his acquaintance: Sir Murtagh alleging in all companies, that he all along meant to pay his father's debts of honour, but the moment the law was taken of him there was an end of honour to be sure. It was whispered (but none but the enemies of the family believed it), that this was all a sham seizure to get quit of the debts, which he had bound himself to pay in honour.

It's a long time ago, there's no saying how it was, but this for certain, the new man did not take at all after the old gentleman; the cellars were never filled after his death, and no open house, or any thing as it used to be; the tenants even were sent away without their whiskey. I was ashamed myself, and knew not what to say for the honour of the family; but I made the best of a bad case, and laid it all at my lady's door, for I did not like her anyhow, nor anybody else; she was of the family of the Skinflints, and a widow; it was a strange match for Sir Murtagh; the people in the country thought he demeaned himself greatly, but I said nothing: I knew how it was; Sir Murtagh was a great lawyer, and looked to the great Skinflint estate; there, however, he overshot himself; for though one of the co-heiresses, he was never the better for her, for she outlived him many's the long day—he could not see that to be sure when he married her. I must say for her, she made him the best of wives, being a very notable stirring woman, and

looking close to every thing. But I always suspected she had Scotch blood in her veins; any thing else I could have looked over in her from a regard to the family. She was a strict observer for self and servants of lent, and all fast-days, but not holydays. One of the maids having fainted three times the last day of lent, to keep soul and body together we put a morsel of roast beef in her mouth, which came from Sir Murtagh's dinner, who never fasted, not he; but somehow or other it unfortunately reached my lady's ears, and the priest of the parish had a complaint made of it the next day, and the poor girl was forced as soon as she could walk to do penance for it, before she could get any peace or absolution, in the house or out of it. However, my lady was very charitable in her own way. She had a charity-school for poor children, where they were taught to read and write gratis, and where they were kept well to spinning gratis for my lady in return; for she had always heaps of duty-yarn from the tenants, and got all her household linen out of the estate from first to last; for after the spinning, the weavers on the estate took it in hand for nothing, because of the looms my lady's interest could get from the linen board to distribute gratis. Then there was a bleach-yard near us, and the tenant dare refuse my lady nothing, for fear of a lawsuit Sir Murtagh kept hanging over him about the water-course. With these ways of managing, 'tis surprising how cheap my lady got things done, and how proud she was of it. Her table, the same way, kept for next to nothing,—duty-fowls, and duty-turkeys, and duty-geese came as fast as we could eat 'em; for my lady kept a sharp look-out, and knew to a tub of butter every thing the tenants had, all round. They knew her way, and what with fear of driving for rent and Sir Murtagh's lawsuits, they were kept in such good order, they never thought of coming near Castle Rackrent without a present of something or other—nothing too much or too little for my lady—eggs, honey, butter, meal, fish, game, grouse, and herrings, fresh or salt, all went for something. As for their young pigs, we had them, and the best bacon and hams they could make up, with all young chickens in spring; but they were a set of poor wretches, and we had nothing but misfortunes with them, always breaking and running away. This, Sir Murtagh and my lady said, was all their former landlord Sir Patrick's fault, who let 'em

all get the half-year's rent into arrear; there was something in that to be sure. But Sir Murtagh was as much the contrary way; for let alone making English tenants of them, every soul, he was always driving and driving and pounding and pounding, and canting and canting and replevying and replevying, and he made a good living of trespassing cattle; there was always some tenant's pig, or horse, or cow, or calf, or goose tres passing, which was so great a gain to Sir Murtagh that he did not like to hear me talk of repairing fences. Then his heriots and duty-work brought him in something, his turf was cut, his potatoes set and dug, his hay brought home, and, in short, all the work about his house done for nothing; for in all our leases there were strict clauses heavy with penalties, which Sir Murtagh knew well how to enforce: so many days' duty-work of man and horse from every tenant he was to have, and had, every year; and when a man vexed him, why, the finest day he could pitch on, when the cratur was getting in his own harvest, or thatching his cabin, Sir Murtagh made it a principle to call upon him and his horse; so he taught 'em all, as he said, to know the law of landlord and tenant. As for law, I believe no man, dead or alive, ever loved it so well as Sir Murtagh. He had once sixteen suits pending at a time, and I never saw him so much himself; roads, lanes, bogs, wells, ponds, ell-wires, orchards, trees, tithes, vagrants, gravelpits, sandpits, dung-hills, and nuisances, every thing upon the face of the earth furnished him good matter for a suit. He used to boast that he had a lawsuit for every letter in the alphabet. How I used to wonder to see Sir Murtagh in the midst of the papers in his office! Why, he could hardly turn about for them. I made bold to shrug my shoulders once in his presence, and thank my stars I was not born a gentleman to so much toil and trouble; but Sir Murtagh took me up short with his old proverb, "Learning is better than house or land." Out of forty-nine suits which he had, he never lost one but seventeen; the rest he gained with costs, double costs, treble costs sometimes; but even that did not pay. He was a very learned man in the law, and had the character of it; but how it was I can't tell, these suits that he carried cost him a power of money; in the end he sold some hundreds a year of the family estate; but he was a very learned man in the law, and I know nothing of the matter,

except having a great regard for the family; and I could not help grieving when he sent me to post up notices of the sale of the fee-simple of the lands and appurtenances of Timoleague. "I know, honest Thady," says he, to comfort me, "what I'm about better than you do; I'm only selling to get the ready money wanting to carry on my suit with spirit with the Nugents of Carrickashaughlin."

He was very sanguine about that suit with the Nugents of Carrickashaughlin. He could have gained it, they say, for certain, had it pleased Heaven to have spared him to us, and it would have been at the least a plump two thousand a year in his way; but things were ordered otherwise, for the best to be sure. He dug up a fairy-mount* against my advice, and had no luck afterward. Though a learned man in the law, he was a little too incredulous in other matters. I warned him that I heard the very Banshee† that my grandfather heard under Sir Patrick's window a few days before his death. But Sir Murtagh thought nothing of the Banshee, nor of his cough with a spitting of blood, brought on, I understand, by catching cold in attending the courts, and overstraining his chest with making himself heard in one of his favourite causes. He was a great speaker, with a powerful voice; but his last speech was not in the courts at all. He and my lady, though both of the same way of thinking in some things, and though she was as good a wife and great economist as you could see, and he the best of husbands, as to looking into his affairs, and making money for his family; yet I don't know how it was, they had a great deal of sparring and jarring between them. My lady had her privy purse, and she had her weed-ashes, and her sealing-money upon the signing of all the leases, with something to buy gloves besides; and besides, again, often took money from the tenants,

* These fairy-mounts are called ant-hills in England. They are held in high reverence by the common people in Ireland. A gentleman, who in laying out his lawn had occasion to level one of these hillocks, could not prevail upon any of his labourers to begin the ominous work. He was obliged to take a *loy* from one of their reluctant hands, and begin the attack himself. The labourers agreed that the vengeance of the fairies would fall upon the head of the presumptuous mortal who first disturbed them in their retreat.

† The Banshee is a species of aristocratic fairy, who, in the shape of a little hideous old woman, has been known to appear, and heard to sing in a mournful supernatural voice, under the windows of great houses, to warn the family that some of them are soon to die. In the last century every great family in Ireland had a Banshee, who attended regularly; but latterly their visits and songs have been discontinued.

if offered properly, to speak for them to Sir Murtagh about abatements and renewals. Now the weed-ashes and the glove-money he allowed her clear perquisites; though once when he saw her in a new gown saved out of the weed-ashes, he told her to my face (for he could say a sharp thing) that she should not put on her weeds before her husband's death. But in a dispute about an abatement, my lady would have the last word, and Sir Murtagh grew mad; I was within hearing of the door, and now I wish I had made bold to step in. He spoke so loud the whole kitchen was out on the stairs. All on a sudden he stopped and my lady too. Something has surely happened, thought I—and so it was, for Sir Murtagh in his passion broke a blood-vessel, and all the law in the land could do nothing in that case. My lady sent for five physicians, but Sir Murtagh died, and was buried. She had a fine jointure settled upon her, and took herself away to the great joy of the tenantry. I never said any thing one way or the other, while she was part of the family, but got up to see her go at three o'clock in the morning. "It's a fine morning, honest Thady," says she; "good-by to ye," and into the carriage she stepped, without a word more, good or bad, or even half a crown; but I made my bow, and stood to see her safe out of sight, for the sake of the family.

Then we were all bustle in the house, which made me keep out of the way, for I walk slow and hate a bustle; but the house was all hurry-skurry, preparing for my new master. Sir Murtagh, I forgot to notice, had no childer,* so the Rackrent estate went to his younger brother, a young dashing officer, who came among us before I knew for the life of me whereabouts I was, in a gig or some of them things, with another spark along with him, and led horses, and servants, and dogs, and scarce a place to put any Christian of them into; for my late lady had sent all the feather-beds off before her, and blankets and household linen, down to the very knife-cloths, on the cars to Dublin, which were all her own, lawfully paid for out of her own money. So the house was quite bare, and my young master, the moment ever he set foot in it out of his gig, thought all those things must come of themselves, I believe, for he never looked

* *Childer.*—This is the manner in which many of Thady's rank, and others n Ireland, *formerly* pronounced the word *children.*

after any thing at all, but harum-scarum called for every thing, as if we were conjurers, or he in a public-house. For my part, I could not bestir myself anyhow; I had been so much used to my late master and mistress, all was upside down with me, and the new servants in the servants' hall were quite out of my way; I had nobody to talk to, and if it had not been for my pipe and tobacco, should, I verily believe, have broke my heart for poor Sir Murtagh.

But one morning my new master caught a glimpse of me as I was looking at his horse's heels, in hopes of a word from him. "And is that old Thady?" says he, as he got into his gig. I loved him from that day to this, his voice was so like the family; and he threw me a guinea out of his waistcoat pocket, as he drew up the reins with the other hand, his horse rearing too; I thought I never set my eyes on a finer figure of a man, quite another sort from Sir Murtagh, though withal, *to me*, a family likeness. A fine life we should have led had he staid among us, God bless him! He valued a guinea as little as any man: money to him was no more than dirt, and his gentleman and groom, and all belonging to him, the same; but the sporting season over, he grew tired of the place, and having got down a great architect for the house, and an improver for the grounds, and seen their plans and elevations, he fixed a day for settling with the tenants, but went off in a whirlwind to town, just as some of them came into the yard in the morning. A circular letter came next post from the new agent, with news that the master was sailed for England, and he must remit 500*l.* to Bath for his use before a fortnight was at an end; bad news still for the poor tenants, no change still for the better with them. Sir Kit Rackrent, my young master, left all to the agent; and though he had the spirit of a prince, and lived away to the honour of his country abroad, which I was proud to hear of, what were we the better for that at home? The agent was one of your-middle men,* who grind the face of the poor, and

* *Middle-men.*—There was a class of men termed middle-men in Ireland, who took large farms on long leases from gentlemen of landed property, and set the land again in small portions to the poor, as under-tenants, at exorbitant rents. The *head landlord*, as he *was* called, seldom saw his *under-tenants*; but if he could not get the *middle-man* to pay him his rent punctually, he *went to his land, and drove the land for his rent*; that is to say, he sent his steward or bailiff, or driver, to the land to seize the cattle, hay, corn, flax, oats, or potatoes belonging to the under-tenants, and proceeded to sell these for his

can never bear a man with a hat upon his head: he ferreted the tenants out of their lives,—not a week without a call for money, drafts upon drafts from Sir Kit; but I laid it all to the fault of the agent; for, says I, what can Sir Kit do with so much cash, and he a single man? but still it went. Rents must all be paid up to the day, and afore; no allowance for improving tenants, no consideration for those who had built upon their farms: no sooner was a lease out, but the land was advertised to the highest bidder, all the old tenants turned out, when they spent their substance in the hope and trust of a renewal from the landlord. All was now set at the highest penny to a parcel of poor wretches, who mean to run away, and did so, after taking two crops out of the ground. Then fining down the year's rent came into fashion—any thing for the ready penny; and with all this, and presents to the agent and the driver, there was no such thing as standing it. I said nothing, for I had a regard for the family; but I walked about thinking if his honour Sir Kit knew all this, it would go hard with him but he'd see us righted; not that I had any thing for my own share to complain of, for the agent was always very civil to me when he came down into the country, and took a great deal of notice of my son Jason. Jason Quirk, though he be my son, I must say, was a good scholar from his birth, and a very 'cute lad; I thought to make him a priest, but he did better for himself: seeing how he was as good a clerk as any in the county, the agent gave him his rent accounts to copy, which he did first of all for the pleasure of obliging the gentleman, and would take nothing at all for his trouble, but was always proud to serve the family. By-and-by a good farm bounding us to the east fell into his honour's hands, and my son put in a proposal for it: why shouldn't he, as well as another? The proposals all went over to the master at the Bath; who knowing no more of the land than the

rent: it sometimes happened that these unfortunate tenants paid their rent twice over,—once to the *middle-man*, and once to the *head landlord*.

The characteristics of a middle-man *were*, servility to his superiors, and tyranny towards his inferiors: the poor detested this race of beings. In speaking to them, however, they always used the most abject language, and the most humble tone and posture—"*Please your honour*," and "*Please your honour's honour*," they knew must be repeated as a charm at the beginning and end of every equivocating, exculpatory, or supplicatory sentence; and they were much more alert in doffing their caps to these new men than to those of what they call *good old families*. A witty carpenter once termed these middle-men *journeymen gentlemen*.

child unborn, only having once been out a-grousing on it before he went to England, and the value of lands, as the agent informed him, falling every year in Ireland, his honour wrote over in all haste a bit of a letter, saying he left it all to the agent, and that he must set it as well as he could to the best bidder, to be sure, and send him over 200*l.* by return of post: with this the agent gave me a hint, and I spoke a good word for my son, and gave out in the country that nobody need bid against us. So his proposal was just the thing, and he a good tenant; and he got a promise of an abatement in the rent after the first year, for advancing the half-year's rent at signing the lease, which was wanting to complete the agent's 200*l.* by the return of the post; with all which my master wrote back he was well satisfied. About this time we learned from the agent, as a great secret, how the money went so fast, and the reason of the thick coming of the master's drafts: he was a little too fond of play; and Bath, they say, was no place for a young man of his fortune, where there were so many of his own countrymen too haunting him up and down, day and night, who had nothing to lose. At last, at Christmas, the agent wrote over to stop the drafts, for he could raise no more money on bond or mortgage, or from the tenants, or anyhow, nor had he any more to lend himself, and desired at the same time to decline the agency for the future, wishing Sir Kit his health and happiness, and the compliments of the season, for I saw the letter before ever it was sealed, when my son copied it. When the answer came, there was a new turn in affairs, and the agent was turned out; and my son Jason, who had corresponded privately with his honour occasionally on business, was forthwith desired by his honour to take the accounts into his own hands, and look them over till further orders. It was a very spirited letter to be sure: Sir Kit sent his service, and the compliments of the season, in return to the agent, and he would fight him with pleasure to-morrow, or any day, for sending him such a letter, if he was born a gentleman, which he was sorry (for both their sakes) to find (too late) he was not. Then, in a private postscript, he condescended to tell us that all would be speedily settled to his satisfaction, and we should turn over a new leaf, for he was going to be married in a fortnight to the grandest heiress in England, and had only immediate occasion at present for 200*l.*, as

he would not choose to touch his lady's fortune for travelling expenses home to Castle Rackrent, where he intended to be, wind and weather permitting, early in the next month; and desired fires, and the house to be painted, and the new building to go on as fast as possible for the reception of him and his lady before that time; with several words besides in the letter, which we could not make out, because, God bless him! he wrote in such a flurry. My heart warmed to my new lady when I read this; I was almost afraid it was too good news to be true; but the girls fell to scouring, and it was well they did, for we soon saw his marriage in the paper to a lady with I don't know how many tens of thousand pounds to her fortune. Then I watched the post-office for his landing; and the news came to my son of his and the bride being in Dublin, and on the way home to Castle Rackrent. We had bonfires all over the country, expecting him down the next day, and we had his coming of age still to celebrate, which he had not time to do properly before he left the country; therefore a great ball was expected, and great doings upon his coming, as it were, fresh to take possession of his ancestors' estate. I never shall forget the day he came home: we had waited and waited all day long till eleven o'clock at night, and I was thinking of sending the boy to lock the gates, and giving them up for that night, when there came the carriages thundering up to the great hall-door. I got the first sight of the bride; for when the carriage-door opened, just as she had her foot on the steps, I held the flam full in her face to light her, at which she shut her eyes, but I had a full view of the rest of her; and greatly shocked I was, for by that light she was little better than a blackamoor, and seemed crippled, but that was only sitting so long in the chariot. "You're kindly welcome to Castle Rackrent, my lady," says I (recollecting who she was); "did your honour hear of the bonfires?" His honour spoke never a word, nor so much as handed her up the steps—he looked to me no more like himself than nothing at all; I know I took him for the skeleton of his honour. I was not sure what to say next to one or t'other, but seeing she was a stranger in a foreign country, I thought it but right to speak cheerful to her; so I went back again to the bonfires. "My lady," says I, as she crossed the hall, "there would have been fifty times as many, but for fear of the horses and frightening

your ladyship: Jason and I forbid them, please your honour." With that she looked at me a little bewildered. "Will I have a fire lighted in the state-room to-night?" was the next question I put to her, but never a word she answered; so I concluded she could not speak a word of English, and was from foreign parts. The short and the long of it was, I couldn't tell what to make of her; so I left her to herself, and went straight down to the servants' hall to learn something for certain about her. Sir Kit's own man was tired, but the groom set him a-talking at last, and we had it all out before ever I closed my eyes that night. The bride might well be a great fortune—she was a *Jewish*, by all accounts, who are famous for their great riches. I had never seen any of that tribe or nation before, and could only gather that she spoke a strange kind of English of her own, that she could not abide pork or sausages, and went neither to church nor mass. "Mercy upon his honour's poor soul!" thought I, "what will become of him and his, and all of us, with his heretic blackamoor at the head of the Castle Rackrent estate!" I never slept a wink all night for thinking of it; but before the servants I put my pipe in my mouth, and kept my mind to myself; for I had a great regard for the family; and after this, when strange gentlemen's servants came to the house, and would begin to talk about the bride, I took care to put the best foot foremost, and passed her for a nabob in the kitchen, which accounted for her dark complexion and every thing.

The very morning after they came home, however, I saw how things were plain enough between Sir Kit and my lady, though they were walking together arm-in-arm after breakfast, looking at the new building and the improvements. "Old Thady," said my master, just as he used to do, "how do you do?"—"Very well, I thank your honour's honour," said I; but I saw he was not well pleased, and my heart was in my mouth as I walked along after him.—"Is the large room damp, Thady?" said his honour.—"Oh, damp, your honour! how should it but be as dry as a bone," says I, "after all the fires we have kept in it day and night? it's the barrack-room your honour's talking on."—"And what is a barrack-room, pray, my dear?" were the first words I ever heard out of my lady's lips.—"No matter, my dear!" said he, and went on talking to me, ashamed like I should wit-

ness her ignorance. To be sure, to hear her talk, one might have taken her for an innocent, for it was, "What's this, Sir Kit?" and "What's that, Sir Kit?" all the way we went. To be sure, Sir Kit had enough to do to answer her. "And what do you call that, Sir Kit?" said she, "that, that looks like a pile of black bricks, pray, Sir Kit?"—"My turf-stack, my dear," said my master, and bit his lip. "Where have you lived, my lady, all your life, not to know a turf-stack when you see it," thought I, but I said nothing. Then, by-and-by, she takes out her glass, and begins spying over the country. "And what's all that black swamp out yonder, Sir Kit?" says she.—"My bog, my dear," says he, and went on whistling.—"It's a very ugly prospect, my dear," says she.—"You don't see it, my dear," says he, "for we've planted it out; when the trees grow up in summer-time—" says he.—"Where are the trees," said she, "my dear?" still looking through her glass.—"You are blind, my dear," says he; "what are these under your eyes?"—"These shrubs?" said she.—"Trees," said he.—"Maybe they are what you call trees in Ireland, my dear," says she; "but they are not a yard high, are they?"—"They were planted out but last year, my lady," says I, to soften matters between them, for I saw she was going the way to make his honour mad with her; "they are very well grown for their age, and you'll not see the bog of Allyballycarricko'shaughlin at all at all through the screen, when once the leaves come out. But, my lady, you must not quarrel with any part or parcel of Allyballycarricko'shaughlin, for you don't know how many hundred years that same bit of bog has been in the family; we would not part with the bog of Allyballycarricko'shaughlin upon no account at all; it cost the late Sir Murtagh two hundred good pounds to defend his title to it and boundaries against the O'Leary's, who cut a road through it." Now one would have thought this would have been hint enough for my lady, but she fell to laughing like one out of their right mind, and made me say the name of the bog over for her to get it by heart a dozen times; then she must ask me how to spell it, and what was the meaning of it in English—Sir Kit standing by whistling all the while; I verily believe she laid the corner-stone of all her future misfortunes at that very instant; but I said no more, only looked at Sir Kit.

There were no balls, no dinners, no doings; the coun-

try was all disappointed—Sir Kit's gentleman said in a whisper to me, it was all my lady's own fault, because she was so obstinate about the cross. "What cross," says I, "is it about her being a heretic?"—"Oh, no such matter," says he; "my master does not mind her heresies, but her diamond cross; it's worth I can't tell you how much; and she has thousands of English pounds concealed in diamonds about her, which she as good as promised to give up to my master before he married, but now she won't part with any of them, and she must take the consequences."

Her honeymoon, at least her Irish honeymoon, was scarcely well over, when his honour one morning said to me, "Thady, buy me a pig!" and then the sausages were ordered, and here was the first open breaking-out of my lady's troubles. My lady came down herself into the kitchen to speak to the cook about the sausages, and desired never to see them more at her table. Now my master had ordered them, and my lady knew that. The cook took my lady's part, because she never came down into the kitchen, and was young and innocent in housekeeping, which raised her pity; besides, said she, at her own table, surely, my lady should order and disorder what she pleases; but the cook soon changed her note, for my master made it a principle to have the sausages, and swore at her for a Jew herself, till he drove her fairly out of the kitchen; then, for fear of her place, and because he threatened that my lady should give her no discharge without the sausages, she gave up, and from that day forward always sausages, or bacon, or pig-meat in some shape or other, went up to table; upon which my lady shut herself up in her own room, and my master said she might stay there, with an oath: and to make sure of her, he turned the key in the door, and kept it ever after in his pocket. We none of us ever saw or heard her speak for seven years after that:* he carried

* This part of the history of the Rackrent family can scarcely be thought credible; but in justice to honest Thady, it is hoped the reader will recollect the history of the celebrated Lady Cathcart's conjugal imprisonment. The editor was acquainted with Colonel M'Guire, Lady Cathcart's husband; he has lately seen and questioned the maid-servant who lived with Colonel M'Guire during the time of Lady Cathcart's imprisonment. Her ladyship was locked up in her own house for many years; during which period her husband was visited by the neighbouring gentry, and it was his regular custom at dinner to send his compliments to Lady Cathcart, informing her that the company had the honour to drink her ladyship's health, and begging to know whether there was any thing at table that she would like to eat; the answer was always,

her dinner himself. Then his honour had a great deal of company to dine with him, and balls in the house, and was as gay and gallant, and as much himself, as before he was married; and at dinner he always drank my Lady Rackrent's good health, and so did the company, and he sent out always a servant, with his compliments to my Lady Rackrent, and the company was drinking her ladyship's health, and begged to know if there was any thing at table he might send her; and the man came back, after the sham errand, with my Lady Rackrent's compliments, and she was very much obliged to Sir Kit—she did not wish for any thing, but drank the company's health. The country, to be sure, talked and wondered at my lady's being shut up, but nobody chose to interfere or ask any impertinent questions, for they knew my master was a man very apt to give a short answer himself, and likely to call a man out for it afterward; he was a famous shot; had killed his man before he came of age, and nobody scarce dared look at him while at Bath. Sir Kit's character was so well known in the country, that he lived in peace and quietness ever after, and was a great favourite with the ladies, especially when in process of time, in the fifth year of her confinement, my Lady Rackrent fell ill, and took entirely to her bed, and he gave out that she was now skin and bone, and could not last through the winter. In this he had two physicians' opinions to back him (for now he called in two

"Lady Cathcart's compliments, and she has every thing she wants." An instance of honesty in a poor Irish woman deserves to be recorded:—Lady Cathcart had some remarkably fine diamonds, which she had concealed from her husband, and which she was anxious to get out of the house, lest he should discover them. She had neither servant nor friend to whom she could intrust them; but she had observed a poor beggar woman, who used to come to the house; she spoke to her from the window of the room in which she was confined; the woman promised to do what she desired, and Lady Cathcart threw a parcel, containing the jewels, to her. The poor woman carried them to the person to whom they were directed; and several years afterward, when Lady Cathcart recovered her liberty, she received her diamonds safely.

At Colonel M'Guire's death her ladyship was released. The editor, within this year, saw the gentleman who accompanied her to England after her husband's death. When she first was told of his death, she imagined that the news was not true, and that it was told only with an intention of deceiving her. At his death she had scarcely clothes sufficient to cover her; she wore a red wig, looked scared, and her understanding seemed stupified; she said that she scarcely knew one human creature from another: her imprisonment lasted above twenty years. These circumstances may appear strange to an English reader; but there is no danger in the present times that any individual should exercise such tyranny as Colonel M'Guire's with impunity, the power being now all in the hands of government, and there being no possibility of obtaining from parliament an act of indemnity for any cruelties.

physicians for her), and tried all his arts to get the diamond cross from her on her death-bed, and to get her to make a will in his favour of her separate possessions; but there she was too tough for him. He used to swear at her behind her back, after kneeling to her to her face, and call her, in the presence of his gentleman, his stiff-necked Israelite, though before he married her, that same gentleman told me he used to call her (how he could bring it out I don't know) "my pretty Jessica!" To be sure, it must have been hard for her to guess what sort of a husband he reckoned to make her. When she was lying, to all expectation, on her death-bed of a broken heart, I could not but pity her, though she was a Jewish; and considering too it was no fault of hers to be taken with my master so young as she was at the Bath, and so fine a gentleman as Sir Kit was when he courted her; and considering too, after all they had heard and seen of him as a husband, there were now no less than three ladies in our county talked of for his second wife, all at daggers drawing with each other, as his gentleman swore, at the balls, for Sir Kit for their partner,—I could not but think them bewitched; but they all reasoned with themselves that Sir Kit would make a good husband to any Christian but a Jewish, I suppose, and especially as he was now a reformed rake; and it was not known how my lady's fortune was settled in her will, nor how the Castle Rackrent estate was all mortgaged, and bonds out against him, for he was never cured of his gaming tricks; but that was the only fault he had, God bless him.

My lady had a sort of fit, and it was given out she was dead, by mistake: this brought things to a sad crisis for my poor master,—one of the three ladies showed his letter to her brother, and claimed his promises, while another did the same. I don't mention names. Sir Kit, in his defence, said he would meet any man who dared to question his conduct, and as to the ladies they must settle it among them who was to be his second, and his third, and his fourth, while his first was still alive, to his mortification and theirs. Upon this, as upon all former occasions, he had the voice of the country with him, on account of the great spirit and propriety he acted with. He met and shot the first lady's brother; the next day he called out the second, who had a wooden leg; and their place of meeting by appointment being in a new-ploughed field, the wooden-

leg man stuck fast in it. Sir Kit, seeing his situation, with great candour fired his pistol over his head; upon which the seconds interposed, and convinced the parties there had been a slight misunderstanding between them; thereupon they shook hands cordially, and went home to dinner together. This gentleman, to show the world how they stood together, and by the advice of the friends of both parties, to re-establish his sister's injured reputation, went out with Sir Kit as his second, and carried his message next day to the last of his adversaries: I never saw him in such spirits as that day he went out—sure enough he was within ames-ace of getting quit handsomely of all his enemies; but unluckily, after hitting the toothpick out of his adversary's finger and thumb, he received a ball in a vital part, and was brought home, in little better than an hour after the affair, speechless on a hand-barrow, to my lady. We got the key out of his pocket the first thing we did, and my son Jason ran to unlock the barrack-room, where my lady had been shut up for seven years, to acquaint her with the fatal accident. The surprise bereaved her of her senses at first, nor would she believe but we were putting some new trick upon her, to entrap her out of the jewels, for a great while, till Jason bethought himself of taking her to the window, and showed her the men bringing Sir Kit up the avenue upon the hand-barrow, which had immediately the desired effect; for directly she burst into tears, and pulling her cross from her bosom, she kissed it with as great devotion as ever I witnessed; and lifting up her eyes to heaven, uttered some ejaculation, which none present heard; but I take the sense of it to be, she returned thanks for this unexpected interposition in her favour when she had least reason to expect it. My master was greatly lamented; there was no life in him when we lifted him off the barrow, so he was laid out immediately, and *waked* the same night. The country was all in an uproar about him, and not a soul but cried shame upon his murderer; who would have been hanged surely, if he could have been brought to his trial while the gentlemen in the country were up about it; but he very prudently withdrew himself to the Continent before the affair was made public. As for the young lady who was the immediate cause of the fatal accident, however innocently, she could never show her head after at the balls in the county or any place; and

by the advice of her friends and physicians, she was ordered soon after to Bath, where it was expected, if anywhere on this side of the grave, she would meet with the recovery of her health and lost peace of mind. As a proof of his great popularity, I need only add, that there was a song made upon my master's untimely death in the newspapers, which was in everybody's mouth, singing up and down through the country, even down to the mountains, only three days after his unhappy exit. He was also greatly bemoaned at the Curragh, where his cattle were well known; and all who had taken up his bets formerly were particularly inconsolable for his loss to society. His stud sold at the cant at the greatest price ever known in the county; his favourite horses were chiefly disposed of among his particular friends, who would give any price for them for his sake, but no ready money was required by the new heir, who wished not to displease any of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood just upon his coming to settle among them; so a long credit was given where requisite, and the cash has never been gathered in from that day to this.

But to return to my lady:—She got surprisingly well after my master's decease. No sooner was it known for certain that he was dead, than all the gentlemen within twenty miles of us came in a body, as it were, to set my lady at liberty, and to protest against her confinement, which they now for the first time understood was against her own consent. The ladies too were as attentive as possible, striving who should be foremost with their morning visits; and they that saw the diamonds spoke very handsomely of them, but thought it a pity they were not bestowed, if it had so pleased God, upon a lady who would have become them better. All these civilities wrought little with my lady, for she had taken an unaccountable prejudice against the country, and every thing belonging to it, and was so partial to her native land, that after parting with the cook, which she did immediately upon my master's decease, I never knew her easy one instant, night or day, but when she was packing up to leave us. Had she meant to make any stay in Ireland, I stood a great chance of being a great favourite with her: for when she found I understood the weathercock, she was always finding some pretence to be talking to me, and asking me which way the wind blew, and was it likely, did I think, to continue

fair for England. But when I saw she had made up her mind to spend the rest of her days upon her own income and jewels in England, I considered her quite as a foreigner, and not at all any longer as part of the family. She gave no veils to the servants at Castle Rackrent at parting, notwithstanding the old proverb of "*as rich as a Jew*," which, she being a Jewish, they built upon with reason. But from first to last she brought nothing but misfortunes among us; and if it had not been all along with her, his honour Sir Kit would have been now alive in all appearance. Her diamond cross was, they say, at the bottom of it all; and it was a shame for her, being his wife, not to show more duty, and to have given it up when he condescended to ask so often for such a bit of a trifle in his distresses, especially when he all along made it no secret he married for money. But we will not bestow another thought upon her. This much I thought it lay upon my conscience to say, in justice to my poor master's memory.

'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody no good—the same wind that took the Jew Lady Rackrent over to England brought over the new heir to Castle Rackrent.

Here let me pause for breath in my story, for though I had a great regard for every member of the family, yet without compare Sir Conolly, commonly called, for short, among his friends, Sir Condy Rackrent, was ever my great favourite, and indeed the most universally beloved man I had ever seen or heard of, not excepting his great ancestor Sir Patrick, to whose memory he, among other instances of generosity, erected a handsome marble stone in the church of Castle Rackrent, setting forth in large letters his age, birth, parentage, and many other virtues, concluding with the compliment so justly due, that "Sir Patrick Rackrent lived and died a monument of old Irish hospitality."

CONTINUATION OF THE MEMOIRS

OF THE

RACKRENT FAMILY.

HISTORY OF SIR CONOLLY RACKRENT.

Sir Condy Rackrent, by the grace of God heir at law to the Castle Rackrent estate, was a remote branch of the family: born to little or no fortune of his own, he was bred to the bar; at which, having many friends to push him, and no mean natural abilities of his own, he doubtless would, in process of time, if he could have borne the drudgery of that study, have been rapidly made king's counsel, at the least; but things were disposed of otherwise, and he never went the circuit but twice, and then made no figure for want of a fee, and being unable to speak in public. He received his education chiefly in the college of Dublin; but before he came to years of discretion lived in the country, in a small but slated house, within view of the end of the avenue. I remember him barefooted and headed, running through the street of O'Shaughlin's town, and playing at pitch-and-toss, ball, marbles, and what not, with the boys of the town, among whom my son Jason was a great favourite with him. As for me, he was ever my white-headed boy: often's the time when I would call in at his father's, where I was always made welcome; he would slip down to me in the kitchen, and love to sit on my knee, while I told him stories of the family, and the blood from which he was sprung, and how he might look forward, if the *then* present man should die without childer, to being at the head of the Castle Rackrent estate. This was then spoke quite and clear at random to please

the child, but it pleased Heaven to accomplish my prophecy afterward, which gave him a great opinion of my judgment in business. He went to a little grammar school with many others, and my son among the rest, who was in his class, and not a little useful to him in his book learning, which he acknowledged with gratitude ever after. These rudiments of his education thus completed, he got a horseback, to which exercise he was ever addicted, and used to gallop over the country while yet but a slip of a boy, under the care of Sir Kit's huntsman, who was very fond of him, and often lent him his gun, and took him out a shooting under his own eye. By these means he became well acquainted and popular among the poor in the neighbourhood early; for there was not a cabin at which he had not stopped some morning or other, along with the huntsman, to drink a glass of burnt whiskey out of an eggshell, to do him good and warm his heart, and drive the cold out of his stomach. The old people always told him he was a great likeness of Sir Patrick; which made him first have an ambition to take after him, as far as his fortune should allow. He left us when of an age to enter the college, and there completed his education and nineteenth year; for as he was not born to an estate, his friends thought it incumbent on them to give him the best education which could be had for love or money; and a great deal of money consequently was spent upon him at college and Temple. He was a very little altered for the worse by what he saw there of the great world; for when he came down into the country to pay us a visit, we thought him just the same man as ever, hand and glove with every one, and as far from high, though not without his own proper share of family pride, as any man ever you see. Latterly, seeing how Sir Kit and the Jewish lived together, and that there was no one between him and the Castle Rackrent estate, he neglected to apply to the law as much as was expected of him; and secretly many of the tenants, and others, advanced him cash upon his note of hand value received, promising bargains of leases and lawful interest should he ever come into the estate. All this was kept a great secret, for fear the present man, hearing of it, should take it into his head to take it ill of poor Condy, and so should cut him off for ever by levying a fine, and suffering a recovery to dock the entail

Sir Murtagh would have been the man for that; but Sir Kit was too much taken up philandering to consider the law in this case, or any other. These practices I have mentioned to account for the state of his affairs, I mean Sir Condy's, upon his coming into the Castle Rackrent estate. He could not command a penny of his first year's income; which, and keeping no accounts, and the great sight of company he did, with many other causes too numerous to mention, was the origin of his distresses. My son Jason, who was now established agent, and knew every thing, explained matters out of the face to Sir Conolly, and made him sensible of his embarrassed situation. With a great nominal rent-roll, it was almost all paid away in interest; which being for convenience suffered to run on, soon doubled the principal, and Sir Condy was obliged to pass new bonds for the interest, now grown principal, and so on. While this was going on, my son requiring to be paid for his trouble, and many years' service in the family gratis, and Sir Condy not willing to take his affairs into his own hands, or to look them even in the face, he gave my son a bargain of some acres, which fell out of lease, at a reasonable rent. Jason set the land, as soon as his lease was sealed, to under-tenants to make the rent, and got two hundred a year profit rent; which was little enough considering his long agency. He bought the land at twelve years' purchase two years afterward, when Sir Condy was pushed for money on an execution, and was at the same time allowed for his improvements thereon. There was a sort of hunting-lodge upon the estate, convenient to my son Jason's land, which he had his eye upon about this time; and he was a little jealous of Sir Condy, who talked of setting it to a stranger, who was just come into the country—Captain Moneygawl was the man. He was son and heir to the Moneygawls of Mount Juliet's town, who had a great estate in the next county to ours; and my master was loath to disoblige the young gentleman, whose heart was set upon the lodge; so he wrote him back, that the lodge was at his service, and if he would honour him with his company at Castle Rackrent, they could ride over together some morning, and look at it before signing the lease. Accordingly the captain came over to us, and he and Sir Condy grew the greatest friends ever you see, and were for ever out a shooting or hunting together, and were

very merry in the evenings; and Sir Condy was invited of course to Mount Juliet's town; and the family intimacy that had been in Sir Patrick's time was now recollected, and nothing would serve Sir Condy but he must be three times a week at the least with his new friends, which grieved me, who knew by the captain's groom and gentleman how they talked of him at Mount Juliet's town, making him quite, as one may say, a laughing-stock and a butt for the whole company; but they were soon cured of *that* by an accident that surprised 'em not a little, as it did me. There was a bit of a scrawl found upon the waiting-maid of old Mr. Moneygawl's youngest daughter, Miss Isabella, that laid open the whole; and her father, they say, was like one out of his right mind, and swore it was the last thing he ever should have thought of, when he invited my master to his house, that his daughter should think of such a match. But their talk signified not a straw, for as Miss Isabella's maid reported, her young mistress was fallen over head and ears in love with Sir Condy from the first time that ever her brother brought him into the house to dinner: the servant who waited that day behind my master's chair was the first who knew it, as he says, though it's hard to believe him, for he did not tell till a great while afterward; but, however, it's likely enough, as the thing turned out, that he was not far out of the way; for towards the middle of dinner, as he says, they were talking of stage-plays, having a playhouse, and being great play-actors at Mount Juliet's town; and Miss Isabella turns short to my master and says, "Have you seen the play-bill, Sir Condy?"—"No, I have not," said he.—"Then more shame for you," said the captain her brother, "not to know that my sister is to play Juliet to-night, who plays it better than any woman on or off the stage in all Ireland."—"I am very happy to hear it," said Sir Condy; and there the matter dropped for the present. But Sir Condy all this time, and a great while afterward, was at a terrible nonplus; for he had no liking, not he, to stage-plays, nor to Miss Isabella either; to his mind, as it came out over a bowl of whiskey punch at home, his little Judy M'Quirk, who was daughter to a sister's son of mine, was worth twenty of Miss Isabella. He had seen her often when he stopped at her father's cabin to drink whiskey out of the eggshell, out hunting, before he came to the estate.

and as she gave out, was under something like a promise of marriage to her. Anyhow, I could not but pity my poor master, who was so bothered between them, and he an easy-hearted man, that could not disoblige nobody, God bless him! To be sure, it was not his place to behave ungenerous to Miss Isabella, who had disobliged all her relations for his sake, as he remarked; and then she was locked up in her chamber, and forbid to think of him any more, which raised his spirit, because his family was, as he observed, as good as theirs at any rate, and the Rackrents a suitable match for the Moneygawls any day in the year: all which was true enough; but it grieved me to see, that upon the strength of all this, Sir Condy was growing more in the mind to carry off Miss Isabella to Scotland, in spite of her relations, as she desired.

"It's all over with our poor Judy!" said I, with a heavy sigh, making bold to speak to him one night when he was a little cheerful, and standing in the servants' hall all alone with me, as was often his custom. "Not at all," said he; "I never was fonder of Judy than at this present speaking; and to prove it to you," said he—and he took from my hand a halfpenny, change that I had just got along with my tobacco—"and to prove it to you, Thady," says he, "it's a toss-up with me which I should marry this minute, her or Mr. Moneygawl of Mount Juliet's town's daughter—so it is."—"Oh, boo! boo!"* says I, making light of it, to see what he would go on to next; "your honour's joking, to be sure; there's no compare between our poor Judy and Miss Isabella, who has a great fortune, they say."—"I'm not a man to mind a fortune, nor never was," said Sir Condy, proudly, "whatever her friends may say; and to make short of it," says he, "I'm come to a determination upon the spot;" with that he swore such a terrible oath as made me cross myself; "and by this book," said he—snatching up my ballad book, mistaking it for my prayer book, which lay in the window—"and by this book," says he, "and by all the books that ever were shut and opened, it's come to a toss-up with me, and I'll stand or fall by the toss; and so, Thady, hand me over that *pin*† out of the ink-horn," and he makes a cross on the smooth side of

* *Boo! boo!* an exclamation equivalent to *pshaw*, or *nonsense*.
† *Pin*, read *pen*. It formerly was vulgarly pronounced *pin* in Ireland

the halfpenny—"Judy M'Quirk," says he, "her mark."* God bless him! his hand was a little unsteadied by all the whiskey-punch he had taken, but it was plain to see his heart was for poor Judy. My heart was all as one as in my mouth when I saw the halfpenny up in the air, but I said nothing at all; and when it came down, I was glad I had kept myself to myself, for to be sure now it was all over with poor Judy. "Judy's out a luck," said I, striving to laugh. "I'm out a luck," said he; and I never saw a man look so cast down: he took up the halfpenny off the flag, and walked away quite sober-like by the shock. Now, though as easy a man you would think as any in the wide world, there was no such thing as making him unsay one of these sort of vows,† which he had learned to reverence when young, as I well remember teaching him to toss up for bog-berries on my knee. So I saw the affair was as good as settled between him and Miss Isabella, and I had no more to say but to wish her joy, which I did the week afterward, upon her return from Scotland with my poor master.

My new lady was young, as might be supposed of a lady that had been carried off, by her own consent, to Scotland; but I could only see her at first through her veil, which, from bashfulness or fashion, she kept over her face. "And am I to walk through all this crowd of people, my dearest love?" said she to Sir Condy, meaning us servants and tenants, who had gathered at the back gate. "My dear," said Sir Condy, "there's nothing for it but to walk, or to let me carry you as far as the house, for you see the back road is too narrow for a carriage, and the great piers have tumbled down across

* *Her mark.*—It *was* the custom in Ireland for those who could not write to make a cross to stand for their signature, as was formerly the practice of our English monarchs. The editor inserts the fac-simile of an Irish *mark*, which may hereafter be valuable to a judicious antiquary—

Her
Judy × M'Quirk
mark.

In bonds or notes signed in this manner a witness is requisite, as the name is frequently written by him or her.

† *Vows.*—It has been maliciously and unjustly hinted, that the lower classes of the people in Ireland pay but little regard to oaths; yet it is certain that some oaths, or vows, have great power over their minds. Sometimes they swear they will be revenged on some of their neighbours—this is an oath that they are never known to break. But what is infinitely more extraordinary and unaccountable, they sometimes make and keep a vow against whiskey; these vows are usually limited to a short time. A woman who has a drunken husband is most fortunate if she can prevail upon him to go to the priest, and make a vow against whiskey for a year, or a month, or a week, or a day.

the front approach; so there's no driving the right way by reason of the ruins."—"Plato, thou reasonest well!" said she, or words to that effect, which I could no ways understand; and again, when her foot stumbled against a broken bit of a car-wheel, she cried out, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" Well, thought I, to be sure, if she's no Jewish like the last, she is a mad woman for certain, which is as bad: it would have been as well for my poor master to have taken up with poor Judy, who is in her right mind, anyhow.

She was dressed like a mad woman, moreover, more than like any one I ever saw afore or since; and I could not take my eyes off her, but still followed behind her, and her feathers on the top of her hat were broke going in at the low back door, and she pulled out her little bottle out of her pocket to smell to when she found herself in the kitchen, and said, "I shall faint with the heat of this odious, odious place."—"My dear, it's only three steps across the kitchen, and there's a fine air if your veil was up," said Sir Condy, and with that threw back her veil, so that I had then a full sight of her face; she had not at all the colour of one going to faint, but a fine complexion of her own, as I then took it to be, though her maid told me after it was all put on; but even complexion and all taken in, she was no way, in point of good looks, to compare to poor Judy; and with all she had a quality toss with her; but maybe it was my over-partiality to Judy, into whose place I may say she stepped, that made me notice all this. To do her justice, however, she was, when we came to know her better, very liberal in her housekeeping, nothing at all of the skin-flint in her; she left every thing to the housekeeper; and her own maid, Mrs. Jane, who went with her to Scotland, gave her the best of characters for generosity. She seldom or ever wore a thing twice the same way, Mrs. Jane told us, and was always pulling her things to pieces, and giving them away, never being used, in her father's house, to think of expense in any thing; and she reckoned, to be sure, to go on the same way at Castle Rackrent; but when I came to inquire, I learned that her father was so mad with her for running off, after his locking her up and forbidding her to think any more of Sir Condy, that he would not give her a farthing; and t was lucky for her she had a few thousands of her own, which had been left to her by a good grandmother, and

these were very convenient to begin with. My master and my lady set out in great style; they had the finest coach and chariot, and horses and liveries, and cut the greatest dash in the county, returning their wedding visits; and it was immediately reported that her father had undertaken to pay all my master's debts, and of course all his tradesmen gave him a new credit, and every thing went on smack smooth, and I could not but admire my lady's spirit, and was proud to see Castle Rackrent again in all its glory. My lady had a fine taste for building, and furniture, and playhouses, and she turned every thing topsy-turvy, and made the barrack-room into a theatre, as she called it, and she went on as if she had a mint of money at her elbow; and to be sure I thought she knew best, especially as Sir Condy said nothing to it one way or the other. All he asked, God bless him! was to live in peace and quietness, and have his bottle or his whiskey-punch at night to himself. Now this was little enough, to be sure, for any gentleman; but my lady couldn't abide the smell of the whiskey-punch. "My dear," says he, "you liked it well enough before we were married, and why not now?"—"My dear," said she, "I never smelt it, or I assure you I should never have prevailed upon myself to marry you."—"My dear, I am sorry you did not smell it, but we can't help that now," returned my master, without putting himself in a passion, or going out of his way, but just fair and easy helped himself to another glass, and drank it off to her good health. All this the butler told me, who was going backwards and forwards unnoticed with the jug, and hot water, and sugar, and all he thought wanting. Upon my master's swallowing the last glass of whiskey-punch, my lady burst into tears, calling him an ungrateful, base, barbarous wretch! and went off into a fit of hysterics, as I think Mrs. Jane called it, and my poor master was greatly frightened, this being the first thing of the kind he had seen; and he fell straight on his knees before her, and, like a good-hearted cratur as he was, ordered the whiskey-punch out of the room, and bid 'em throw open all the windows, and cursed himself: and then my lady came to herself again, and when she saw him kneeling there bid him get up, and not forswear himself any more, for that she was sure he did not love her, nor never had: this we learned from Mrs. Jane, who was the only person left present at all this.

"My dear," returns my master, thinking to be sure of Judy, as well he might, "whoever told you so is an incendiary, and I'll have 'em turned out of the house this minute, if you'll only let me know which of them it was."—"Told me what?" says my lady, starting upright in her chair.—"Nothing at all, nothing at all," said my master, seeing he had overshot himself, and that my lady spoke at random; "but what you said just now, that I did not love you, Bella; who told you that?"—"My own sense," said she, and she put her handkerchief to her face, and leaned back upon Mrs. Jane, and fell to sobbing as if her heart would break.—"Why now, Bella, this is very strange of you," said my poor master; "if nobody has told you nothing, what is it you are taking on for at this rate, and exposing yourself and me for this way?"—"Oh, say no more, say no more; every word you say kills me," cried my lady; and she ran on like one, as Mrs. Jane says, raving, "Oh, Sir Condy, Sir Condy! I that had hoped to find in you——"—"Why now, faith, this is a little too much; do, Bella, try to recollect yourself, my dear; am not I your husband, and of your own choosing; and is not that enough?"—"Oh, too much! too much!" cried my lady, wringing her hands.—"Why, my dear, come to your right senses, for the love of heaven: see, is not the whiskey-punch, jug, and bowl, and all, gone out of the room long ago? What is it, in the wide world, you have to complain of?" But still my lady sobbed and sobbed, and called herself the most wretched of women; and among other out-of-the-way provoking things, asked my master was he fit for company for her, and he drinking all night? This nettling him, which it was hard to do, he replied, that as to drinking all night, he was then as sober as she was herself, and that it was no matter how much a man drank, provided it did no ways affect or stagger him: that as to being fit company for her, he thought himself of a family to be fit company for any lord or lady in the land, but that he never prevented her from seeing and keeping what company she pleased, and that he had done his best to make Castle Rackrent pleasing to her since her marriage, having always had the house full of visiters, and if her own relations were not among them, he said that was their own fault, and their pride's fault, of which he was sorry to find her ladyship had so unbecoming a share. So concluding he took his candle

and walked off to his room, and my lady was in her tantarums for three days after; and would have been so much longer, no doubt, but some of her friends, young ladies, and cousins, and second cousins, came to Castle Rackrent, by my poor master's express invitation, to see her, and she was in a hurry to get up, as Mrs. Jane called it, a play for them, and so got well, and was as finely dressed, and as happy to look at, as ever; and all the young ladies, who used to be in her room dressing of her, said, in Mrs. Jane's hearing, that my lady was the happiest bride ever they had seen, and that to be sure a love-match was the only thing for happiness, where the parties could any way afford it.

As to affording it, God knows it was little they knew of the matter; my lady's few thousands could not last for ever, especially the way she went on with them, and letters from tradesfolk came every post thick and threefold with bills as long as my arm, of years and years standing; my son Jason had 'em all handed over to him, and the pressing letters were all unread by Sir Condy, who hated trouble, and could never be brought to hear talk of business, but still put it off and put it off, saying, settle it anyhow, or bid 'em call again to-morrow, or speak to me about it some other time. Now it was hard to find the right time to speak, for in the mornings he was a-bed, and in the evenings over his bottle, where no gentleman chooses to be disturbed. Things in a twelvemonth or so came to such a pass there was no making a shift to go on any longer, though we were all of us well enough used to live from hand to mouth at Castle Rackrent. One day, I remember, when there was a power of company, all sitting after dinner in the dusk, not to say dark, in the drawing-room, my lady having rung five times for candles, and none to go up, the housekeeper sent up the footman, who went to my mistress, and whispered behind her chair how it was. "My lady," says he, "there are no candles in the house."—"Bless me," says she, "then take a horse and gallop off as fast as you can to Carrick O'Fungus, and get some."—"And in the mean time tell them to step into the playhouse, and try if there are not some bits left," added Sir Condy, who happened to be within hearing. The man was sent up again to my lady, to let her know there was no horse to go, but one that wanted a shoe. "Go to Sir Condy, then; I know nothing at all about the horses," said my

lady; "why do you plague me with these things?" How it was settled I really forget, but to the best of my remembrance, the boy was sent down to my son Jason's to borrow candles for the night. Another time in the winter, and on a desperate cold day, there was no turf in for the parlour and above stairs, and scarce enough for the cook in the kitchen; the little *gossoon** was sent off to the neighbours, to see and beg or borrow some, but none could he bring back with him for love or money; so as needs must, we were forced to trouble Sir Condy —"Well, and if there's no turf to be had in the town or country, why what signifies talking any more about it; can't ye go and cut down a tree?"—"Which tree, please your honour?" I made bold to say.—"Any tree at all that's good to burn," said Sir Condy; "send off smart and get one down, and the fires lighted, before my lady gets up to breakfast, or the house will be too hot to hold us." He was always very considerate in all things about my lady, and she wanted for nothing while he had it to give. Well, when things were tight with them about this time, my son Jason put in a word again about the lodge, and made a genteel offer to lay down the purchase-money to relieve Sir Condy's distresses. Now Sir Condy had it from the best authority that there were two writs come down to the sheriff against his person, and the sheriff, as ill-luck would have it, was no friend of his, and talked how he must do his duty, and how he would do it, if it was against the first man in the country, or even his own brother; let alone one who had voted against him at the last election, as Sir Condy had done. So Sir Condy was fain to take the purchase-money of the lodge from my son Jason to settle matters; and sure enough it was a good bargain for both parties, for my son bought the fee-simple of a good house for him and his heirs for ever, for little or nothing, and by selling of it for that same, my master saved himself from a jail. Every way it turned out fortunate for Sir Condy; for before the money was all gone there came a general election, and he being so well beloved in the county, and one of the oldest fami-

* *Gossoon*, a little boy—from the French word *garçon*. In most Irish families there *used* to be a barefooted gossoon, who was slave to the cook and the butler, and who, in fact, without wages, did all the hard work of the house. Gossoons were always employed as messengers. The editor has known a gossoon to go on foot, without shoes or stockings, fifty-one English miles between sunrise and sunset.

lies, no one had a better right to stand candidate for the vacancy; and he was called upon by all his friends, and the whole county I may say, to declare himself against the old member, who had little thought of a contest. My master did not relish the thoughts of a troublesome canvass, and all the ill-will he might bring upon himself by disturbing the peace of the county, besides the expense, which was no trifle; but all his friends called upon one another to subscribe, and they formed themselves into a committee, and wrote all his circular letters for him, and engaged all his agents, and did all the business unknown to him; and he was well pleased that it should be so at last, and my lady herself was very sanguine about the election; and there was open house kept night and day at Castle Rackrent, and I thought I never saw my lady look so well in her life as she did at that time; there were grand dinners, and all the gentlemen drinking success to Sir Condy till they were carried off; and then dances and balls, and the ladies all finishing with a raking pot of tea in the morning. Indeed, it was well the company made it their choice to sit up all nights, for there were not half beds enough for the sights of people that were in it, though there were shakedowns in the drawing-room always made up before sunrise for those that liked it. For my part, when I saw the doings that were going on, and the loads of claret that went down the throats of them that had no right to be asking for it, and the sights of meat that went up to table and never came down, besides what was carried off to one or t'other below stairs, I couldn't but pity my poor master, who was to pay for all; but I said nothing, for fear of gaining myself ill-will. The day of election will come some time or other, says I to myself, and all will be over; and so it did, and a glorious day it was as any I ever had the happiness to see. "Huzza! huzza! Sir Condy Rackrent for ever!" was the first thing I hears in the morning, and the same and nothing else all day, and not a soul sober only just when polling, enough to give their votes as became 'em, and to stand the browbeating of the lawyers, who came tight enough upon us; and many of our freeholders were knocked off, having never a freehold that they could safely swear to, and Sir Condy was not willing to have any man perjure himself for his sake, as was done on the other side, God knows, but no matter for that. Some of our friends were dumfounded

by the lawyers asking them, Had they ever been upon the ground where their freeholds lay? Now Sir Condy, being tender of the consciences of them that had not been on the ground, and so could not swear to a freehold when cross-examined by them lawyers, sent out for a couple of cleaves-full of the sods of his farm of Gulteeshinnagh:* and as soon as the sods came into town he set each man upon his sod, and so then ever after, you know, they could fairly swear they had been upon the ground.† We gained the day by this piece of honesty. I thought I should have died in the streets for joy when I seed my poor master chaired, and he bareheaded, and it raining as hard as it could pour; but all the crowds following him up and down, and he bowing and shaking hands with the whole town. "Is that Sir Condy Rackrent in the chair?" says a stranger man in the crowd. —"The same," says I; "who else should it be? God bless him!"—"And I take it, then, you belong to him?" says he.—"Not at all," says I, "but I live under him, and have done so these two hundred years and upwards, me and mine."—"It's lucky for you, then," rejoins he, "that he is where he is; for was he anywhere else but in the chair, this minute he'd be in a worse place; for I was sent down on purpose to put him up,‡ and here's my order for so doing in my pocket." It was a writ that villain the wine-merchant had marked against my poor master for some hundreds of an old debt, which it was a shame to be talking of at such a time as this. "Put it in your pocket again, and think no more of it any ways for seven years to come, my honest friend," says I; "he's a member of parliament now, praised be God, and such as you can't touch him: and if you'll take a fool's advice, I'd have you keep out of the way this day, or you'll run a good chance of getting your deserts among my master's friends, unless you choose to drink

* At St. Patrick's meeting, London, March, 1806, the Duke of Sussex said he had the honour of bearing an Irish title, and, with the permission of the company, he should tell them an anecdote of what he had experienced on his travels. When he was at Rome, he went to visit an Irish seminary, and when they heard who he was, and that he had an Irish title, some of them asked him, "Please your royal highness, since you are an Irish peer, will you tell us if you ever trod upon Irish ground?" When he told them he had not, "O, then," said one of the order, "you shall soon do so." They then spread some earth, which had been brought from Ireland, on a marble si and made him stand upon it.

† This was actually done at an election in Ireland.

‡ *To put him up*—to put him in jail.

his health like everybody else."—"I've no objection to that in life," says he; so we went into one of the public houses kept open for my master; and we had a great deal of talk about this thing and that. "And how is it," says he, "your master keeps on so well upon his legs? I heard say he was off Holantide twelvemonth past."—"Never was better or heartier in his life," said I.—"It's not that I am after speaking of," said he; "but there was a great report of his being ruined."—"No matter," says I, "the sheriffs two years running were his particular friends, and the sub-sheriffs were both of them gentlemen, and were properly spoken to; and so the writs lay snug with them, and they, as I understand by my son Jason the custom in them cases is, returned the writs as they came to them to those that sent 'em; much good may it do them! with a word in Latin, that no such person as Sir Condy Rackrent, Bart., was to be found in those parts."—"Oh, I understand all those ways better, no offence, than you," says he, laughing; and at the same time filling his glass to my master's good health, which convinced me he was a warm friend in his heart after all, though appearances were a little suspicious or so at first. "To be sure," says he, still cutting his joke, "when a man's over head and shoulders in debt, he may live the faster for it, and the better, if he goes the right way about it; or else how is it so many live on so well, as we see every day, after they are ruined?"—"How is it," says I, being a little merry at the time; "how is it but just as you see the ducks in the chicken-yard, just after their heads are cut off by the cook, running round and round faster than when alive?" At which conceit he fell a laughing, and remarked that he had never had the happiness yet to see the chicken-yard at Castle Rackrent. "It won't be long so, I hope," says I; "you'll be kindly welcome there, as everybody is made by my master; there is not a freer spoken gentleman, or a better beloved, high or low, in all Ireland." And of what passed after this I'm not sensible, for we drank Sir Condy's good health and the downfall of his enemies till we could stand no longer ourselves. And little did I think at the time, or till long after, how I was harbouring my poor master's greatest of enemies myself. This fellow had the impudence, after coming to see the chicken-yard, to get me to introduce him to my son Jason; little more than the man that never was born did I guess at his

meaning by this visit; he gets him a correct list fairly drawn out from my son Jason of all my master's debts, and goes straight round to the creditors and buys them all up, which he did easy enough, seeing the half of them never expected to see their money out of Sir Condy's hands. Then, when this base-minded limb of the law, as I afterward detected him in being, grew to be sole creditor over all, he takes him out a custodiam on all the denominations and sub-denominations, and every carton and half-carton upon the estate; and not content with that, must have an execution against the master's goods and down to the furniture, though little worth, of Castle Rackrent itself. But this is a part of my story I'm not come to yet, and it's bad to be forestalling: ill news flies fast enough all the world over.

To go back to the day of the election, which I never think of but with pleasure and tears of gratitude for those good times; after the election was quite and clean over, there comes shoals of people from all parts, claiming to have obliged my master with their votes, and putting him in mind of promises which he could never remember himself to have made; one was to have a freehold for each of his four sons; another was to have a renewal of a lease; another an abatement; one came to be paid ten guineas for a pair of silver buckles sold my master on the hustings, which turned out to be no better than copper gilt; another had a long bill for oats, the half of which never went into the granary to my certain knowledge, and the other half were not fit for the cattle to touch; but the bargain was made the week before the election, and the coach and saddle horses were got into order for the day, besides a vote fairly got by them oats; so no more reasoning on that head; but then there was no end to them that were telling Sir Condy he had engaged to make their sons excisemen, or high constables, or the like; and as for them that had bills to give in for liquor, and beds, and straw, and ribands, and horses, and postchaises for the gentlemen freeholders that came from all parts and other counties to vote for my master, and were not, to be sure, to be at any charges, there was no standing against all these; and, worse than all, the gentlemen of my master's committee, who managed all for him, and talked how they'd bring him in without costing him a penny, and subscribed by hundreds very genteelly, forgot to pay their subscrip-

tions, and had laid out in agents and lawyers' fees and secret service money the Lord knows how much; and my master could never ask one of them for their subscription you are sensible, nor for the price of a fine horse he had sold one of them, so it all was left at his door. He could never, God bless him again! I say, bring himself to ask a gentleman for money, despising such sort of conversation himself; but others, who were not gentlemen born, behaved very uncivil in pressing him at this very time, and all he could do to content 'em all was to take himself out of the way as fast as possible to Dublin, where my lady had taken a house fitting for him as a member of parliament, to attend his duty in there all the winter. I was very lonely when the whole family was gone, and all the things they had ordered to go, and forgot, sent after them by the car. There was then a great silence in Castle Rackrent, and I went moping from room to room, hearing the doors clap for want of right locks, and the wind through the broken windows that the glazier never would come to mend, and the rain coming through the roof and best ceilings all over the house for want of a slater, whose bill was not paid, besides our having no slates or shingles for that part of the old building which was shingled and burnt when the chimney took fire, and had been open to the weather ever since. I took myself to the servants' hall in the evening to smoke my pipe as usual, but missed the bit of talk we used to have there sadly, and ever after was content to stay in the kitchen and boil my little potatoes,* and put up my bed there; and every post-day I looked in the newspaper, but no news of my master in the House; he never spoke good or bad; but as the butler wrote down word to my son Jason, was very ill used by the government about a place that was promised him and never given, after his supporting them against his conscience very honourably, and being greatly abused for it, which hurt him greatly, he having the name of a great patriot in the country before. The house and living in Dublin too were not to be had for nothing, and my son Jason said, "Sir Condy must soon be looking out for a new agent, for I've done my part, and can do no more:—if my lady had the bank of Ireland to spend,

* *My little potatoes*—Thady does not mean, by this expression, that his potatoes were less than other people's, or less than the usual size: *little* is here used only as an Italian diminutive, expressive of fondness.

it would go in one winter, and Sir Condy would never gainsay her, though he does not care the rind of a lemon for her all the while."

Now I could not bear to hear Jason giving out after this manner against the family, and twenty people standing by in the street. Ever since he had lived at the lodge of his own, he looked down howsomever, upon poor old Thady, and was grown quite a great gentleman, and had none of his relations near him; no wonder he was no kinder to poor Sir Condy than to his own kith and kin.* In the spring it was the villain that got the list of the debts from him brought down the custodiam, Sir Condy still attending his duty in parliament, and I could scarcely believe my own old eyes, or the spectacles with which I read it, when I was shown my son Jason's name joined in the custodiam; but he told me it was only for form's sake, and to make things easier than if all the land was under the power of a total stranger. Well, I did not know what to think; it was hard to be talking ill of my own, and I could not but grieve for my poor master's fine estate, all torn by these vultures of the law; so I said nothing, but just looked on to see how it would all end.

It was not till the month of June that he and my lady came down to the country. My master was pleased to take me aside with them to the brewhouse that same evening, to complain to me of my son and other matters, in which he said he was confident I had neither art nor part; he said a great deal more to me, to whom he had been fond to talk ever since he was my white-headed boy, before he came to the estate; and all that he said about poor Judy I can never forget, but scorn to repeat. He did not say an unkind word of my lady, but wondered, as well he might, her relations would do nothing for him or her, and they in all this great distress. He did not take any thing long to heart, let it be as it would, and had no more malice or thought of the like in him than a child that can't speak; this night it was all out of his head before he went to his bed. He took his jug of whiskey-punch—my lady was grown quite easy about the whiskey-punch by this time, and so I did suppose all was going on right betwixt them, till I learned the truth through Mrs. Jane, who talked over their affairs to the

* *Kith* and *kin*—family or relations. *Kin* from *kind*; *kith* from we know not what.

housekeeper, and I within hearing. The night my master came home, thinking of nothing at all but just making merry, he drank his bumper toast "to the deserts of that old curmudgeon my father-in-law, and all enemies at Mount Juliet's town." Now my lady was no longer in the mind she formerly was, and did no ways relish hearing her own friends abused in her presence, she said. "Then why don't they show themselves your friends," said my master, "and oblige me with the loan of the money I condescended, by your advice, my dear, to ask? It's now three posts since I sent off my letter, desiring in the postscript a speedy answer by the return of the post, and no account at all from them yet."—"I expect they'll write to *me* next post," says my lady, and that was all that passed then; but it was easy from this to guess there was a coolness betwixt them, and with good cause.

The next morning, being post-day, I sent off the gossoon early to the post-office, to see was there any letter likely to set matters to rights, and he brought back one with the proper post-mark upon it, sure enough, and I had no time to examine, or make any conjecture more about it, for into the servants' hall pops Mrs. Jane with a blue bandbox in her hand, quite entirely mad. "Dear ma'am, and what's the matter?" says I.—"Matter enough," says she; "don't you see my bandbox is wet through, and my best bonnet here spoiled, besides my lady's, and all by the rain coming in through that gallery window, that you might have got mended, if you'd had any sense, Thady, all the time we were in town in the winter."—"Sure I could not get the glazier, ma'am," says I.—"You might have stopped it up anyhow," says she. —"So I did, ma'am, to the best of my ability; one of the panes with the old pillow-case, and the other with a piece of the old stage green curtain; sure I was as careful as possible all the time you were away, and not a drop of rain came in at that window of all the windows in the house, all winter, ma'am, when under my care; and now the family's come home, and it's summer time, I never thought no more about it, to be sure; but dear, it's a pity to think of your bonnet, ma'am; but here's what will please you, ma'am, a letter from Mount Juliet's town for my lady." With that she snatches it from me without a word more, and runs up the back stairs to my mistress; I follows with a slate to make up the window. This window

was in the long passage, or gallery, as my lady gave out orders to have it called, in the gallery leading to my master's bedchamber and hers. And when I went up with the slate, the door, having no lock, and the bolt spoiled, was ajar after Mrs. Jane, and as I was busy with the window, I heard all that was saying within.

"Well, what's in your letter, Bella, my dear?" says he: "you're a long time spelling it over."—"Won't you shave this morning, Sir Condy?" says she, and put the letter into her pocket. "I shaved the day before yesterday," says he, "my dear, and that's not what I'm thinking of now; but any thing to oblige you, and to have peace and quietness, my dear;" and presently I had the glimpse of him at the cracked glass over the chimney-piece, standing up shaving himself to please my lady. But she took no notice, but went on reading her book, and Mrs. Jane doing her hair behind. "What is it you're reading there, my dear?—phoo, I've cut myself with this razor; the man's a cheat that sold it me, but I have not paid him for it yet: what is it you're reading there? did you hear me asking you, my dear?"—"The Sorrows of Werter," replies my lady, as well as I could hear.—"I think more of the sorrows of Sir Condy," says my master, joking-like. "What news from Mount Juliet's town?"—"No news," says she, "but the old story over again; my friends all reproaching me still for what I can't help now."—"Is it for marrying me?" said my master, still shaving: "what signifies, as you say, talking of that, when it can't be helped now?"

With that she heaved a great sigh, that I heard plain enough in the passage. "And did you not use me basely, Sir Condy," says she, "not to tell me you were ruined before I married you?"—"Tell you, my dear," said he; "did you ever ask me one word about it? and had not you friends enough of your own, that were telling you nothing else from morning to night, if you'd have listened to them slanders?"—"No slanders, nor are my friends slanderers; and I can't bear to hear them treated with disrespect, as I do," says my lady, and took out her pocket handkerchief; "they are the best of friends; and if I had taken their advice—— But my father was wrong to lock me up, I own; that was the only unkind thing I can charge him with; for if he had not locked me up, I should never have had a serious thought of running away, as I did."—"Well, my dear," said my

master, "don't cry and make yourself uneasy about it now, when it's all over, and you have the man of your own choice, in spite of 'em all."—"I was too young, I know, to make a choice at the time you ran away with me, I'm sure," says my lady, and another sigh, which made my master, half-shaved as he was, turn round upon her in surprise. "Why, Bell," says he, "you can't deny what you know as well as I do, that it was at your own particular desire, and that twice under your own hand and seal expressed, that I should carry you off as I did to Scotland, and marry you there."—"Well, say no more about it, Sir Condy," said my lady, pettish-like—"I was a child then, you know."—"And as far as I know, you're little better now, my dear Bella, to be talking in this manner to your husband's *face;* but I won't take it ill of you, for I know it's something in that letter you put into your pocket just now that has set you against me all on a sudden, and imposed upon your understanding."—"It is not so very easy as you think it, Sir Condy, to impose upon *my* understanding," said my lady.—"My dear," says he, "I have, and with reason, the best opinion of your understanding of any man now breathing; and you know I have never set my own in competition with it till now, my dear Bella," says he, taking her hand from her book as kind as could be—"till now, when I have the great advantage of being quite cool, and you not; so don't believe one word your friends say against your own Sir Condy, and lend me the letter out of your pocket, till I see what it is they can have to say."—"Take it then," says she, "and as you are quite cool, I hope it is a proper time to request you'll allow me to comply with the wishes of all my own friends, and return to live with my father and family, during the remainder of my wretched existence, at Mount Juliet's town."

At this my poor master fell back a few paces, like one that had been shot. "You're not serious, Bella," says he; "and could you find it in your heart to leave me this way in the very middle of my distresses, all alone?" But recollecting himself after his first surprise, and a moment's time for reflection, he said, with a great deal of consideration for my lady, "Well, Bella, my dear, I believe you are right; for what could you do at Castle Rackrent, and an execution against the goods coming down, and the furniture to be canted, and an auction in

the house all next week! so you have my full consent to go, since that is your desire, only you must not think of my accompanying you, which I could not in honour do upon the terms I always have been, since our marriage, with your friends; besides, I have business to transact at home; so in the mean time, if we are to have any breakfast this morning, let us go down and have it for the last time in peace and comfort, Bella."

Then, as I heard my master coming to the passage door, I finished fastening up my slate against the broken pane; and when he came out, I wiped down the window seat with my wig,* and bade him a good morrow as kindly as I could, seeing he was in trouble, though he strove and thought to hide it from me. "This window is all racked and tattered," says I, "and it's what I'm striving to mend."—"It *is* all racked and tattered plain enough," says he, "and never mind mending it, honest old Thady," says he; "it will do well enough for you and I, and that's all the company we shall have left in the house by-and-by."—"I'm sorry to see your honour so low this morning," says I; "but you'll be better after taking your breakfast."—"Step down to the servants' hall," says he, "and bring me up the pen and ink into the parlour, and get a sheet of paper from Mrs. Jane, for I have business that can't brook to be delayed; and come into the parlour with the pen and ink yourself, Thady, for I must have you to witness my signing a paper I have to execute in a hurry." Well, while I was getting of the pen and ink-horn, and the sheet of paper, I ransacked my brains to think what could be the papers my poor master could have to execute in such a hurry, he that never thought of such a thing as doing business afore breakfast in the whole course of his life, for any man living; but this was for my lady, as I afterward found, and the more genteel of him after all her treatment.

I was just witnessing the paper that he had scrawled over, and was shaking the ink out of my pen upon the

* Wigs were formerly used instead of brooms in Ireland for sweeping or dusting tables, stairs, &c. The editor doubted the fact till he saw a labourer of the old school sweep down a flight of stairs with his wig; he afterward put it on his head again with the utmost composure, and said, "Oh, please your honour, it's never a bit the worse."

It must be acknowledged that these men are not in any danger of catching cold by taking off their wigs occasionally, because they usually have fine crops of hair growing under their wigs. The wigs are often yellow, and the hair which appears from beneath them black; the wigs are usually too small, and are raised up by the hair beneath, or by the ears of the wearers.

carpet, when my lady came in to breakfast, and she started as if it had been a ghost; as well she might when she saw Sir Condy writing at this unseasonable hour. "That will do very well, Thady," says he to me, and took the paper I had signed to, without knowing what upon the earth it might be, cut of my hands, and walked, folding it up, to my lady.

"You are concerned in this, my Lady Rackrent," says he, putting it into her hands; "and I beg you'll keep this memorandum safe, and show it to your friends the first thing you do when you get home; but put it in your pocket now, my dear, and let us eat our breakfast, in God's name."—"What is all this?" said my lady, opening the paper in great curiosity.—"It's only a bit of a memorandum of what I think it becomes me to do whenever I am able," says my master; "you know my situation, tied hand and foot at the present time being, but that can't last always, and when I'm dead and gone, the land will be to the good, Thady, you know; and take notice, it's my intention your lady should have a clear five hundred a year jointure off the estate afore any of my debts are paid."—"Oh, please your honour," says I, "I can't expect to live to see that time, being now upwards of fourscore years of age, and you a young man, and likely to continue so, by the help of God." I was vexed to see my lady so insensible too; for all she said was, "This is very genteel of you, Sir Condy. You need not wait any longer, Thady;" so I just picked up the pen and ink that had tumbled on the floor, and heard my master finish with saying, "You behaved very genteel to me, my dear, when you threw all the little you had in your own power, along with yourself, into my hands; and as I don't deny but what you may have had some things to complain of,"—to be sure he was thinking then of Judy, or of the whiskey-punch, one or t'other, or both,—"and as I don't deny but you may have had something to complain of, my dear, it is but fair you should have something in the form of compensation to look forward to agreeably in future; besides, it's an act of justice to myself that none of your friends, my dear, may ever have it to say against me I married for money, and not for love."—"That is the last thing I should ever have thought of saying of you, Sir Condy," said my lady, looking very gracious.—"Then, my dear," said Sir Condy, "we shall part as good friends as we met; so all's right."

I was greatly rejoiced to hear this, and went out of the parlour to report it all to the kitchen. The next morning my lady and Mrs. Jane set out for Mount Juliet's town in the jaunting car: many wondered at my lady's choosing to go away, considering all things, upon the jaunting car, as if it was only a party of pleasure; but they did not know, till I told them, that the coach was all broke in the journey down, and no other vehicle but the car to be had; besides, my lady's friends were to send their coach to meet her at the cross-roads; so it was all done very proper.

My poor master was in great trouble after my lady left us. The execution came down; and every thing at Castle Rackrent was seized by the gripers, and my son Jason, to his shame be it spoken, among them. I wondered, for the life of me, how he could harden himself to do it; but then he had been studying the law, and had made himself Attorney Quirk; so he brought down at once a heap of accounts upon my master's head. To cash lent, and to ditto, and to ditto, and to ditto, and oats, and bills paid at the milliner's and linen draper's, and many dresses for the fancy balls in Dublin, for my lady, and all the bills to the workmen and tradesmen for the scenery of the theatre, and the chandler's and grocer's bills, and tailor's, besides butcher's and baker's, and worse than all, the old one of that base wine-merchant's, that wanted to arrest my poor master for the amount on the election day, for which account Sir Condy afterward passed his note of hand, bearing lawful interest from the date thereof; and the interest and compound interest was now mounted to a terrible deal on many other notes and bonds for money borrowed, and there was, besides, hush-money to the sub-sheriffs, and sheets upon sheets of old and new attorneys' bills, with heavy balances, as *per former account furnished*, brought forward with interest thereon; then there was a powerful deal due to the crown for sixteen years' arrear of quit-rent, of the town-lands of Carrickashaughlin, with driver's fees, and a compliment to the receiver every year for letting the quit-rent run on, to oblige Sir Condy, and Sir Kit afore him. Then there were bills for spirits and ribands at the election time, and the gentlemen of the committee's accounts unsettled, and their subscription never gathered; and there were cows to be paid for, with the smith and farrier's bill to be set against the rent of the demesne,

with calf and hay-money; then there was all the servants' wages, since I don't know when, coming due to them, and sums advanced for them by my son Jason, for clothes, and boots, and whips, and odd moneys for sundries expended by them in journeys to town and elsewhere, and pocket-money for the master continually, and messengers and postage before his being a parliament man; I can't myself tell you what besides; but this I know, that when the evening came on the which Sir Condy had appointed to settle all with my son Jason, and when he comes into the parlour, and sees the sight of bills and load of papers all gathered on the great dining-table for him, he puts his hands before both his eyes, and cried out, "Merciful Jasus! what is it I see before me?" Then I sets an arm-chair at the table for him, and with a deal of difficulty he sits him down, and my son Jason hands him over the pen and ink to sign to this man's bill, and t'other man's bill, all which he did without making the least objections. Indeed, to give him his due, I never *seen* a man more fair, and honest, and easy in all his dealings, from first to last, as Sir Condy, or more willing to pay every man his own, as far as he was able, which is as much as any one can do. "Well," says he, joking-like with Jason, "I wish we could settle it all with a stroke of my gray goose-quill. What signifies making me wade through all this ocean of papers here; can't you now, who understand drawing out an account, debtor and creditor, just sit down here at the corner of the table, and get it done out for me, that I may have a clear view of the balance, which is all I need be talking about, you know?"—"Very true, Sir Condy, nobody understands business better than yourself," says Jason.—"So I've a right to do, being born and bred to the bar," says Sir Condy. "Thady, do step out and see are they bringing in the things for the punch, for we've just done all we have to do for this evening." I goes out accordingly; and when I came back Jason was pointing to the balance, which was a terrible sight to my poor master. "Pooh! pooh! pooh!" says he, "here's so many naughts they dazzle my eyes, so they do, and put me in mind of all I suffered larning of my numeration table, when I was a boy, at the day-school along with you, Jason—units, tens, hundreds, tens of hundreds. Is the punch ready, Thady?" says he, seeing me.—"Immediately; the boy has the jug in his hand; it's coming

up-stairs, please your honour, as fast as possible," says I, for I saw his honour was tired out of his life; but Jason, very short and cruel, cuts me off with—"Don't be talking of punch yet awhile; it's no time for punch yet a bit—units, tens, hundreds," goes he on, counting over the master's shoulder, units, tens, hundreds, thousands. "A-a-agh! hold your hand," cries my master; "where in this wide world am I to find hundreds, or units itself, let alone thousands?"—"The balance has been running on too long," says Jason, sticking to him as I could not have done at the time, if you'd have given both the Indies and Cork to boot; "the balance has been running on too long, and I'm distressed myself on your account, Sir Condy, for money, and the thing must be settled now on the spot, and the balance cleared off," says Jason.—"I'll thank you if you'll only show me how," says Sir Condy.—"There's but one way," says Jason, "and that's ready enough: when there's no cash, what can a gentleman do but go to the land?"—"How can you go to the land, and it under custodiam to yourself already," says Sir Condy, "and another custodiam hanging over it? and no one at all can touch it, you know, but the custodees."—"Sure, can't you sell, though at a loss? sure you can sell, and I've a purchaser ready for you," says Jason.—"Have ye so?" said Sir Condy; "that's a great point gained; but there's a thing now beyond all, that perhaps your don't know yet, barring Thady has let you into the secret."—"Sarrah bit of a secret, or any thing at all of the kind, has he learned from me these fifteen weeks come St. John's eve," says I; "for we have scarce been upon speaking terms of late; but what is it your honour means of a secret?"—"Why, the secret of the little keepsake I gave my Lady Rackrent the morning she left us, that she might not go back empty-handed to her friends."—"My Lady Rackrent, I'm sure, has baubles and keepsakes enough, as those bills on the table will show," says Jason; "but whatever it is," says he, taking up his pen, "we must add it to the balance, for to be sure it can't be paid for."—"No, nor can't till after my decease," said Sir Condy; "that's one good thing." Then colouring up a good deal, he tells Jason of the memorandum of the five hundred a year jointure he had settled upon my lady; at which Jason was indeed mad, and said a great deal in very high words, that it was using a gentleman, who had the man-

agement of his affairs, and was moreover his principal creditor, extremely ill to do such a thing without consulting him, and against his knowledge and consent. To all which Sir Condy had nothing to reply, but that upon his conscience it was in a hurry and without a moment's thought on his part, and he was very sorry for it, but if it was to do over again he would do the same; and he appealed to me, and I was ready to give my evidence, if that would do, to the truth of all he said.

So Jason with much ado was brought to agree to a compromise. "The purchaser that I have ready," says he, "will be much displeased, to be sure, at the encumbrance on the land, but I must see and manage him; here's a deed ready drawn up, we have nothing to do but to put in the consideration money and our names to it." —"And how much am I going to sell?—the lands of O'Shaughlin's town, and the lands of Gruneaghoolaghan, and the lands of Crookaghnawaturgh," says he, just reading to himself,—"and—Oh, murder, Jason! sure you won't put this in—the castle, stable, and appurtenances of Castle Rackrent."—"Oh, murder!" says I, clapping my hands, "this is too bad, Jason."—"Why so," said Jason, "when it's all, and a great deal more to the back of it, lawfully mine, was I to push for it?"—"Look at him," says I, pointing to Sir Condy, who was just leaning back in his arm-chair, with his arms falling beside him like one stupified; "is it you, Jason, that can stand in his presence, and recollect all he has been to us, and all we have been to him, and yet use him so at the last?" —"Who will he find to use him better, I ask you?" said Jason; "if he can get a better purchaser, I'm content; I only offer to purchase to make things easy and oblige him: though I don't see what compliment I am under, if you come to that; I have never had, asked, or charged more than sixpence in the pound, receiver's fees; and where would he have got an agent for a penny less?" —"Oh, Jason! Jason! how will you stand to this in the face of the county and all who know you?" says I; "and what will people think and say, when they see you living here in Castle Rackrent, and the lawful owner turned out of the seat of his ancestors, without a cabin to put his head into, or so much as a potato to eat?" Jason, while I was saying this, and a great deal more, made me signs, and winks, and frowns; but I took no heed, for I was grieved and sick at heart for my poor master, and couldn't but speak.

"Here's the punch," says Jason, for the door opened; "here's the punch!" Hearing that, my master starts up in his chair, and recollects himself, and Jason uncorks the whiskey. "Set down the jug here," says he, making room for it beside the papers opposite to Sir Condy, but still not stirring the deed that was to make over all. Well, I was in great hopes he had some touch of mercy about him when I saw him making the punch, and my master took a glass; but Jason put it back as he was going to fill again, saying, "No, Sir Condy, it sha'n't be said of me I got your signature to this deed when you were half-seas over: you know, your name and handwriting in that condition would not, if brought before the courts, benefit me a straw; wherefore let us settle all before we go deeper into the punch-bowl."—"Settle all as you will," said Sir Condy, clapping his hands to his ears; "but let me hear no more; I'm bothered to death this night."—"You've only to sign," said Jason, putting the pen to him.—"Take all, and be content," said my master. So he signed; and the man who brought in the punch witnessed it, for I was not able, but crying like a child; and besides, Jason said, which I was glad of, that I was no fit witness, being so old and doting. It was so bad with me, I could not taste a drop of the punch itself, though my master himself, God bless him! in the midst of his trouble, poured out a glass for me, and brought it up to my lips. "Not a drop, I thank your honour's honour as much as if I took it though," and I just set down the glass as it was, and went out; and when I got to the street-door, the neighbour's childer, who were playing at marbles there, seeing me in great trouble, left their play, and gathered about me to know what ailed me; and I told them all, for it was a great relief to me to speak to these poor childer, that seemed to have some natural feeling left in them: and when they were made sensible that Sir Condy was going to leave Castle Rackrent for good and all, they set up a whillalu that could be heard to the farthest end of the street; and one fine boy he was, that my master had given an apple to that morning, cried the loudest, but they all were the same sorry, for Sir Condy was greatly beloved among the childer, for letting them go a nutting in the demesne without saying a word to them, though my lady objected to them. The people in the town, who were the most of them standing at their doors, hearing the childer cry, would

know the reason of it; and when the report was made known, the people one and all gathered in great anger against my son Jason, and terror at the notion of his coming to be landlord over them, and they cried, "No Jason! no Jason! Sir Condy! Sir Condy! Sir Condy Rackrent for ever!" and the mob grew so great and so loud, I was frightened, and made my way back to the house to warn my son to make his escape, or hide himself, for fear of the consequences. Jason would not believe me till they came all round the house and to the windows with great shouts: then he grew quite pale, and asked Sir Condy what had he best do? "I'll tell you what you'd best do," said Sir Condy, who was laughing to see his fright; "finish your glass first, then let's go to the window and show ourselves, and I'll tell 'em, or you shall, if you please, that I'm going to the lodge for change of air for my health, and by my own desire, for the rest of my days."—"Do so," said Jason, who never meant it should have been so, but could not refuse him the lodge at this unseasonable time. Accordingly, Sir Condy threw up the sash and explained matters, and thanked all his friends, and bid 'em look in at the punch-bowl, and observe that Jason and he had been sitting over it very good friends; so the mob was content, and he sent 'em out some whiskey to drink his health, and that was the last time his honour's health was ever drunk at Castle Rackrent.

The very next day, being too proud, as he said to me, to stay an hour longer in a house that did not belong to him, he sets off to the lodge, and I along with him not many hours after. And there was great bemoaning through all O'Shaughlin's town, which I staid to witness, and gave my poor master a full account of when I got to the lodge. He was very low and in his bed when I got there, and complained of a great pain about his heart, but I guessed it was only trouble, and all the business, let alone vexation, he had gone through of late; and knowing the nature of him from a boy, I took my pipe, and, while smoking it by the chimney, began telling him how he was beloved and regretted in the county, and it did him a deal of good to hear it. "Your honour has a great many friends yet, that you don't know of, rich and poor, in the county," says I; "for as I was coming along the road, I met two gentlemen in their own carriages, who asked after you, knowing me, and wanted

to know where you was, and all about you, and even how old I was: think of that." Then he wakened out of his doze, and began questioning me who the gentlemen were. And the next morning it came into my head to go, unknown to anybody, with my master's compliments, round to many of the gentlemen's houses, where he and my lady used to visit, and people that I knew were his great friends, and would go to Cork to serve him any day in the year, and I made bold to try to borrow a trifle of cash from them. They all treated me very civil for the most part, and asked a great many questions very kind about my lady, and Sir Condy, and all the family, and were greatly surprised to learn from me Castle Rackrent was sold, and my master at the lodge for health; and they all pitied him greatly, and he had their good wishes, if that would do, but money was a thing they unfortunately had not any of them at this time to spare. I had my journey for my pains, and I, not used to walking, nor supple as formerly, was greatly tired, but had the satisfaction of telling my master, when I got to the lodge, all the civil things said by high and low.

"Thady," says he, "all you've been telling me brings a strange thought into my head; I've a notion I shall not be long for this world anyhow, and I've a great fancy to see my own funeral afore I die." I was greatly shocked at the first speaking, to hear him speak so light about his funeral, and he to all appearance in good health, but recollecting myself, answered, "To be sure it would be as fine a sight as one could see, I dared to say, and one I should be proud to witness, and I did not doubt his honour's would be as great a funeral as ever Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin's was, and such a one as that had never been known in the county afore or since." But I never thought he was in earnest about seeing his own funeral himself, till the next day he returns to it again. "Thady," says he, "as far as the wake* goes, sure I might without any great trouble have the satisfaction of seeing a bit of my own funeral."—"Well, since your honour's honour's so bent upon it," says I, not willing to cross him, and he in trouble, "we must see what we can do." So he fell into a sort of a sham disorder, which was easy done, as he kept his bed and no one to see him; and I got my

* A wake in England is a meeting avowedly for merriment; in Ireland, it is a nocturnal meeting avowedly for the purpose of watching and bewailing the dead; but, in reality, for gossiping and debauchery.

shister, who was an old woman very handy about the sick, and very skilful, to come up to the lodge to nurse him; and we gave out, she knowing no better, that he was just at his latter end, and it answered beyond any thing; and there was a great throng of people, men, women, and childer, and there being only two rooms at the lodge, except what was locked up full of Jason's furniture and things, the house was soon as full and fuller than it could hold, and the heat, and smoke, and noise wonderful great; and standing among them that were near the bed, but not thinking at all of the dead, I was startled by the sound of my master's voice from under the great-coats that had been thrown all at top, and I went close up, no one noticing. "Thady," says he, "I've had enough of this; I'm smothering, and can't hear a word of all they're saying of the deceased."—"God bless you, and lie still and quiet," says I, "a bit longer, for my shister's afraid of ghosts, and would die on the spot with fright, was she to see you come to life all on a sudden this way without the least preparation." So he lays him still, though well-nigh stifled, and I made all haste to tell the secret of the joke, whispering to one and t'other, and there was a great surprise, but not so great as we had laid out it would. "And aren't we to have the pipes and tobacco, after coming so far to-night?" said some; but they were all well enough pleased when his honour got up to drink with them, and sent for more spirits from a shebean-house,* where they very civilly let him have it upon credit. So the night passed off very merrily, but, to my mind, Sir Condy was rather upon the sad order in the midst of it all, not finding there had been such a great talk about himself after his death as he had always expected to hear.

The next morning, when the house was cleared of them, and none but my shister and myself left in the kitchen with Sir Condy, one opens the door and walks in, and who should it be but Judy M'Quirk herself! I forgot to notice that she had been married long since, while young Captain Moneygawl lived at the lodge, to the captain's huntsman, who after a while listed and left her, and was killed in the wars. Poor Judy fell off greatly in her good looks after her being married a year or two; and being smoke-dried in the cabin, and neglecting her-

* *Shebean-house*, a hedge-alehouse. Shebean properly means weak small beer, taplash.

self like, it was hard for Sir Condy himself to know her again till she spoke; but when she says, "It's Judy M'Quirk, please your honour; don't you remember her?"—"Oh, Judy, is it you?" says his honour; "yes, sure, I remember you very well; but you're greatly altered, Judy."—"Sure it's time for me," says she; "and I think your honour, since I *seen* you last—but that's a great while ago,—is altered too."—"And with reason, Judy," says Sir Condy, fetching a sort of a sigh; "but how's this, Judy?" he goes on; "I take it a little amiss of you that you were not at my wake last night."—"Ah, don't be being jealous of that," says she; "I didn't hear a sentence of your honour's wake till it was all over, or it would have gone hard with me but I would have been at it sure; but I was forced to go ten miles up the country three days ago to a wedding of a relation of my own's, and didn't get home till after the wake was over; but," says she, "it won't be so, I hope, the next time,* please your honour."—"That we shall see, Judy," says his honour, "and may be sooner than you think for, for I've been very unwell this while past, and don't reckon any way I'm long for this world." At this, Judy takes up the corner of her apron, and puts it first to one eye and then to t'other, being to all appearance in great trouble; and my shister put in her word, and bid his honour have a good heart, for she was sure it was only the gout, that Sir Patrick used to have flying about him, and that he ought to drink a glass or a bottle extraordinary to keep it out of his stomach; and he promised to take her advice, and sent out for more spirits immediately; and Judy made a sign to me, and I went over to the door to her, and she said, "I wonder to see Sir Condy so low! has he heard the news?"—"What news?" says I.—"Didn't ye hear it, then?" says she; "my Lady Rackrent that was is kilt and lying for dead, and I don't doubt but it's all over with her by this time."—"Mercy on us all," says I; "how was it?"—"The jaunting car it was that ran away with her," says Judy. "I was coming home that same time from Biddy M'Guggin's marriage, and a great crowd of people too upon the road, coming from the fair of Crookaghnawaturgh, and I sees a jaunting car standing in the middle of the road, and with the two wheels off

* At the coronation of one of our monarchs, the king complained of the confusion which happened in the procession. The great officer who presided told his majesty, "That it should not be so next time."

and all tattered. 'What's this?' says I. 'Didn't ye hear of it?' says they that were looking on; 'it's my Lady Rackrent's car, that was running away from her husband, and the horse took fright at a carrion that lay across the road, and so ran away with the jaunting car, and my Lady Rackrent and her maid screaming, and the horse ran with them against a car that was coming from the fair, with the boy asleep on it, and the lady's petticoat hanging out of the jaunting car caught, and she was dragged I can't tell you how far upon the road, and it all broken up with the stones just going to be pounded, and one of the road-makers, with his sledge-hammer in his hand, stops the horse at the last; but my Lady Rackrent was all kilt* and smashed, and they lifted her into a cabin hard by, and the maid was found after, where she had been thrown, in the gripe of the ditch, her cap and bonnet all full of bog water, and they say my lady can't live any way.' Thady, pray now is it true what I'm told for sartin, that Sir Condy has made over all to your son Jason?"—"All," says I.—"All entirely?" says she again.—"All entirely," says I.—"Then," says she, "that's a great shame; but don't be telling Jason what I say."—"And what is it you say?" cries Sir Condy, leaning over betwixt us, which made Judy start greatly. "I know the time when Judy M'Quirk would never have staid so long talking at the door, and I in the house."—"Oh!" says Judy, "for shame, Sir Condy; times are altered since then, and it's my Lady Rackrent you ought to be thinking of."—"And why should I be thinking of her that's not thinking of me now?" says Sir Condy.—"No matter for that," says Judy, very properly; "it's time you should be thinking of her, if ever you mean to do it at all, for don't you know she's lying for death?"—"My Lady Rackrent!" says Sir Condy, in a surprise; "why it's but two days since we parted, as you very well know, Thady, in her full health and spirits, and she and her maid along with her going to Mount Juliet's town on her jaunting car."—"She'll never ride no more on her

* *Kilt and smashed.*—Our author is not here guilty of an anti-climax. The mere English reader, from a similarity of sound between the words *kilt* and *killed*, might be induced to suppose that their meanings are similar, yet they are not by any means in Ireland synonymous terms. Thus you may hear a man exclaim, "I'm kilt and murdered!" but he frequently means only that he has received a black eye, or a slight contusion.—*I'm kilt all over* means that he is in a worse state than being simply *kilt*. Thus, *I'm kilt with the cold* is nothing to *I'm kilt all over with the rheumatism.*

jaunting car," said Judy, "for it has been the death of her, sure enough."—"And is she dead, then?" says his honour.—"As good as dead, I hear," says Judy; "but there's Thady here has just learned the whole truth of the story as I had it, and it is fitter he or anybody else should be telling it you than I, Sir Condy: I must be going home to the childer." But he stops her, but rather from civility in him, as I could see very plainly, than any thing else, for Judy was, as his honour remarked at her first coming in, greatly changed, and little likely, as far as I could see—though she did not seem to be clear of it herself—little likely to be my Lady Rackrent now, should there be a second toss-up to be made. But I told him the whole story out of the face, just as Judy had told it to me, and he sent off a messenger with his compliments to Mount Juliet's town that evening, to learn the truth of the report, and Judy bid the boy that was going call in at Tim M'Enerney's shop in O'Shaughlin's town and buy her a new shawl. "Do so," said Sir Condy, "and tell Tim to take no money from you, for I must pay him for the shawl myself." At this my shister throws me over a look, and I says nothing, but turned the tobacco in my mouth, while Judy began making a many words about it, and saying how she could not be beholden for shawls to any gentleman. I left her there to consult with my shister, did she think there was any thing in it, and my shister thought I was blind to be asking her the question, and I thought my shister must see more into it than I did; and recollecting all past times and every thing, I changed my mind, and came over to her way of thinking, and we settled it that Judy was very like to be my Lady Rackrent, after all, if a vacancy should have happened.

The next day, before his honour was up, somebody comes with a double knock at the door, and I was greatly surprised to see it was my son Jason. "Jason, is it you?" said I; "what brings you to the lodge?" says I; "is it my Lady Rackrent? we know that already since yesterday."—"May be so," says he, "but I must see Sir Condy about it."—"You can't see him yet," says I; "sure he is not awake."—"What then," says he, "can't he be wakened? and I standing at the door."—"I'll not be disturbing his honour for you, Jason," says I; "many's the hour you've waited in your time, and been proud to do it, till his honour was at leisure to speak to you. His

honour," says I, raising my voice, at which his honour wakens of his own accord, and calls to me from the room to know who it was I was speaking to. Jason made no more ceremony, but follows me into the room. "How are you, Sir Condy?" says he; "I'm happy to see you looking so well; I came up to know how you did to-day, and to see did you want for any thing at the lodge."—"Nothing at all, Mr. Jason, I thank you," says he; for his honour had his own share of pride, and did not choose, after all that had passed, to be beholden, I suppose, to my son; "but pray take a chair and be seated, Mr. Jason." Jason sat him down upon the chest, for chair there was none, and after he had sat there some time, and a silence on all sides, "What news is there stirring in the country, Mr. Jason M'Quirk?" says Sir Condy, very easy, yet high like.—"None that's news to you, Sir Condy, I hear," says Jason: "I am sorry to hear of my Lady Rackrent's accident."—"I'm much obliged to you, and so is her ladyship, I'm sure," answered Sir Condy, still stiff; and there was another sort of a silence, which seemed to lie the heaviest on my son Jason.

"Sir Condy," says he at last, seeing Sir Condy disposing himself to go to sleep again, "Sir Condy, I dare say you recollect mentioning to me the little memorandum you gave to Lady Rackrent about the 500*l.* a year jointure."—"Very true," said Sir Condy; "it is all in my recollection."—"But if my Lady Rackrent dies, there's an end of all jointure," says Jason.—"Of course," says Sir Condy.—"But it's not a matter of certainty that my Lady Rackrent won't recover," says Jason.—"Very true, sir," says my master.—"It's a fair speculation, then, for you to consider what the chance of the jointure on those lands, when out of custodiam, will be to you."—"Just five hundred a year, I take it, without any speculation at all," said Sir Condy.—"That's supposing the life dropped, and the custodiam off, you know; begging your pardon, Sir Condy, who understands business, that is a wrong calculation."—"Very likely so," said Sir Condy; "but, Mr. Jason, if you have any thing to say to me this morning about it, I'd be obliged to you to say it, for I had an indifferent night's rest last night, and wouldn't be sorry to sleep a little this morning."—"I have only three words to say, and those more of consequence to you, Sir Condy, than me. You are a little cool, I observe; but I hope you will not be offended at

what I have brought here in my pocket," and he pulls out two long rolls, and showers down golden guineas upon the bed. "What's this?" said Sir Condy; "it's long since—" but his pride stops him. "All these are your lawful property this minute, Sir Condy, if you please," said Jason.—"Not for nothing, I'm sure," said Sir Condy, and laughs a little—"nothing for nothing, or I'm under a mistake with you, Jason."—"Oh, Sir Condy, we'll not be indulging ourselves in any unpleasant retrospects," says Jason; "it's my present intention to behave, as I'm sure you will, like a gentleman in this affair. Here's two hundred guineas, and a third I mean to add, if you should think proper to make over to me all your right and title to those lands that you know of."—"I'll consider of it," said my master; and a great deal more, that I was tired listening to, was said by Jason, and all that, and the sight of the ready cash upon the bed worked with his honour; and the short and the long of it was, Sir Condy gathered up the golden guineas, and tied them up in a handkerchief, and signed some paper Jason brought with him as usual, and there was an end of the business; Jason took himself away, and my master turned himself round and fell asleep again.

I soon found what had put Jason in such a hurry to conclude this business. The little gossoon we had sent off the day before with my master's compliments to Mount Juliet's town, and to know how my lady did after her accident, was stopped early this morning, coming back with his answer through O'Shaughlin's town, at Castle Rackrent, by my son Jason, and questioned of all he knew of my lady from the servant at Mount Juliet's town; and the gossoon told him my Lady Rackrent was not expected to live over night; so Jason thought it high time to be moving to the lodge, to make his bargain with my master about the jointure afore it should be too late, and afore the little gossoon should reach us with the news. My master was greatly vexed, that is, I may say, as much as ever I *seen* him, when he found how he had been taken in; but it was some comfort to have the ready cash for immediate consumption in the house, anyway.

And when Judy came up that evening, and brought the childer to see his honour, he unties the handkerchief, and, God bless him! whether it was little or much he had, 'twas all the same with him, he gives 'em all round

guineas apiece. "Hold up your head," says my shister to Judy, as Sir Condy was busy filling out a glass of punch for her eldest boy—"hold up your head, Judy; for who knows but we may live to see you yet at the head of the Castle Rackrent estate?"—"May be so," says she, "but not the way you are thinking of." I did not rightly understand which way Judy was looking when she makes this speech, till awhile after. "Why, Thady, you were telling me yesterday that Sir Condy had sold all entirely to Jason, and where then does all them guineas in the handkerchief come from?"—"They are the purchase-money of my lady's jointure," says I. Judy looks a little bit puzzled at this. "A penny for your thoughts, Judy," says my shister; "hark, sure Sir Condy is drinking her health." He was at the table in *the room*,* drinking with the exciseman and the gauger, who came up to see his honour, and we were standing over the fire in the kitchen. "I don't much care is he drinking my health or not," says Judy; "and it is not Sir Condy I'm thinking of, with all your jokes, whatever he is of me."—"Sure you wouldn't refuse to be my Lady Rackrent, Judy, if you had the offer?" says I.—"But if I could do better!" says she.—"How better?" says I and my shister both at once.—"How better?" says she; "why what signifies it to be my Lady Rackrent, and no castle? sure what good is the car, and no horse to draw it?"—"And where will ye get the horse, Judy?" says I.—"Never mind that," says she, "may be it is your own son Jason might find that."—"Jason!" says I; "don't be trusting to him, Judy. Sir Condy, as I have good reason to know, spoke well of you when Jason spoke very indifferently of you, Judy."—"No matter," says Judy, it's often men speak the contrary just to what they think of us."—"And you the same way of them, no doubt," answers I.—"Nay, don't be denying it, Judy, for I think the better of ye for it, and shouldn't be proud to call ye the daughter of a shister's son of mine, if I was to hear ye talk ungrateful, and any way disrespectful of his honour."—"What disrespect," says she, "to say I'd rather, if it was my luck, be the wife of another man?"—"You'll have no luck, mind my words, Judy," says I; and all I remembered about my poor master's goodness in tossing up for her afore he married at all came across

* *The room*—the principal room in the house

me, and I had a choking in my throat that hindered me to say more. "Better luck, anyhow, Thady," says she, "than to be like some folk, following the fortunes of them that have none left."—"Oh! King of Glory!" says I, "hear the pride and ungratitude of her, and he giving his last guineas but a minute ago to her childer, and she with the fine shawl on her he made her a present of but yesterday!"—"Oh, troth, Judy, you're wrong now," says my shister, looking at the shawl.—"And was not he wrong yesterday, then," says she, "to be telling me I was greatly altered, to affront me?"—"But, Judy," says I, "what is it brings you here then at all in the mind you are in; is it to make Jason think the better of you?"—"I'll tell you no more of my secrets, Thady," says she, "nor would have told you this much, had I taken you for such an unnatural fader as I find you are, not to wish your own son preferred to another."—"Oh, troth, *you* are wrong now, Thady," says my shister. Well, I was never so put to it in my life: between these womens, and my son and my master, and all I felt and thought just now, I could not, upon my conscience, tell which was the wrong from the right. So I said not a word more, but was only glad his honour had not the luck to hear all Judy had been saying of him, for I reckoned it would have gone nigh to break his heart; not that I was of opinion he cared for her as much as she and my shister fancied, but the ungratitude of the whole from Judy might not plase him; and he could never stand the notion of not being well spoken of or beloved-like behind his back. Fortunately for all parties concerned, he was so much elevated at this time, there was no danger of his understanding any thing, even if it had reached his ears. There was a great horn at the lodge, ever since my master and Captain Moneygawl was in together, that used to belong originally to the celebrated Sir Patrick, his ancestor; and his honour was fond often of telling the story that he learned from me when a child, how Sir Patrick drank the full of this horn without stopping, and this was what no other man afore or since could without drawing breath. Now Sir Condy challenged the gauger, who seemed to think little of the horn, to swallow the contents, and had it filled to the brim with punch; and the gauger said it was what he could not do for nothing, but he'd hold Sir Condy a hundred guineas he'd do it. "Done," says my master;

'I'll lay you a hundred golden guineas to a tester* you don't."—"Done," says the gauger; and done and done's enough between two gentlemen. The gauger was cast, and my master won the bet, and thought he'd won a hundred guineas, but by the wording it was adjudged to be only a tester that was his due by the exciseman. It was all one to him; he was as well pleased, and I was glad to see him in such spirits again.

The gauger, bad luck to him! was the man that next proposed to my master to try himself could he take at a draught the contents of the great horn. "Sir Patrick's horn!" said his honour; "hand it to me: I'll hold you your own bet over again I'll swallow it."—"Done," says the gauger; "I'll lay ye any thing at all you do no such thing."—"A hundred guineas to sixpence I do," says he: "bring me the handkerchief." I was loath, knowing he meant the handkerchief with the gold in it, to bring it out in such company, and his honour not very able to reckon it. "Bring me the handkerchief, then, Thady," says he, and stamps with his foot; so with that I pulls it out of my great-coat pocket, where I had put it for safety. Oh, how it grieved me to see the guineas counting upon the table, and they the last my master had! Says Sir Condy to me, "Your hand is steadier than mine to-night, old Thady, and that's a wonder; fill you the horn for me." And so, wishing his honour success, I did; but I filled it, little thinking of what would befall him. He swallows it down, and drops like one shot. We lifts him up, and he was speechless, and quite black in the face. We put him to bed, and in a short time he wakened, raving with a fever on his brain. He was shocking either to see or hear. "Judy! Judy! have you no touch of feeling? won't you stay to help us nurse him?" says I to her, and she putting on her shawl to go out of the house. "I'm frightened to see him," says she, "and wouldn't nor couldn't stay in it; and what use? he can't last till the morning." With that she ran off. There was none but my shister and myself left near him of all the many friends he had. The fever came and went, and came and went, and lasted five days, and the sixth he was sensible for a few minutes,

* *Tester*—sixpence; from the French word tête, a head: a piece of silver stamped with a head, which in old French was called "un testion," and which was about the value of an old English sixpence. Tester is used in Shakspeare.

and said to me, knowing me very well, "I'm in burning pain all withinside of me, Thady." I could not speak, but my shister asked him would he have this thing or t'other, to do him good? "No," says he, "nothing will do me good no more," and he gave a terrible screech with the torture he was in—then again a minute's ease—"Brought to this by drink," says he; "where are all the friends?—where's Judy?—Gone, hey? Ay, Sir Condy has been a fool all his days," said he; and there was the last word he spoke, and died. He had but a very poor funeral after all.

If you want to know any more, I'm not very well able to tell you; but my Lady Rackrent did not die, as was expected of her, but was only disfigured in the face ever after by the fall and bruises she got; and she and Jason, immediately after my poor master's death, set about going to law about that jointure; the memorandum not being on stamped paper, some say it is worth nothing, others again it may do; others say Jason won't have the lands at any rate. Many wishes it so: for my part, I'm tired wishing for any thing in this world, after all I've seen in it—but I'll say nothing; it would be a folly to be getting myself ill-will in my old age. Jason did not marry nor think of marrying Judy, as I prophesied, and I am not sorry for it; who is? As for all I have here set down from memory and hearsay of the family, there's nothing but truth in it from beginning to end: that you may depend upon; for where's the use of telling lies about the things which everybody knows as well as I do?

The editor could have readily made the catastrophe of Sir Condy's history more dramatic and more pathetic, if he thought it allowable to varnish the plain round tale of faithful Thady. He lays it before the English reader as a specimen of manners and characters which are, perhaps, unknown in England. Indeed, the domestic habits of no nation in Europe were less known to the English than those of their sister country, till within these few years.

Mr. Young's picture of Ireland, in his tour through that country, was the first faithful portrait of its inhabitants. All the features in the foregoing sketch were taken from the life, and they are characteristic of

that mixture of quickness, simplicity, cunning, carelessness, dissipation, disinterestedness, shrewdness, and blunder, which, in different forms, and with various success, has been brought upon the stage, or delineated in novels.

It is a problem of difficult solution to determine whether a union will hasten or retard the melioration of this country. The few gentlemen of education who now reside in this country will resort to England; they are few, but they are in nothing inferior to men of the same rank in Great Britain. The best that can happen will be the introduction of British manufacturers in their places.

Did the Warwickshire militia, who were chiefly artisans, teach the Irish to drink beer? or did they learn from the Irish to drink whiskey?

1800

GLOSSARY.

Some friends, who have seen Thady's history since it has been printed, have suggested to the editor that many of the terms and idiomatic phrases with which it abounds could not be intelligible to the English reader without further explanation. The editor has therefore furnished the following Glossary.

Page 17. *Monday morning.*—Thady begins his memoirs of the Rackrent Family by dating *Monday morning*, because no great undertaking can be auspiciously commenced in Ireland on any morning but *Monday morning*. "O, please God we live till Monday morning, we'll set the slater to mend the roof of the house. On Monday morning we'll fall to and cut the turf. On Monday morning we'll see and begin mowing. On Monday morning, please your honour, we'll begin and dig the potatoes," &c.

All the intermediate days between the making of such speeches and the ensuing Monday are wasted; and when Monday morning comes, it is ten to one that the business is deferred to *the next* Monday morning. The editor knew a gentleman who, to counteract this prejudice, made his workmen and labourers begin all new pieces of work upon a Saturday.

Page 18. *Let alone the three kingdoms itself.*—*Let alone*, in this sentence, means *put out of consideration.* This phrase, *let alone*, which is now used as the imperative of a verb, may in time become a conjunction, and may exercise the ingenuity of some future etymologist. The celebrated Horne Tooke has proved most satisfactorily, that the conjunction *but* comes from the imperative of the Anglo-Saxon verb (*beoutan*) *to be out*; also, that *if*

comes from *gif*, the imperative of the Anglo-Saxon verb which signifies *to give*, &c.

Page 20. *Whillaluh.*—Ullaloo, gol, or lamentation over the dead—

"Magnoque ululante tumultu."—Virgil.
"Ululatibus omne
Implevere nemus."—Ovid.

A full account of the Irish gol, or ullaloo, and of the caoinan or Irish funeral song, with its first semichorus, second semichorus, full chorus of sighs and groans, together with the Irish words and music, may be found in the fourth volume of the transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. For the advantage of *lazy* readers, who would rather read a page than walk a yard, and from compassion, not to say sympathy, with their infirmity, the editor transcribes the following passages:

"The Irish have been always remarkable for their funeral lamentations, and this peculiarity has been noticed by almost every traveller who visited them; and it seems derived from their Celtic ancestors, the primeval inhabitants of this isle. * * * *

"It has been affirmed of the Irish, that to cry was more natural to them than to any other nation, and at length the Irish cry became proverbial. * *

"Cambrensis, in the twelfth century, says, the Irish then musically expressed their griefs; that is, they applied the musical art, in which they excelled all others, to the orderly celebration of funeral obsequies by dividing the mourners into two bodies, each alternately singing their part, and the whole at times joining in full chorus. * * * * The body of the deceased, dressed, in grave clothes, and ornamented with flowers, was placed on a bier, or some elevated spot. The relations and keepers (*singing mourners*) ranged themselves in two divisions, one at the head and the other at the feet of the corpse. The bards and croteries had before prepared the funeral caoinan. The chief bard of the head chorus began by singing the first stanza in a low, doleful tone, which was softly accompanied by the harp: at the conclusion, the foot semichorus began the lamentation, or ullaloo, from the final note of the preceding stanza, in which they were answered by the head semichorus: then both united in one general chorus. The chorus of

the first stanza being ended, the chief bard of the foot semichorus began the second gol or lamentation, in which he was answered by that of the head; and then, as before, both united in the general full chorus. Thus alternately were the song and choruses performed during the night. The genealogy, rank, possessions, the virtues and vices of the dead were rehearsed, and a number of interrogations were addressed to the deceased: as, Why did he die? If married, whether his wife was faithful to him, his sons dutiful, or good hunters or warriors? If a woman, whether her daughters were fair or chaste? If a young man, whether he had been crossed in love; or if the blue-eyed maids of Erin treated him with scorn?"

We are told, that formerly the feet (the metrical feet) of the caonian were much attended to; but on the decline of the Irish bards these feet were gradually neglected, and the caoinan fell into a sort of slipshod metre among women. Each province had different caoinans, or at least different imitations of the original. There was the Munster cry, the Ulster cry, &c. It became an extempore performance, and every set of keepers varied the melody according to their own fancy.

It is curious to observe how customs and ceremonies degenerate. The present Irish cry, or howl, cannot boast of such melody, nor is the funeral procession conducted with much dignity. The crowd of people who assemble at these funerals sometimes amounts to a thousand, often to four or five hundred. They gather as the bearers of the hearse proceed on their way, and when they pass through any village, or when they come near any house, they begin to cry—Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Agh! Agh! raising their notes from the first *Oh!* to the last *Agh!* in a kind of mournful howl. This gives notice to the inhabitants of the village that *a funeral is passing*, and immediately they flock out to follow it. In the province of Munster it is a common thing for the women to follow a funeral, to join in the universal cry with all their might and main for some time, and then to turn and ask, "Arrah! who is it that's dead?—who is it we're crying for?" Even the poorest people have their own burying-places, that is, spots of ground in the churchyards, where they say that their ancestors have been buried ever since the wars of Ireland; and if these burial-places are ten miles from the place where a man

dies, his friends and neighbours take care to carry his corpse thither. Always one priest, often five or six priests, attend these funerals; each priest repeats a mass, for which he is paid, sometimes a shilling, sometimes half a crown, sometimes half a guinea, or a guinea, according to their circumstances, or, as they say, according to the *ability* of the deceased. After the burial of any very poor man, who left a widow or children, the priest makes what is called *a collection* for the widow; he goes round to every person present, and each contributes sixpence or a shilling, or what they please. The reader will find in the note upon the word *Wake*, p. 91, more particulars respecting the conclusion of the Irish funerals.

Certain old women, who cry particularly loud and well, are in great request, and, as a man said to the editor, "Every one would wish and be proud to have such at his funeral, or at that of his friends." The lower Irish are wonderfully eager to attend the funerals of their friends and relations, and they make their relationships branch out to a great extent. The proof that a poor man has been well beloved during his life is his having a crowded funeral. To attend a neighbour's funeral is a cheap proof of humanity, but it does not, as some imagine, cost nothing. The time spent in attending funerals may be safely valued at half a million to the Irish nation; the editor thinks that double that sum would not be too high an estimate. The habits of profligacy and drunkenness which are acquired at *wakes* are here put out of the question. When a labourer, a carpenter, or a smith is not at his work, which frequently happens, ask where he is gone, and ten to one the answer is, "Oh faith, please your honour, he couldn't do a stroke to-day, for he's gone to *the* funeral."

Even beggars, when they grow old, go about begging *for their own funerals;* that is, begging for money to buy a coffin, candles, pipes, and tobacco. For the use of the candles, pipes, and tobacco, see *Wake.*

Those who value customs in proportion to their antiquity, and nations in proportion to their adherence to ancient customs, will, doubtless, admire the Irish *ullaloo* and the Irish nation for persevering in this usage from time immemorial. The editor, however, has observed some alarming symptoms, which seem to prognosticate the declining taste for the ullaloo in Ireland. In a comic theatrical entertainment, represented not long

since on the Dublin stage, a chorus of old women was introduced, who set up the Irish howl round the relics of a physician, who is supposed to have fallen under the wooden sword of Harlequin. After the old women have continued their ullaloo for a decent time, with all the necessary accompaniments of wringing their hands, wiping or rubbing their eyes with the corners of their gowns or aprons, &c., one of the mourners suddenly suspends her, lamentable cries, and turning to her neighbour, asks, "Arrah now, honey, who is it we're crying for?"

Page 20. *The tenants were sent away without their whiskey.*—It is usual with some landlords to give their inferior tenants a glass of whiskey when they pay their rents. Thady calls it *their* whiskey; not that the whiskey is actually the property of the tenants, but that it becomes their *right*, after it has been often given to them. In this general mode of reasoning respecting *rights* the lower Irish are not singular, but they are peculiarly quick and tenacious in claiming these rights: "Last year your honour gave me some straw for the roof of my house, and I *expect* your honour will be after doing the same this year." In this manner gifts are frequently turned into tributes. The high and low are not always dissimilar in their habits. It is said that the Sublime Ottoman Porte is very apt to claim gifts as tributes: thus it is dangerous to send the grand seignior a fine horse on his birthday one year, lest on his next birthday he should expect a similar present, and should proceed to demonstrate the reasonableness of his expectations.

Page 20. *He demeaned himself greatly*—means, he lowered or disgraced himself much.

Page 21. *Duty-fowls, and duty-turkeys, and duty-geese.*—In many leases in Ireland, tenants were *formerly* bound to supply an inordinate quantity of poultry to their landlords. The editor knew of thirty turkeys being reserved in one lease of a small farm.

Page 22. *English tenants.*—An English tenant does not mean a tenant who is an Englishman, but a tenant who pays his rent the day that it is due. It is a common prejudice in Ireland, among the poorer classes of people, to believe that all tenants in England pay their rents

on the very day when they become due. An Irishman, when he goes to take a farm, if he wants to prove to his landlord that he is a substantial man, offers to become an *English tenant*. If a tenant disobliges his landlord by voting against him, or against his opinion, at an election, the tenant is immediately informed by the agent that he must become an *English tenant*. This threat does not imply that he is to change his language or his country, but that he must pay all the arrear of rent which he owes, and that he must thenceforward pay his rent on the day when it becomes due.

Page 22. *Canting*—does not mean talking or writing hypocritical nonsense, but selling substantially by auction.

Page 22. *Duty-work*.—It was formerly common in Ireland to insert clauses in leases, binding tenants to furnish their landlords with labourers and horses for several days in the year. Much petty tyranny and oppression have resulted from this feudal custom. Whenever a poor man disobliged his landlord, the agent sent to him for his duty-work, and Thady does not exaggerate when he says that the tenants were often called from their own work to do that of their landlord. Thus the very means of earning their rent were taken from them: while they were getting home their landlord's harvest their own was often ruined, and yet their rents were expected to be paid as punctually as if their time had been at their own disposal. This appears the height of absurd injustice.

In Esthonia, among the poor Sclavonian race of peasant slaves, they pay tributes to their lords, not under the name of duty-work, duty-geese, duty-turkeys, &c., but under the name of *righteousness*. The following ballad is a curious specimen of Esthonian poetry:—

"This is the cause that the country is ruined,
And the straw of the thatch is eaten away,
The gentry are come to live in the land—
Chimneys between the village,
And the proprietor upon the white floor!
The sheep brings forth a lamb with a white forehead,
This is paid to the lord for a *righteousness sheep*.
The sow farrows pigs,
They go to the spit of the lord.
The hen lays eggs,
They go into the lord's frying-pan.

The cow drops a male calf,
That goes into the lord's herd as a bull
The mare foals a horse foal,
That must be for my lord's nag.
The boor's wife has sons,
They must go to look after my lord's poultry."

Page 22. *Out of forty-nine suits which he had he never lost one but seventeen.*—Thady's language in this instance is a specimen of a mode of rhetoric common in Ireland. An astonishing assertion is made in the beginning of a sentence which ceases to be in the least surprising when you hear the qualifying explanation that follows. Thus a man who is in the last stage of staggering drunkenness will, if he can articulate, swear to you, "Upon his conscience now, and may he never stir from the spot alive if he is telling a lie, upon his conscience he has not tasted a drop of any thing, good or bad, since morning at all at all, but half a pint of whiskey, please your honour."

Page 23. *Fairy mounts.*—Barrows. It is said that these high mounts were of great service to the natives of Ireland when Ireland was invaded by the Danes. Watch was always kept on them, and upon the approach of an enemy a fire was lighted to give notice to the next watch, and thus the intelligence was quickly communicated through the country. *Some years ago* the common people believed that these barrows were inhabited by fairies, or, as they called them, by the *good people.* "O troth, to the best of my belief, and to the best of my judgment and opinion," said an elderly man to the editor, "it was only the old people that had nothing to do, and got together, and were telling stories about them fairies, but to the best of my judgment there's nothing in it. Only this I heard myself not very many years back from a decent kind of a man, a grazier, that as he was coming just *fair and easy* (*quietly*) from the fair, with some cattle and sheep that he had not sold, just at the church of ——, at an angle of the road like, he was met by a good-looking man, who asked him where he was going? And he answered, 'Oh, far enough; I must be going all night.'—'No, that you mustn't, nor won't (says the man), you'll sleep with me the night, and you'll want for nothing, nor your cattle nor sheep neither, nor your *beast* (*horse*); so come along with me.' With that the grazier *lit* (*alighted*) from his horse, and it was dark

night; but presently he finds himself, he does not know in the wide world how, in a fine house, and plenty of every thing to eat and drink; nothing at all wanting that he could wish for or think of. And he does not *mind* (*recollect* or *know*) how at last he falls asleep; and in the morning he finds himself lying, not in ever a bed or a house at all, but just in the angle of the road where first he met the strange man: there he finds himself lying on his back on the grass, and all his sheep feeding as quiet as ever all round about him, and his horse the same way, and the bridle of the beast over his wrist. And I asked him what he thought of it; and from first to last he could think of nothing, but for certain sure it must have been the fairies that entertained him so well. For there was no house to see anywhere nigh-hand, or any building, or barn, or place at all, but only the church and the *mote* (*barrow*). There's another odd thing enough that they tell about this same church, that if any person's corpse that had not a right to be buried in that churchyard went to be burying there in it, no, not all the men, women, or childer in all Ireland could get the corpse any way into the churchyard; but as they would be trying to go into the churchyard, their feet would seem to be going backwards instead of forwards; ay, continually backwards the whole funeral would seem to go; and they would never set foot with the corpse in the churchyard. Now they say that it is the fairies do all this; but it is my opinion it is all idle talk, and people are after being wiser now."

The country people in Ireland certainly *had* great admiration, mixed with reverence, if not dread, of fairies. They believed that beneath these fairy-mounts were spacious subterraneous palaces, inhabited by *the good people*, who must not on any account be disturbed. When the wind raises a little eddy of dust upon the road, the poor people believe that it is raised by the fairies, that it is a sign that they are journeying from one of the fairies' mounts to another, and they say to the fairies, or to the dust as it passes, "God speed ye, gentlemen; God speed ye." This averts any evil that *the good people* might be inclined to do them. There are innumerable stories told of the friendly and unfriendly feats of these busy fairies; some of these tales are ludicrous, and some romantic enough for poetry. It is a pity that poets should lose such convenient though

diminutive machinery. By-the-by, Parnel, who showed himself so deeply "skilled in faerie lore," was an Irishman; and though he has presented his faeries to the world in the ancient English dress of "Britain's isle, and Arthur's days," it is probable that his first acquaintance with them began in his native country.

Some remote origin for the most superstitious or romantic popular illusions or vulgar errors may often be discovered. In Ireland the old churches and churchyards have been usually fixed upon as the scenes of wonders. Now the antiquarians tell us, that near the ancient churches in that kingdom caves of various constructions have from time to time been discovered, which were formerly used as granaries or magazines by the ancient inhabitants, and as places to which they retreated in time of danger. There is (page 84 of the R. I. A. Transactions for 1789) a particular account of a number of these artificial caves at the west end of the church of Killossy, in the county of Kildare. Under a rising ground, in a dry sandy soil, these subterraneous dwellings were found: they have pediment roofs, and they communicate with each other by small apertures. In the Brehon laws these are mentioned, and there are fines inflicted by those laws upon persons who steal from the subterraneous granaries. All these things show that there was a real foundation for the stories which were told of the appearance of lights, and of the sounds of voices near these places. The persons who had property concealed there very willingly countenanced every wonderful relation that tended to make these places objects of sacred awe or superstitious terror.

Page 23. *Weed-ashes.*—By ancient usage in Ireland, all the weeds on a farm belonged to the farmer's wife, or to the wife of the squire who holds the ground in his own hands. The great demand for alkaline salts in bleaching rendered these ashes no inconsiderable perquisite.

Page 23. *Sealing-money.*—Formerly it was the custom in Ireland for tenants to give the squire's lady from two to fifty guineas as a perquisite upon the sealing of their leases. The editor not very long since knew of a baronet's lady accepting fifty guineas as sealing-money, upon closing a bargain for a considerable farm.

Page 24. *Sir Murtagh grew mad.*—Sir Murtagh grew angry.

Page 24. *The whole kitchen was out on the stairs*—means that all the inhabitants of the kitchen came out of the kitchen and stood upon the stairs. These and similar expressions show how much the Irish are disposed to metaphor and amplification.

Page 26. *Fining down the yearly rent.*—When an Irish gentleman, like Sir Kit Rackrent, has lived beyond his income, and finds himself distressed for ready money, tenants obligingly offer to take his land at a rent far below the value, and to pay him a small sum of money in hand, which they call "fining down the yearly rent." The temptation of this ready cash often blinds the landlord to his future interest.

Page 26. *Driver.*—A man who is employed to drive tenants for rent; that is, to drive the cattle belonging to tenants to pound. The office of driver is by no means a sinecure.

Page 26. *I thought to make him a priest.*—It was customary among those of Thady's rank in Ireland, whenever they could get a little money, to send their sons abroad to St. Omer's, or to Spain, to be educated as priests. Now they are educated at Maynooth. The editor has lately known a young lad who began by being a post-boy, afterward turn into a carpenter, then quit his plane and work-bench to study his *Humanities*, as he said, at the college of Maynooth; but after he had gone through his course of Humanities he determined to be a soldier instead of a priest.

Page 28. *Flam.*—Short for flambeau.

Page 29. *Barrack-room.*—Formerly it was customary, in gentlemen's houses in Ireland, to fit up one large bedchamber with a number of beds for the reception of occasional visiters. These rooms were called barrack rooms.

Page 30. *An innocent*—in Ireland, means a simpleton and idiot.

Page 35. *The Curragh*—is the Newmarket of Ireland.

Page 35. *The cant.*—The auction.

Page 38. *And so should cut him off for ever, by levying a fine and suffering a recovery to dock the entail.*—The English reader may perhaps be surprised at the extent of Thady's legal knowledge, and at the fluency with which he pours forth law terms; but almost every poor man in Ireland, be he farmer, weaver, shopkeeper, or steward, is, besides his other occupations, occasionally a lawyer. The nature of processes, ejectments, custodiams, injunctions, replevins, &c. is perfectly known to them, and the terms as familiar to them as to any attorney. They all love law. It is a kind of lottery, in which every man, staking his own wit or cunning against his neighbour's property, feels that he has little to lose and much to gain.

"I'll have the law of you, so I will!" is the saying of an Englishman who expects justice. "I'll have you before his honour!" is the threat of an Irishman who hopes for partiality. Miserable is the life of a justice of the peace in Ireland the day after a fair, especially if he resides near a small town. The multitude of the *kilt* (*kilt* does not mean *killed*, but hurt) and wounded who come before his honour with black eyes or bloody heads is astonishing: but more astonishing is the number of those who, though they are scarcely able by daily labour to procure daily food, will nevertheless, without the least reluctance, waste six or seven hours of the day lounging in the yard or hall of a justice of the peace, waiting to make some complaint about—nothing. It is impossible to convince them that *time is money*. They do not set any value upon their own time, and they think that others estimate theirs at less than nothing. Hence they make no scruple of telling a justice of the peace a story of an hour long about a *tester* (sixpence); and if he grows impatient they attribute it to some secret prejudice which he entertains against them.

Their method is to get a story completely by heart, and to tell it, as they call it, "*out of the face;*" that is, from the beginning to the end without interruption.

"Well, my good friend, I have seen you lounging about these three hours in the yard; what is your business?"

"Please our honour, it is what I want to speak one word to your honour."

"Speak, then, but be quick. What is the matter?"

"The matter, please your honour, is nothing at all at all, only just about the grazing of a horse, please your honour, that this man here sold me at the fair of Gurtishannon last Shrove fair, which lay down three times with myself, please your honour, and *kilt* me; not to be telling your honour of how, no later back than yesterday night, he lay down in the house there within, and all the childer standing round, and it was God's mercy he did not fall a-top of them, or into the fire to burn himself. So, please your honour, to-day I took him back to this man, which owned him, and after a great deal to do I got the mare again I *swopped* (*exchanged*) him for; but he won't pay the grazing of the horse for the time I had him, though he promised to pay the grazing in case the horse didn't answer, and he never did a day's work, good or bad, please your honour, all the time he was with me, and I had the doctor to him five times, anyhow. And so, please your honour, it is what I expect your honour will stand my friend, for I'd sooner come to your honour for justice than to any other in all Ireland. And so I brought him here before your honour, and expect your honour will make him pay me the grazing; or tell me, can I process him for it at the next assizes, please your honour?"

The defendant, now turning a cud of tobacco with his tongue into some secret cavern in his mouth, begins his defence with—

"Please your honour, under favour, and saving your honour's presence, there's not a word of truth in all this man has been saying from beginning to end, upon my conscience, and I wouldn't for the value of the horse itself, grazing and all, be after telling your honour a lie. For, please your honour, I have a dependence upon your honour that you'll do me justice, and not be listening to him or the like of him. Please your honour, it's what he has brought me before your honour because he had a spite against me about some oats I sold your honour, which he was jealous of, and a shawl his wife got at my shister's shop there without, and never paid for; so I offered to set the shawl against the grazing, and give him a receipt in full of all demands, but he wouldn't, out of spite, please your honour; so he brought me before your honour, expecting your honour was mad with me

for cutting down the tree in the horse park, which was none of my doing, please your honour—ill luck to them that went and belied me to your honour behind my back! So, if your honour is pleasing, I'll tell you the whole truth about the horse that he swopped against my mare out of the face. Last Shrove fair I met this man, Jemmy Duffy, please your honour, just at the corner of the road where the bridge is broken down that your honour is to have the presentment for this year—long life to you for it!—and he was at that time coming from the fair of Gurtishannon, and I the same way. 'How are you, Jemmy?' says I.—'Very well, I thank ye kindly, Bryan,' says he; 'shall we turn back to Paddy Salmon's and take a naggin of whiskey to our better acquaintance?'—'I don't care if I did, Jemmy,' says I; 'only it is what I can't take the whiskey, because I'm under an oath against it for a month;'—ever since, please your honour, the day your honour met me on the road and observed to me I could hardly stand I had taken so much (though upon my conscience your honour wronged me greatly that same time)—ill luck to them that belied me behind my back to your honour! Well, please your honour, as I was telling you, as he was taking the whiskey, and we talking of one thing or t'other, he makes me an offer to swop his mare that he couldn't sell at the fair of Gurtishannon—because nobody would be troubled with the beast, please your honour—against my horse, and to oblige him I took the mare—sorrow take her! and him along with her! She kicked me a new car that was worth three pounds ten to tatters the first time I ever put her into it, and I expect your honour will make him pay me the price of the car, anyhow, before I pay the grazing, which I've no right to pay at all at all, only to oblige him. But I leave it all to your honour; and the whole grazing he ought to be charging for the beast is but two and eightpence halfpenny, anyhow, please your honour. So I'll abide by what your honour says, good or bad. I'll leave it all to your honour."

"I'll leave *it* all to your honour," literally means, "I'll leave all the trouble to your honour."

The editor knew a justice of the peace in Ireland who had such a dread of "*having it all left to his honour*" that he frequently gave the complainants the sum about which they were disputing, to make peace between them, and to get rid of the trouble of hearing their sto-

ries "*out of the face.*" But he was soon cured of this method of buying off disputes by the increasing multitude of those who, out of pure regard to his honour, came "to get justice from him, because they would sooner come before him than before any man in all Ireland."

Page 48. *A raking pot of tea.*—We should observe, this custom has long since been banished from the higher orders of Irish gentry. The mysteries of a raking pot of tea, like those of the Bona Dea, are supposed to be sacred to females; but now and then it has happened that some of the male species, who were either more audacious or more highly favoured than the rest of their sex, have been admitted by stealth to these orgies. The time when the festive ceremony begins varies according to circumstances; but it is never earlier than twelve o'clock at night,—the joys of a raking pot of tea depending on its being made in secret, and at an unseasonable hour. After a ball, when the more discreet part of the company has departed to rest, a few chosen female spirits, who have footed it till they can foot it no longer, and till the sleepy notes expire under the slurring hand of the musician, retire to a bedchamber, call the favourite maid, who alone is admitted, bid her *put down the kettle*, lock the door, and amid as much giggling and scrambling as possible they get round a tea-table, on which all manner of things are huddled together. Then begin mutual railleries and mutual confidences among the young ladies, and the faint scream and the loud laugh is heard, and the romping for letters and pocketbooks begins, and gentlemen are called by their surnames, or by the general name of fellows! pleasant fellows! charming fellows! odious fellows! abominable fellows! and then all prudish decorums are forgotten, and then we might be convinced how much the satirical poet was mistaken when he said,

"There is no woman where there's no reserve."

The merit of the original idea of a raking pot of tea evidently belongs to the washerwoman and the laundry-maid. But why should not we have *low life above stairs* as well as *high life below stairs?*

Page 49. *We gained the day by this piece of honesty.*—In a dispute which occurred some years ago in Ireland,

between Mr. E. and Mr. M., about the boundaries of a farm, an old tenant of Mr. M.'s cut a *sod* from Mr. M.'s land, and inserted it in a spot prepared for its reception in Mr. E.'s land; so nicely was it inserted, that no eye could detect the junction of the grass. The old man, who was to give his evidence as to the property, stood upon the inserted sod when the *viewers* came, and swore that the ground he *then stood upon* belonged to his landlord, Mr. M.

The editor had flattered himself that the ingenious contrivance which Thady records, and the similar subterfuge of this old Irishman in the dispute concerning boundaries, were instances of *'cuteness* unparalleled in all but Irish story: an English friend, however, has just mortified the editor's national vanity by an account of the following custom, which prevails in part of Shropshire:—It is discreditable for women to appear abroad after the birth of their children till they have been *churched*. To avoid this reproach, and at the same time to enjoy the pleasure of gadding, whenever a woman goes abroad before she has been to church, she takes a tile from the roof of her house and puts it upon her head: wearing this panoply all the time she pays her visits, her conscience is perfectly at ease; for she can afterward safely declare to the clergyman that she "has never been from under her own roof till she came to be churched."

Page 51. *Carton, or half-carton.*—Thady means cartron, or half-cartron. "According to the old record in the black book of Dublin, a *cantred* is said to contain 30 *villatas terras*, which are also called *quarters* of land (quarterons, *cartrons*); every one of which quarters must contain so much ground as will pasture 400 cows, and 17 ploughlands. A knight's fee was composed of 8 hydes, which amount to 160 acres, and that is generally deemed about a *ploughland*."

The editor was favoured by a learned friend with the above extract from a MS. of Lord Totness in the Lambeth library.

Page 65. *Wake.*—A wake in England means a festival held upon the anniversary of the saint of the parish. At these wakes rustic games, rustic conviviality, and rustic courtship are pursued with all the ardour and all the appetite which accompany such pleasures as occur but seldom. In Ireland a wake is a midnight meeting, held

professedly for the indulgence of holy sorrow, but usually it is converted into orgies of unholy joy. When an Irish man or woman of the lower order dies, the straw which composed his bed, whether it has been contained in a bag to form a mattress or simply spread upon the earthen floor, is immediately taken out of the house, and burned before the cabin door, the family at the same time setting up the death-howl. The ears and eyes of the neighbours being thus alarmed, they flock to the house of the deceased, and by their vociferous sympathy excite and at the same time sooth the sorrows of the family.

It is curious to observe how good and bad are mingled in human institutions. In countries which were thinly inhabited, this custom prevented private attempts against the lives of individuals, and formed a kind of coroner's inquest upon the body which had recently expired, and burning the straw upon which the sick man lay became a simple preservative against infection. At night the dead body is waked, that is to say, all the friends and neighbours of the deceased collect in a barn or stable, where the corpse is laid upon some boards, or an unhinged door, supported upon stools, the face exposed, the rest of the body covered with a white sheet. Round the body are stuck in brass candlesticks, which have been borrowed perhaps at five miles' distance, as many candles as the poor person can beg or borrow, observing always to have an odd number. Pipes and tobacco are first distributed, and then, according to the *ability* of the deceased, cakes and ale, and sometimes whiskey, are *dealt* to the company:

> "Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
> Deal on your cakes and your wine,
> For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day
> Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine."

After a fit of universal sorrow, and the comfort of a universal dram, the scandal of the neighbourhood, as in higher circles, occupies the company. The young lads and lasses romp with one another, and when the fathers and mothers are at last overcome with sleep and whiskey (*vino et somno*), the youth become more enterprising, and are frequently successful. It is said that more matches are made at wakes than at weddings.

Page 68. *Kilt.*—This word frequently occurs in the preceding pages, where it means, not *killed*, but much *hurt*. In Ireland, not only cowards, but the brave, "die many times before their death."—*There killing is no murder.*

ESSAY ON IRISH BULLS.

Summos posse viros, et magna exempla daturos,
Vervecum in patria, crassoque sub aëre nasci.
JUVENAL.

"which frets another's spleen to cure our own," and which makes even the angelic part of the creation *laugh themselves mortal.* For who can forbear to laugh at the bare idea of an Irish bull?

Nor let any one apprehend that this subject can ever become trite and vulgar. Custom cannot stale its infinite variety. It is in the main obvious, and palpable enough for every common understanding; yet it leads to disquisitions of exquisite subtlety, it branches into innumerable ramifications, and involves consequences of surprising importance; it may exercise the ingenuity of the subtlest wit, the fancy of the oddest humorist, the imagination of the finest poet, and the judgment of the most profound metaphysician. Moreover, this happy subject is enveloped in all that doubt and confusion which are so favourable to the reputation of disputants, and which secures the glorious possibility of talking incessantly, without being stopped short by a definition or a demonstration. For much as we have all heard and talked of Irish bulls, it has never yet been decided what it is that constitutes a bull. *Incongruity of ideas,* says one. But this supposition touches too closely upon the definition of wit, which, according to the best authorities, Locke, Burke, and Stewart, consists in an unexpected assemblage of ideas, apparently discordant, but in which some point of resemblance or aptitude is suddenly discovered.

Then, perhaps, says another, the essence of a bull lies in *confusion of ideas.* This sounds plausible in theory, but it will not apply in practice; for confusion of ideas is common to both countries: for instance, was there not some slight confusion of ideas in the mind of that English student who, when he was asked what progress he had made in the study of medicine, replied, "I hope I shall soon be qualified to be a physician, for I think I am now able to cure a child?"

To amend our bill, suppose we insert the word laughable, and say that *a laughable confusion of ideas* constitutes a bull. But have we not a laughable confusion of ideas in our English poet Blackmore's famous lines in Prince Arthur?—

> "A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
> Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won."

We are sensible that to many people the most vulgar Irish bull would appear more laughable merely from its

being Irish; therefore we cannot make the propensity to laughter in one man the criterion of what is ridiculous in another; though we have a precedent for this mode of judging in the laws of England, which are allowed to be the perfection of human reason. If a man swear that his neighbour has put him in bodily fear, he may have the cause of his terror sent to jail; thus the feelings of the plaintiff become the measure of the defendant's guilt. As we cannot extend this convenient principle to all matters of taste, and all subjects of risibility, we are still compelled to acknowledge that no accurate definition of a bull has yet been given. The essence of an Irish bull must be of the most ethereal nature; for notwithstanding the most indefatigable research, it has hitherto escaped from analysis. The crucible always breaks in the long-expected moment of projection: we have nevertheless the courage to recommence the process in a new mode. Perhaps by ascertaining what it is not, we may at last discover what it is · we must distinguish the genuine from the spurious, the original from all imitations, the indigenous from the exotic; in short, it must be determined in what an Irish bull essentially differs from a blunder, or in what Irish blunders specifically differ from English blunders, and from those of all other nations. To elucidate these points, or to prove to the satisfaction of all competent judges that they are beyond the reach of the human understanding, is the object of the following *Essay concerning the Nature of Bulls and Blunders.*

CHAPTER I.

ORIGINALITY OF IRISH BULLS EXAMINED.

THE difficulty of selecting from the vulgar herd of Irish bulls one that shall be entitled to the prize, from the united merits of pre-eminent absurdity and indisputable originality, is greater than hasty judges may imagine. Many bulls, reputed to be bred and born in Ireland, are of foreign extraction; and many more, supposed to be unrivalled in their kind, may be matched in all their capital *points:* for instance, there is not a more celebrated bull than Paddy Blake's. When Paddy heard an English gentleman speaking of the fine echo at the lake of Killarney, which repeats the sound forty times, he very promptly observed, "Faith, that's nothing at all to the echo in my father's garden, in the county of Galway: if you say to it, 'How do you do, Paddy Blake?' it will answer, 'Pretty well, I thank you, sir.'"

Now this echo of Paddy Blake's, which has long been the admiration of the world, is not a prodigy *unique* in its kind; it can be matched by one recorded in the immortal works of the great Lord Verulam.*

"I remember well," says this father of philosophy, "that when I went to the echo at port Charenton, there was an old Parisian that took it to be the work of spirits, and of good spirits; 'for,' said he, 'call Satan, and the echo will not deliver back the devil's name, but will say, *Va-t-en.*'"

The Parisian echo is surely superior to the Hibernian! Paddy Blake's simply understood and practised the common rules of good breeding; but the port Charenton echo is "instinct with spirit," and endowed with a nice moral sense.

Among the famous bulls recorded by the illustrious Joe Miller, there is one which has been continually quoted as an example of original Irish genius. An English gentleman was writing a letter in a coffee-house, and perceiving

* Natural History, century III., p. 191.—*Bacon produces it to show that echoes will not readily return the letter S.*

that an Irishman stationed behind him was taking that liberty which Hephæstion used with his friend Alexander, instead of putting his seal upon the lips of the *curious impertinent*, the English gentleman thought proper to reprove the Hibernian, if not with delicacy, at least with poetical justice: he concluded writing his letter in these words:—"I would say more, but a d—d tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write."

"You lie, you scoundrel!" said the self-convicted Hibernian.

This blunder is unquestionably excellent; but it is not originally Irish: it comes, with other riches, from the East, as the reader may find by looking into a book by M. Galland, entitled, "The Remarkable Sayings of the Eastern Nations."

"A learned man was writing to a friend; a troublesome fellow was beside him, who was looking over his shoulder at what he was writing. The learned man, who perceived this, continued writing in these words, 'If an impertinent chap, who stands beside me, were not looking at what I write, I would write many other things to you which should be known only to you and to me.'

"The troublesome fellow, who was reading on, now thought it incumbent upon him to speak, and said, 'I swear to you that I have not read or looked at what you are writing.'

"The learned man replied, 'Blockhead, as you are, why then do you say to me what you are now saying?'"*

Making allowance for the difference of manners in eastern and northern nations, there is, certainly, such a similarity between this oriental anecdote and Joe Miller's story, that we may conclude the latter is stolen from the former. Now, an *Irish* bull must be a species of blunder *peculiar* to Ireland; those that we have hith-

* "Un savant écrivoit à un ami, et un importun étoit à côté de lui, qui regardoit par dessus l'épaule ce qu'il écrivoit. Le savant, qui s'en apperçut, écrivit ceci à la place: 'Si un impertinent qui est à mon côté ne regardoit pas ce que j'écris, je vous écrirois encore plusieurs choses qui ne doivent être sues que de vous et de moi.' L'importun, qui lisoit toujours, prit la parole et dit, 'Je vous jure que je n'ai regardé ni lû ce que vous écrivois.' Le savant repartit, 'Ignorant, que vous êtes, pourquoi me dites-vous donc ce que vous dites?'"—*Les Paroles remarquables des Orientaux; traduction de leurs ouvrages en Arabe, en Persan, et en Turc (suivant la copie imprimée à Paris), à la Haye, chez Louis et Henry Vandole, marchands libraires, dans le Pooten, à l'enseigne du Port Royal, MDCXCIV*

erto examined, though they may be called Irish bulls by the ignorant vulgar, have no right, title, or claim to such a distinction. We should invariably exclude from that class all blunders which can be found in another country. For instance, a speech of the celebrated Irish beauty, Lady C——, has been called a bull; but as a parallel can be produced, in the speech of an English nobleman, *it tells for nothing*. When her ladyship was presented at court, his majesty George the Second politely hoped, "that, since her arrival in England, she had been entertained with the gayeties of London."

"O yes, please your majesty, I have seen every sight in London worth seeing, except a coronation."

This *naïveté* is certainly not equal to that of the English earl-marshal, who, when his king found fault with some arrangement at his coronation, said, "Please your majesty, I hope it will be better next time."

A *naïveté* of the same species entailed a heavy tax upon the inhabitants of Beaune, in France. Beaune is famous for burgundy; and Henry the Fourth, passing through his kingdom, stopped there, and was well entertained by his loyal subjects. His majesty praised the burgundy which they set before him—"It was excellent! it was admirable!"

"O, sire!" cried they, "do you think this excellent? *we have much finer* burgundy than this."

"Have you so? then you can afford to pay for it," cried Harry the Fourth; and he laid a double tax thenceforward upon the burgundy of Beaune.

Of the same class of blunders is the following speech, which we actually heard not long ago from an Irishman:—

"Please your worship, he sent me to the devil, and I came straight to your honour."

We thought this an original Irish blunder, till we recollected its prototype in Marmontel's Annette and Lubin. Lubin concludes his harangue with, "The bailiff sent us to the devil, and we come to put ourselves under your protection, my lord."*

The French, at least in former times, were celebrated for politeness; yet we meet with a *naïve* compliment of a Frenchman which would have been accounted a bull if it had been found in Ireland:—

* "Le bailli nous donne au diable, et nous nous recommandons à vous, monseigneur."

A gentleman was complimenting Madame Denis on the manner in which she had just acted Zara. "To act that part," said she, "a person should be young and handsome."—"Ah, madam!" replied the complimenter *naïvement*, "you are a complete proof of the contrary."*

We know not any original Irish blunder superior to this, unless it be that which Lord Orford pronounced to be the best bull that he ever heard:—

"I hate that woman," said a gentleman, looking at one who had been his nurse, "I hate that woman, for she changed me at nurse."

Lord Orford particularly admires this bull, because in the confusion of the blunderer's ideas he is not clear even of his personal identity. Philosophers will not perhaps be so ready as his lordship has been to call this a blunder of the first magnitude. Those who have never been initiated into the mysteries of metaphysics may have the presumptuous ignorance to fancy that they understand what is meant by the common words *I* or *me*; but the able metaphysician knows better than Lord Orford's changeling how to prove, to our satisfaction, that we know nothing of the matter.

"Personal identity," says Locke, "consists not in the identity of substance, but in the identity of consciousness, wherein Socrates and the present Mayor of Quinborough agree they are the same person: if the same Socrates sleeping and waking do not partake of the same consciousness, Socrates waking and sleeping is not the same person; and to punish Socrates waking for what sleeping Socrates thought, and waking Socrates was never conscious of, would be no more of right than to punish one twin for what his brother twin did, whereof he knew nothing, because their outsides are so like that they could not be distinguished; for such twins have been seen."†

We may presume that our Hibernian's consciousness could not retrograde to the time when he was changed at nurse; consequently there was no continuity of identity between the infant and the man who expressed his hatred of the nurse for perpetrating the fraud. At all

* On faisoit compliment à Madame Denis de la façon dont elle venoit de jouer Zaïre.

"Il faudroit," dit elle, "être belle et juene."—"Ah, madame!" reprit le complimenteur naïvement, "vous êtes bien la preuve du contraire."

† Locke's Essay concerning the Human Understanding, fifteenth edition, vol. i. p. 292.

events, the confusion of identity which excited Lord Orford's admiration in our Hibernian is by no means unprecedented in France, England, or ancient Greece, and consequently it cannot be an instance of national idiosyncrasy, or an Irish bull. We find a similar blunder in Spain, in the time of Cervantes:—

"Pray tell me, squire," says the duchess, in Don Quixote, "is not your master the person whose history is printed under the name of the sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha, who professes himself the admirer of one Dulcinea del Toboso?"

"The very same, my lady," answered Sancho; "and I myself am that very squire of his who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned, in that history, *unless they have changed me in the cradle.*"

In Moliere's Amphitrion there is a dialogue between Mercure and Sosie evidently taken from the *attic* Lucian. Sosie, being completely puzzled out of his personal identity, if not out of his senses, says literally, "Of my being myself I begin to doubt in good earnest; yet when I feel myself, and when I recollect myself, it seems to me that *I am I.*"*

We see that the puzzle about identity proves at last to be of Grecian origin. It is really edifying to observe how those things which have long been objects of popular admiration shrink and fade when exposed to the light of strict examination. An experienced critic proposed that a work should be written to inquire into the pretensions of modern writers to original invention, to trace their thefts, and to restore the property to the ancient owners. Such a work would require powers and erudition beyond what can be expected from any ordinary individual; the labour must be shared among numbers, and we are proud to assist in ascertaining the rightful property even of bulls and blunders; though without pretending, like some literary bloodhounds, to follow up a plagiarism where common sagacity is at a fault.

* "De moi je commence à douter tout de bon.
Pourtant quand je me tâte, et quand je me rapelle,
Il me semble que je suis moi."

CHAPTER II.

IRISH NEWSPAPERS.

We presume that we have successfully disputed the claims imposed upon the public in behalf of certain spurious alien blunders, pretending to be native original Irish bulls; and we shall now with pleasure proceed to examine those which have better titles to notice. Even nonsense ceases to be worthy of attention and public favour unless it be original.

"Dear Lady Emily," says Miss Allscrip, in the excellent comedy of the Heiress—"Dear Lady Emily, don't you dote upon folly?"

"To ecstasy!" replied her ladyship, "I only despair of seeing it well kept up."

We flatter ourselves "there is no great danger of that," for we have the Irish newspapers before us, where, no doubt, we shall find a fresh harvest of indigenous absurdity ripe for the sickle.

The first advertisement that meets our eye is promising.

It is the late proclamation of an Irish mayor, in which we are informed that certain business is to be transacted in that city "every Monday (Easter Sunday only excepted)." This seems rather an unnecessary exception; but it is not an inadvertency caused by any hurry of business in his worship: it is deliberately copied from a precedent, set in England, by a baronet formerly well known in parliament, who, in the preamble to a bill, proposed that certain regulations should take place "on every Monday (Tuesday excepted)." We fear, also, that an English mayor has been known to blunder. Some years ago the mayor of a capital English city published a proclamation and advertisement, previous to the races, "that no gentleman will be allowed to ride on the course, but *the horses* that are to run." A mayor's blundering proclamation is not, however, worth half so much in the eye of ridicule as a lord-lieutenant's.

"A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn."

A bull on the throne is worth twice as much as a bull in the chair.

"By the Lord-lieutenant and Council of Ireland.
"A proclamation.
* * * *,

"Whereas the greatest economy is necessary in the consumption of *all species of grain, and especially in the consumption of potatoes*, &c.

"Given at the Council-chamber in Dublin."

This is the first time we have been informed, by authority, that potatoes are a species of grain; but we must accede to this new botanical arrangement, when published under such splendid auspices. The assertion, certainly, is not made in distinct terms; but all who understand the construction of language must imply the conclusion that we draw from these premises. A general position is in the first member of the sentence laid down, "*that the greatest economy is necessary in the consumption of all species of grain.*" A particular exemplification of the principle is made in the next clause, "*especially in the consumption of potatoes.*"

The inference is as plain as can be made.

The next article in our newspaper is an advertisement of lands to be let to *an improving tenant*:—"A few miles from Cork, in *a most sporting country*, bounded by an *uncommon fine* turf-bog, on the verge of which there are a number of fine *lime-kilns*, where *that manure* may be had on very moderate terms, the distance for carriage not being many hundred yards. The whole lands being now in great heart, and completely laid down, entirely surrounded and divided by *impenetrable furze ditches, made of quarried stone laid edgeways.*"

It will be a matter of difficulty to the untravelled English reader to comprehend how furze ditches can be made of quarried stones laid edgeways, or any way; and we fear that we should only puzzle his intellects still more if we should attempt to explain to him the mysteries of Irish ditching in the technical terms of the country. With the face of a ditch he may be acquainted, but to *the back* and *gripe*, and bottom of the gripe, and top of the back of a ditch, we fear he is still to be introduced.

We can never sufficiently admire these furze ditches

made of quarried stones; they can, indeed, be found only in Ireland: but we have heard in England of things almost as extraordinary. Dr. Grey, in his erudite and entertaining notes on Hudibras, records the deposition of a lawyer, who, in an action of battery, told the judge "that the defendant beat his client with a certain *wooden instrument* called *an iron pestle*." Nay, to go further still, a wise annotator on the Pentateuch, named Peter Harrison, observed of Moses' two *tables of stone*, that they were made of *shittim-wood*. The stone furze ditches are scarcely bolder instances of the catachresis than the stone-tables of shittim-wood. This bold figure of rhetoric in an Irish advertisement of an estate may lead us to expect that Hibernian advertisers may, in time, emulate the fame of Christie, the prince of auctioneers, whose fine descriptive powers can make more of an estate on paper than ever was made of it in any other shape, except in the form of an ejectment. The fictions of law, indeed, surpass even the auctioneer's imagination; and a man may be said never to know the extent of his own possessions until he is served with a process of ejectment. He then finds himself required to give up the possession of a multitude of barns, orchards, fish-ponds, horse-ponds, dwelling-houses, pigeon-houses, dove-cots, out-houses, and appurtenances, which he never saw or heard of, and which are nowhere to be found upon the surface of the habitable globe; so that we cannot really express this English legal transaction without being guilty of an Irish bull, and saying that the person ejected is *ousted* from places which he never entered.

To proceed with our newspapers.—The next advertisement is from a schoolmaster: but we shall not descant upon its grammatical errors, because they are not blunders peculiar to Irish schoolmasters. We have frequently observed that the advertisements of schoolmasters, even in England, are seldom free from solecisms: too much care in writing, it seems, is almost as bad as too little. In the preface of the dictionary of the French Academy there are, as it is computed by an able French critic, no less than sixteen faults; and in Harris, the celebrated grammarian's dedication of his Hermes, there is one bull, and almost as many faults as lines. It appears as if the most precise and learned writers sometimes, like the ladies in one of Congreve's plays, "run into the danger to avoid the apprehension."

After a careful scrutiny of the Hibernian advertisements, we are compelled to confess that we have not met with any blunders that more nearly resemble our notion of an Irish bull than one which, some years ago, appeared in our English papers. It was the title to an advertisement of a washing machine, in these words, "Every *Man* his own *Washer-woman!*" We have this day, Nov. 19, 1807, seen the following: "This day were published, Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, with a *new edition* of her Poems, some of which have *never* before appeared." And an eyewitness assures us, that lately he saw an advertisement in the following terms stuck up on the walls of an English coffee-house, "This coffee-house removed up-stairs!"

A Roman emperor used to draw his stairs up after him every night into his bedchamber, and we have heard of throwing a house out of the windows; but drawing a whole house up into itself is new.

How can we account for such a blunder in an advertisement on the wall of an English coffee-house, except by supposing that it was penned by an Irish waiter? If that were the case, it would be an admirable example of an Irish bull! and therefore we had best take it for granted.

Let not any conscientious person be startled at the mode of reasoning by which we have convicted an imaginary Irish waiter of a real bull: it is at least as good, if not better logic, than that which was successfully employed in the time of the *Popish plot* to convict an Irish physician of forgery. The matter is thus recorded by L'Estrange. The Irish physician "was charged with writing a treasonable libel, but denied the thing, and appealed to the unlikeness of the characters. It was agreed that there was no resemblance at all in the hands; but asserted that the doctor had two hands, his *physic hand* and his *plot hand*, and the one not a jot like the other. Now this was the doctor's plot hand, and it was insisted that, because it was not like one of his hands, it must be like the other."

By this convenient mode of reasoning, an Irishman may, at any time, be convicted of any crime, or of any absurdity.

But what have we next in our newspaper?—"Murder, Robbery, and Reward." This seems a strange connexion of things, according to our vulgar notions of distributive

justice; but we are told that the wicked shall have their *reward* even in this world; and we suppose it is upon this principle that over the stocks in a town in Ireland there appears this inscription, "A reward for vagabonds."

Upon proceeding further in our advertisement which begins with "Murder, Robbery, and Reward," we find, however, that contrary to the just expectations raised by the title, the reward is promised, not to the robbers and murderers, but to those who shall discover and prosecute them to conviction. Here we were led into error by that hasty mode of elision which sometimes obtains in the titles even of our English law processes; as sci-fa, fi-fa, qui-tam, &c.; names which, to preserve the glorious uncertainty of the law, never refer to the sense, but to the first words of the writs.

In our newspaper a formidable list of unanimous resolutions of various committees and corps succeeds to the advertisement of murder, robbery, and reward; and we have, at the close of each day's business, thanksgivings, in various formulas, for the very proper, upright, or spirited behaviour of our worthy, gallant, or respected chairman. Now that a man may behave properly, or sit uprightly in a chair, we can readily comprehend; but what are we to understand by a *spirited* behaviour in a chair? Perhaps it alludes to the famous duel fought by a gouty Irish gentleman in his arm-chair. As the gallant chairman actually in that position shot his adversary, it behooves us to *understand* the meaning of spirited behaviour in the chair.

We may, however, venture to hint, fas est et ab hoste doceri, that in the publications of corps and committees, this formula should be omitted—"Resolved *unanimously* (with only *one* dissentient voice)." Here the obloquy, meant to rest on the one dissentient voice unfortunately falls upon the publishers of the disgrace, exposing them to the ridicule of resolving an Irish bull. If this be a bull, however, we are concerned to find it is matched by that of the government of Munich, who published a catalogue of forbidden books, and afterward, under heavy penalties, forbade the reading of the catalogue. But this might be done in the hurry occasioned by the just dread of revolutionary principles.

What shall we say for the blunder of a French academician, in a time of profound peace, who gave it as his opinion, that nothing should be read in the public sittings

of the academy "par dela ce qui est imposé par les statuts: il motivait son avis en disant—En fait *d'inutilités* il ne faut que *le necessaire*." If this speech had been made by a member of the Royal Irish Academy, it would have had the honour to be noticed all over England as a bull. *The honour to be noticed*, we say, in imitation of the exquisitely polite expression of a correspondent of the English Royal Society, who talks of "the earthquake that had the honour to be noticed by the Royal Society."

It will, we fear, be long before the Irish emerge so far from barbarism as to write in this style. The Irish are, however, we are happy to observe, making some little approaches to a refined and courtly style; kings, and in imitation of them, great men, and all who think themselves great—a numerous class—speak and write as much as possible in the plural number instead of the singular. Instead of *I*, they always say *we;* instead of *my*, *our*, according to the Italian idiom, which flatters this humour so far as to make it a point of indispensable politeness. It is, doubtless, in humble imitation of such illustrious examples, that an Irishman of the lowest class, when he means to express that he is a member of a committee, says, *I am a committee:* thus consolidating the power, wisdom, and virtue of a whole committee in his own person. Superior even to the Indian, who believes that he shall inherit the powers and virtues of his enemies after he has destroyed them,* this committee-man takes possession of the faculties of his living friends and associates. When some of the *united men*, as they called themselves, were examined, they frequently answered to the questions, who or what are you? I am a committee.

However extraordinary it may at first sound to hear one man assert that he is a whole committee, it is not more wonderful than that the whole parliament of Bordeaux should be found in a one-horse chair.†

We forbear to descant further upon Irish committeemen, lest we should call to mind, merely by the similarity of name, the times when England had her committeemen who were not perfectly free from all tinge of

* "So Indian murd'rers hope to gain
The powers and virtues of the slain,
Of wretches they destroy."

† Vide Mémoires du Cardinal de Retz.

absurdity. It is remarkable, that in times of popular ferment, a variety of new terms are coined to serve purposes and passions of the moment. In the days of the English committee-men this practice had risen to such a height that it was fair game for ridicule. Accordingly, Sir John Birkenhead, about that time, found it necessary to publish "*The Children's Dictionary; an exact Collection of all New Words born since Nov.* 3, 1640, *in Speeches, Prayers, and Sermons, as well those that signify something as nothing.*" We observe that it has been likewise found necessary to publish, in France, *Une Dictionnaire néologique*, a dictionary of the new terms adopted since the revolution.

It must be supposed, that during the late disturbances in Ireland, many *cant* terms have been brought into use, which are not yet to be reckoned among the acknowledged terms of the country. However absurd these may be, they are not for our purpose proper subjects of animadversion. Some countries have their birds of passage, and some their follies of passage, which it is scarcely worth while to shoot as they fly. It has often been said that the language of a people is a just criterion of their progress in civilization; but we must not take a specimen of their vocabulary during the immediate prevalence of any transient passion or prejudice. It is to be hoped that all party barbarisms in language will now be disused and forgotten; for some time has elapsed since we read the following article of country intelligence in a Dublin paper:—

"General —— scoured the country yesterday, but had not the good fortune to meet with a single rebel."

The author of this paragraph seems to have been a keen sportsman; he regrets the not meeting with a single rebel as he would the not meeting with a single hare or partridge; and he justly considers the human biped as fair game, to be hunted down by all who are properly qualified and licensed by government. To the English, perhaps, it may seem a strange subject of lamentation, that a general could not meet with a single rebel in the county of Wicklow, when they have so lately been informed from the high authority of a noble lord, that Ireland was so disturbed that whenever he went out he called as regularly for his pistols as for his hat and gloves. Possibly, however, this was only a figure of speech, like that of Bishop Wilkins, who prophesied that the time

would come when gentlemen, when they were to go a journey, would call for their wings as regularly as they call for their boots.—We *believe* that the hyperboles of the privy-counsellor and the bishop are of equal magnitude.

CHAPTER III.

THE CRIMINAL LAW OF BULLS AND BLUNDERS.

MADAME DE SEVIGNE observes, that there are few people sufficiently candid, or sufficiently enlightened, to distinguish in their judgments of others between those faults and mistakes which proceed from *manque d'esprit*, and those which arise merely from *manque d'usage*. We cannot appreciate the talents or character of foreigners without making allowance for their ignorance of our manners, of the idiom of our language, and the multifarious significations of some of our words. A French gentleman who dined in London in company with the celebrated author of the Rambler, wishing to show him a mark of peculiar respect, drank Dr. Johnson's health in these words:—"Your health, Mr. Vagabond." Assuredly no well-judging Englishman would undervalue the Frenchman's abilities because he mistook the meaning of the words Vagabond and Rambler; he would recollect that in old English and modern French authors, vagabond means wanderer: des eaux vagabondes is a phrase far from inelegant. But independently of this consideration, no well-bred gentleman would put a foreigner out of countenance by openly laughing at such a mistake: he would imitate the politeness of the Frenchman who, when Dr. Moore said, "I am afraid the expression I have just used is not French," replied, "Non, monsieur—mais il mérite bien de l'être." It would indeed be a great stretch of politeness to extend this to our Irish neighbours; for no Irishism can ever deserve to be Anglicised, though so many Gallicisms have of late not only been naturalized in England, but even adopted by the most fashionable speakers and writers. The mistaking a feminine for a masculine noun, or a masculine for a feminine, must in all probability have

happened to every Englishman that ever opened his lips in Paris; yet without losing his reputation for common sense. But when a poor Irish haymaker, who had but just learned a few phrases of the English language by rote, mistook a feminine for a masculine noun, and began his speech in a court of justice with these words, "My lord, I am a poor widow," instead of "My lord, I am a poor widower," it was sufficient to throw a grave judge and jury into convulsions of laughter. It was formerly, in law, no murder to kill a *merus Hibernicus;* and it is to this day no offence against good manners to laugh at any of this species. It is of a thousand times more consequence to have the laugh than the argument on our side, as all those know full well who have any experience in the management of the great or little vulgar. By the common custom and courtesy of England we *have* the laugh on our side: let us keep it, by all means. All means are justifiable to obtain a great end, as all great men maintain in practice, if not in theory. We need not, in imitating them, have any scruples of conscience; we need not apprehend, that to ridicule our Hibernian neighbours unmercifully is unfriendly or ungenerous. Nations, it has been well observed, are never generous in their conduct towards each other. We must follow the common *custom* of nations where we have no *law* to guide our proceedings. We must therefore carefully continue the laudable practice of ridiculing the blunders, whether real or imaginary, of Irishmen. In conversation, Englishmen are permitted sometimes to blunder, but without ever being called blunderers. It would indeed be an intolerable restraint upon social intercourse if every man were subject to be taxed for each inaccuracy of language—if he were compelled to talk upon all occasions as if he were amenable to a star-chamber of criticism, and surrounded by informers.

Much must be allowed in England for the license of conversation; but by no means must this conversation-license be extended to the Irish. If, for instance, at the convivial hour of dinner, when men are not usually intent upon grammatical or mathematical niceties, an Irish gentleman desires him "who rules his roast" to cut the sirloin of beef *horizontally downwards*, let the mistake immediately be set down in our note-books, and conned over, and got by heart; and let it be repeated to all eternity as a bull. But if an English lady observe, when the

candles have long stood unsnuffed, that "those odious long wicks will soon grow up to the ceiling," she can be accused only of an error of vision. We conjure our readers to attend to these distinctions in their intercourse with their Hibernian neighbours: it must be done habitually and technically; and we must not listen to what is called reason; we must not enter into any argument, pro or con, but silence every Irish opponent, if we can, with a laugh.

The Abbé Girard, in his accurate work, "Synonymes François," makes a *plausible* distinction between *une âne* et *un ignorant*; he says, "On est âne par disposition: on est ignorant par defaut d'instruction." An ignorant person may certainly, even in the very circumstances which betray his ignorance, evince considerable ability. For instance, the native Indian who for the first time saw a bottle of porter uncorked, and who expressed great astonishment at the quantity of froth which he saw burst from the bottle, and much curiosity to know whether it could all be put in again, showed even in his ignorance a degree of capacity which, in different situations, might have saved his life or have made his fortune. In the situation of the poor fisherman and the great giant of smoke who issued from the small vessel, well known to all versed in the Arabian Tales, such acuteness would have saved his life; and a similar spirit of inquiry, applied to chymistry, might in modern times have made his fortune. Even where no positive abilities are displayed at the time by those who manifest ignorance, we should not (*except the culprits be natives of Ireland*) hastily give them up. Ignorance of the most common objects is not only incident to certain situations, but absolutely unavoidable; and the individuals placed in those situations are no more blameable than they would be for becoming blind in the snows of Lapland, or for having goitres among the Cretins of Le Vallais. Would you blame the ignorant nuns who, insensible of the danger of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius,* warmed themselves at the burning lava which flowed up to the windows of their cells? or would you think the French canoness an idiot, who, at the age of fifty, was, on account of her health, to go out of her convent, and asked, when she met a cow for the first time, what strange animal that was? or would you think that

* Vide Sir W. Hamilton's account of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

those poor children deserved to be stigmatized as fools who, after being confined for a couple of years in an English workhouse, actually at eight years old had forgotten the names of a pig and a calf?*—their ignorance was surely more deplorable than ridiculous. When the London young lady kept a collection of chicken-bones on her plate at dinner, as a bonne-bouche for her brother's horse,† Dr. Johnson would not suffer her to be called an idiot, but very judiciously defended her, by maintaining that her action merely demonstrated her ignorant of points of natural history on which a London miss had no immediate opportunity of obtaining information. Had the world always judged upon such subjects with similar candour, the reproachful cant term of *cockney* would never have been disgracefully naturalized in the English language. This word, as we are informed by a learned philologist, originated from the mistake of a learned citizen's son, who, having been bred up entirely in the metropolis, was so gloriously ignorant of country life and country animals, that the first time he heard a *cock* crow, he called it *neighing*. If such a mistake had been made by an Irishman, it would surely have been called a bull: it has, at least, as good pretensions to the title as many mistakes made by ignorant Hibernians; for instance, the well-known blunder relative to the sphinx:—An uninformed Irishman, hearing the sphinx alluded to in company, whispered to a friend, "The sphinx! who is that now?"

"A monster, man."

"Oh, a *Munster*-man: I thought he was from Connaught," replied our Irishman, determined not to seem totally unacquainted with the family. Gross and ridiculous as this blunder appears, we are compelled by candour to allow that the affectation of showing knowledge has betrayed to shame men far superior to our Hibernian, both in reputation and in the means of acquiring knowledge.

Cardinal Richelieu, the Mecænas or would-be Mecænas of France, once mistook the name of a noted grammarian, *Maurus Terentianus*, for a play of Terence's. This is called by the French writer who records it, "une *bévue* bien grossière." However gross, a mistake can never

* This fact, *we believe*, is mentioned in a letter of Mrs. Cappe's on parish schools.

† Vide Mrs. Piozzi's English Synonymy.

be made into a bull. We find *bévues* French, English, Italian, German, Latin, and Greek, of theologians, historians, antiquarians, poets, critics, and translators, without end. The learned Budæus takes Sir Thomas More's Utopia for a true history, and proposes sending missionaries to work the conversion of so wise a people as the Utopians. An English antiquarian* mistakes a tomb in a Gothic ca[illegible]al for the tomb of Hector. Pope, our great poet, [illegible]rince of translators, mistakes *Dec. the 8th, Nov. the 5th*, of Cinthio, for Dec. 8th, Nov. 5th; and Warburton, his learned critic, improves upon the blunder by afterward writing the words December and November at full length. Better still, because more comic, is the blunder of a Frenchman, who, puzzled by the title of one of Cibber's plays, "Love's Last Shift," translates it "La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour." We laugh at these mistakes, and forget them; but who can forget the blunder of the Cork almanac-maker, who informs the world that the principal republics in *Europe* are Venice, Holland, and *America*?

The blunders of men of all countries, except Ireland, do not affix an indelible stigma upon individual or national character. A free pardon is, and ought to be, granted by every Englishman to the vernacular and literary errors of those who have the happiness to be born subjects of Great Britain. What enviable privileges are annexed to the birth of an Englishman! and what a misfortune it is to be a native of Ireland!

CHAPTER IV.

LITTLE DOMINICK.

We have laid down the general law of bulls and blunders; but as there is no rule without an exception, we may, perhaps, allow an exception in favour of little Dominick.

Little Dominick was born at Fort Reilly, in Ireland, and bred nowhere until his tenth year, when he was sent to Wales to learn manners and grammar at the school

* John Lydgate.

of Mr. Owen ap Davies ap Jenkins ap Jones. This gentleman had reason to think himself the greatest of men; for he had over his chimney-piece a well-smoked genealogy, duly attested, tracing his ancestry in a direct line up to Noah; and moreover he was nearly related to the learned etymologist who, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, wrote a folio to prove that the language of Adam and Eve in Paradise was pure Welsh. With such causes to be proud, Mr. Owen ap Davies ap Jenkins ap Jones was excusable for sometimes seeming to forget that a schoolmaster is but a man. He, however, sometimes entirely forgot that a boy is but a boy; and this happened most frequently with respect to little Dominick.

This unlucky wight was flogged every morning by his master, not for his vices, but for his vicious constructions, and laughed at by his companions every evening for his idiomatic absurdities. They would probably have been inclined to sympathize in his misfortunes, but that he was the only Irish boy at school; and as he was at a distance from all his relations, and without a friend to take his part, he was a just object of obloquy and derision. Every sentence he spoke was a bull; every two words he put together proved a false concord; and every sound he articulated betrayed the brogue. But as he possessed some of the characteristic boldness of those who have been dipped in the Shannon, he showed himself able and willing to fight his own battles with the host of foes by whom he was encompassed. Some of these, it was said, were of nearly twice his stature. This may be exaggerated, but it is certain that our hero sometimes ventured with sly Irish humour to revenge himself upon his most powerful tyrant by mimicking the Welsh accent, in which Mr. Owen ap Jones said to him, "Cot pless me, you plockit, and shall I never *learn* you Enclish crammar?"

It was whispered in the ear of this Dionysius that our little hero was a mimic; and he was treated with increased severity.

The midsummer holydays approached; but he feared that they would shine no holydays for him. He had written to his mother to tell her that school would break up the 21st, and to beg an answer, without fail, by return of post; but no answer came.

It was now nearly two months since he had heard from his dear mother or any of his friends in Ireland.

His spirits began to sink under the pressure of these accumulated misfortunes: he slept little, ate less, and played not at all; indeed, nobody would play with him upon equal terms, because he was nobody's equal: his schoolfellows continued to consider him as a being, if not of a different species, at least of a different *caste* from themselves.

Mr. Owen ap Jones's triumph over the little Irish plockit was nearly complete, for the boy's heart was almost broken, when there came to the school a new scholar—O how unlike the others! His name was Edwards; he was the son of a neighbouring Welsh gentleman; and he had himself the spirit of a gentleman. When he saw how poor Dominick was persecuted, he took him under his protection, fought his battles with the Welsh boys, and, instead of laughing at him for speaking Irish, he endeavoured to teach him to speak English. In his answers to the first question Edwards ever asked him, little Dominick made two blunders, which set all his other companions in a roar: yet Edwards would not allow them to be genuine bulls.

In answer to the question, "Who is your father?" Dominick said, with a deep sigh, "I have no father—I am an orphan*—I have only a mother."

"Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"No; I wish I had; perhaps they would love me, and not laugh at me," said Dominick, with tears in his eyes; "but I have no brothers but myself."

One day Mr. Jones came into the schoolroom with an open letter in his hand, saying, "Here, you little Irish plockit, here's a letter from your mother."

The little Irish blockhead started from his form, and, throwing his grammar on the floor, leaped up higher than he or any boy in the school had ever been seen to leap before, and clapping his hands, he exclaimed, "A letter from my mother! And *will* I hear the letter? And *will* I see her once more? And *will* I go home these holydays? O, then I will be too happy!"

"There's no tanger of that," said Mr. Owen ap Jones; "for your mother, like a wise ooman, writes me here, that, py the atvice of your cardian, to oom she is coing to be married, she will not pring you home to Ireland

* Iliad, 6th book, l. 432, Andromache says to Hector, "You will make your son an orphan, and your wife a widow."

till I send her word you are perfect in your Enclish crammar at least."

"I have my lesson perfect, sir," said Dominick, taking his grammar up from the floor; "*will* I say it now?"

"*Will* I say it now! No, you plockit, no; and I will write your mother word you have proke Priscian's head four times this tay, since her letter came. You Irish plockit!" continued the relentless grammarian, "will you never learn the tifference between *shall* and *will*? *Will* I hear the letter, and *will* I see her once more! What Enclish is this, plockit?"

The Welsh boys all grinned, except Edwards, who hummed, loud enough to be heard, two lines of the good old English song,

'And *will* I see him once again?
And *will* I hear him speak?"

Many of the boys were fortunately too ignorant to feel the force of the quotation; but Mr. Owen ap Jones understood it, turned upon his heel, and walked off. Soon afterward he summoned Dominick to his awful desk; and, pointing with his ruler to the following page in Harris's Hermes, bade him "reat it, and understant it, if he could." Little Dominick read, but could not understand.

"Then reat it loud, you plockit."

Dominick read aloud—

"There is *nothing appears so clearly* an object of the mind or intellect only as *the future* does, since we can find no place for its existence anywhere else: not but the same, if we consider, is *equally true* of the past—"

"Well, co on—what stops the plockit? Can't you reat Enclish now?"

"Yes, sir; but I was trying to understand it. I was considering that this is like what they would call an Irish bull, if I had said it."

Little Dominick could not explain what he meant in English, that Mr. Owen ap Jones *would* understand; and, to punish him for his impertinent observation, the boy was doomed to learn all that Harris and Lowth have written to explain the nature of *shall* and *will*. The reader, if he be desirous of knowing the full extent of the penance enjoined, may consult Lowth's Grammar, p. 52, ed. 1799, and Harris's Hermes, p. 10, 11, and 12, 4th edition. Undismayed at the length of his task, little Dominick only said, "I hope, if I say it all without

missing a word, you will not give my mother a bad account of me and my grammar studies, sir."

"Say it all first, without missing a word, and then I shall see what I shall say," replied Mr. Owen ap Jones.

Even the encouragement of this oracular answer excited the boy's fond hopes so keenly, that he lent his little soul to the task, learned it perfectly, said it at night, without missing one word, to his friend Edwards, and said it the next morning, without missing one word, to his master.

"And now, sir," said the boy, looking up, "will you write to my mother? And *shall* I see her? And *shall* I go home?"

"Tell me first, whether you understant all this that you have learnt so cliply," said Mr. Owen ap Jones.

That was more than his bond. Our hero's countenance fell: and he acknowledged that he did not understand it perfectly.

"Then I cannot write a coot account of you and your crammar studies to your mother; my conscience coes against it," said the conscientious Mr. Owen ap Jones.

No entreaties could move him. Dominick never saw the letter that was written to his mother; but he felt the consequence. She wrote word this time punctually *by return of the post*, that she was sorry that she could not send for him home these holydays, as she heard so bad an account from Mr. Jones, &c., and as she thought it her duty not to interrupt the course of his education, especially his grammar studies. Little Dominick heaved many a sigh when he saw the packings up of all his school-fellows, and dropped a few tears as he looked out of the window, and saw them, one after another, get on their Welsh ponies, and gallop off towards their homes.

"I have no home to go to," said he.

"Yes, you have," cried Edwards; "and *our* horses are at the door to carry us there."

"To Ireland? me! the horses!" said the poor boy, quite bewildered: "and will they bring me to Ireland?"

"No; the horses cannot carry you to Ireland," said Edwards, laughing good-naturedly, "but you have a home now in England. I asked my father to let me *take* you home with me; and he says 'Yes,' like a dear good father, and has sent the horses. Come, let's away."

"But will Mr. Jones let me go?"

"Yes; he dares not refuse; for my father has a living

in his gift that Jones wants, and which he will not have, if he do not change his tune to you."

Little Dominick could not speak one word, his heart was so full. No boy could be happier than he was during these holydays: "the genial current of his soul," which had been frozen by unkindness, flowed with all its natural freedom and force.

When Dominick returned to school after these holydays were over, Mr. Owen ap Jones, who now found that the Irish boy had an English protector with a living in his gift, changed his tone. He never more complained unjustly that Dominick broke Priscian's head, seldom called him Irish plockit, and once would have flogged a Welsh boy for taking up this cast-off expression of the master's, but the Irish blockhead begged the culprit off.

Little Dominick sprang forward rapidly in his studies: he soon surpassed every boy in the school, his friend Edwards only excepted. In process of time, his guardian removed him to a higher seminary of education. Edwards had a tutor at home. The friends separated. Afterward they followed different professions in distant parts of the world; and they neither saw nor heard any more of each other for many years. From boys they grew into men, and Dominick, now no longer little Dominick, went over to India as private secretary to one of our commanders-in-chief. How he got into this situation, or by what gradations he rose in the world, we are not exactly informed: we know only that he was the reputed author of a much-admired pamphlet on Indian affairs, that the despatches of the general to whom he was secretary were remarkably well written, and that Dominick O'Reilly, Esq., returned to England after several years' absence, not miraculously rich, but with a fortune equal to his wishes. His wishes were not extravagant: his utmost ambition was to return to his native country with a fortune that should enable him to live independently of all the world, especially of some of his relations, who had not used him well. His mother was no more.

Upon his arrival in London, one of the first things he did was to read the Irish newspapers. To his inexpressible joy, he saw the estate of Fort Reilly advertised to be sold—the very estate which had formerly belonged to his own family. Away he posted directly to an attorney's, who was empowered to dispose of the land.

When this attorney produced a map of the well-known

pleasure-ground, and an elevation of that house in which he had spent the happiest hours of his infancy, his heart was so touched, that he was on the point of paying down more for an old ruin than a good new house would cost. The attorney acted *honestly by his client*, and seized this moment to exhibit a plan of the stabling and offices, which, as sometimes is the case in Ireland, were in a style far superior to the dwelling-house. Our hero surveyed these with transport. He rapidly planned various improvements in imagination, and planted certain favourite spots in the pleasure-ground. During this time the attorney was giving directions to a clerk about some other business: suddenly the name of *Owen ap Jones* struck his ear. He started.

"Let him wait in the front parlour: his money is not forthcoming," said the attorney; "and if he keep Edwards in jail till he rots—"

"Edwards! Good heavens!—in jail! What Edwards?" exclaimed our hero.

It was his friend Edwards.

The attorney told him that Mr. Edwards had been involved in great distress by taking upon himself his father's debts, which had been incurred in exploring a mine in Wales; that of all the creditors none had refused to compound, except a Welsh parson, who had been presented to his living by old Edwards; and that this Mr. Owen ap Jones had thrown young Mr. Edwards into jail for the debt.

"What is the rascal's demand? He shall be paid off this instant," cried Dominick, throwing down the plan of Fort Reilly: "send for him up, and let me pay him off upon the spot."

"Had not we best finish our business first, about the O'Reilly estate, sir?" said the attorney.

"No, sir; damn the O'Reilly estate," cried he, huddling the maps together on the desk, and taking up the bank notes, which he had begun to reckon for the purchase-money. "I beg your pardon, sir; if you knew the facts you would excuse me. Why does not this rascal come up to be paid?"

The attorney, thunderstruck by this Hibernian impetuosity, had not yet found time to take his pen out of his mouth. As he sat transfixed in his arm-chair, O'Reilly ran to the head of the stairs, and called out, in a stentorian voice, "Here, you Mr. Owen ap Jones; come up

and be paid off this instant, or you shall never be paid *at all.*"

Up stairs hobbled the old schoolmaster, as fast as the gout and Welsh ale would let him. "Cot pless me, that voice," he began—

"Where's your bond, sir?" said the attorney.

"Safe here, Cot be praised," said the terrified Owen ap Jones, pulling out of his bosom, first a blue pocket-handkerchief, and then a tattered Welsh grammar, which O'Reilly kicked to the farther end of the room.

"Here is my pond," said he, "in the crammar," which he gathered from the ground; then fumbling over the leaves, he at length unfolded the precious deposite.

O'Reilly saw the bond, seized it, looked at the sum, paid it into the attorney's hands, tore the seal from the bond; then, without looking at old Jones, whom he dared not trust himself to speak to, he clapped his hat upon his head, and rushed out of the room. Arrived at the King's Bench prison, he hurried to the apartment where Edwards was confined. The bolts flew back; for even the turnkeys seemed to catch our hero's enthusiasm.

"Edwards, my dear boy! how do you do? Here's a bond debt, justly due to you for my education. O, never mind asking any unnecessary questions; only just make haste out of this undeserved abode: our old rascal is paid off—Owen ap Jones, you know.—Well, how the man stares! Why, now, will you have the assurance to pretend to forget who I am? and must I *spake*," continued he, assuming the tone of his childhood, "and must I *spake* to you again in my ould Irish brogue, before you will ricollict your own *little Dominick?*"

When his friend Edwards was out of prison, and when our hero had leisure to look into business, he returned to the attorney, to see that Mr. Owen ap Jones had been legally satisfied.

"Sir," said the attorney, "I have paid the plaintiff in this suit, and he is satisfied: but I must say," added he, with a contemptuous smile, "that you Irish gentlemen are rather in too great a hurry in doing business: business, sir, is a thing that must be done slowly to be done well."

"I am ready now to do business as slowly as you please; but when my friend was in prison, I thought the quicker I did his business the better. Now tell me what mistake I have made, and I will rectify it instantly."

"*Instantly!* 'Tis well, sir, with your promptitude, that you have to deal with what prejudice thinks uncommon—an honest attorney. Here are some bank notes of yours, sir, amounting to a good round sum. You made a little blunder in this business: you left me the penalty, instead of the principal, of the bond—just twice as much as you should have done."

"Just twice as much as was in the bond, but not twice as much as I should have done, nor half as much as I should have done, in my opinion," said O'Reilly; "but whatever I did was with my eyes open: I was persuaded you were an honest man; in which you see I was not mistaken; and as a man of business, I knew you would pay Jones only his due. The remainder of the money I meant, and mean, should lie in your hands for my friend Edwards's use. I feared he would not have taken it from my hands: I therefore left it in yours. To have taken my friend out of prison merely to let him go back again to-day, for want of money to keep himself clear with the world, would have been a blunder indeed, but not an Irish blunder: our Irish blunders are never blunders of the heart."

CHAPTER V.

THE BLISS OF IGNORANCE.

No *well-informed* Englishman would laugh at the blunders of such a character as little Dominick; but there are people who justify the assertion, that laughter always arises from a sense of real or imaginary superiority. Now if it be true that laughter has its source in vanity, as the most ignorant are generally the most vain they must enjoy this pleasure in its highest perfection. Unconscious of their own deficiencies, and consequently fearless of becoming in their turn the objects of ridicule, they enjoy in full security the delight of humbling their superiors. How much are they to be admired for the courage with which they apply, on all occasions, their test of truth! Wise men may be struck with admiration, respect, doubt, or humility; but the ignorant, happily

unconscious that they know nothing, can be checked in their merriment by no consideration, human or divine. Theirs is the sly sneer, the dry joke, and the horse-laugh: theirs the comprehensive range of ridicule, which takes "every creature in, of every kind." No fastidious delicacy spoils their sports of fancy: though ten times told, the tale to them never can be tedious; though dull "as the fat weed that grows on Lethe's bank," the jest for them has all the poignancy of satire: on the very offals, the garbage of wit, they can feed and batten. Happy they who can find in every jester the wit of Sterne or Swift; who else can wade through hundreds of thickly printed pages to obtain for their reward such witticisms as the following?

"Two Irishmen, having travelled on foot from Chester to Barnet, were confoundedly tired and fatigued by their journey; and the more so when they were told that they had still about ten miles to go. 'By my shoul and St. Patrick,' cries one of them, 'it is but five miles a-piece.'"

Here, notwithstanding the promise of a jest held forth by the words, "By my shoul and St. Patrick," we are ultimately cheated of our hopes. To the ignorant, indeed, the word of promise is kept to the mind as well as to the ear; but others perceive that, instead of a bull, they have only a piece of sentimental arithmetic, founded upon the elegant theorem, that friendship doubles all our pleasures, and divides all our pains.

We must not, from false delicacy to our countrymen, here omit a piece of advice to English retailers or inventors of Irish blunders. Let them beware of such prefatory exclamations as, "*By my shoul and St. Patrick! By Jasus! Arrah, honey! My dear joy!*" &c., because all such phrases, besides being absolutely out of date and fashion in Ireland, raise too high an expectation in the minds of a British audience, operating as much to the disadvantage of the story-teller as the dangerous exordium of "I'll tell you an excellent story;" an exordium ever to be avoided by all prudent wits.

Another caution should be given to well-meaning ignorance. Never produce that as an Irish bull for which any person of common literature can immediately supply a precedent from our best authors. Never be at the pains, for instance, of telling, from Joe Miller, a *good* story of an *Irish* sailor, who *travelled* with Captain Cook

round the world, and afterward swore to his companions that it was as flat as a table.

This anecdote, however excellent, immediately finds a parallel in Pope:

> "Mad Mathesis alone was unconfined,
> Too mad for mere material chains to bind;
> Now to pure space lifts her ecstatic stare,
> Now running *round* the circle finds it square."

Pope was led into the blunder of representing mad Mathesis running *round the circle*, and finding it *square*, by a confused notion that mathematicians had considered the circle as composed of straight lines. His mathematical friends could have told him, that though it was talked of as a *polygon*, it was not supposed to be a square: but *polygon* would not have rhymed to *stare;* and poets, when they launch into the ocean of words, must have an eye to the helm; at all events, a poet, who is not supposed to be a student of the exact sciences, may be forgiven for a mathematical blunder. This affair of squaring the circle seems to be peculiarly liable to error; for even an accurate mathematician cannot speak of it without committing something very like a bull.

Dr. Hutton, in his Treatise on Mensuration, p. 119, says, "As the *famous* quadrature of the late Mr. John Machin, professor of astronomy in Greshem College, is extremely expeditious, and *but little known*, I shall take this opportunity of explaining it."

It is to be presumed that the doctor here uses the word *famous* in that acceptation in which it is daily and hourly employed by our Bond-street loungers, by city apprentices, and men of the *ton*. "That was a *famous* good joke;" "He is a *famous* whip;" "We had a *famous* hop," &c. Now it cannot be supposed that any of these things are in themselves entitled to fame; but they may, indeed, by the courtesy of England, be at once *famous* and but little known. It is unnecessary to enter into the defence either of Dr. Hutton or of Pope, for they were not born in Ireland, therefore they cannot make bulls; and assuredly their mistakes will not, in the opinion of any person of common sense or candour, derogate from their reputation.

"Never strike till you are sure to wound," is a maxim well known to the polite* and politic part of the world.

* Lord Chesterfield.

"Never laugh when the laugh can be turned against you," should be the maxim of those who find their chief pleasure in making others ridiculous. This principle, if applied to our subject, would lead, however, to a very extensive and troublesome system of mutual forbearance; troublesome in proportion to the good or ill humour of the parties concerned, extensive in proportion to their knowledge and acquirements. A man of cultivated parts will foresee the possibility of the retort courteous, where an ignorant man will enjoy the fearless bliss of ignorance. For example, an illiterate person may enjoy a hearty laugh at the common story of an old Irish beggar-man, who, pretending to be dumb, was thrown off his guard by the question, "How many years have you been dumb?" and answered, "Five years last St. John's Eve, please your honour."

But our triumph over the Irishman abates when we recollect in the history of England, and in Shakspeare, the case of Saunder Simcox, who pretended to be miraculously and instantaneously cured of blindness at St. Alban's shrine.

Since we have bestowed so much criticism on the blunder of a beggar-man, a word or two must be permitted on the blunder of a thief. It is natural for ignorant people to laugh at the Hibernian who said that he had stolen a pound of chocolate *to make tea of*. But philosophers are disposed to abstain from the laugh of superiority when they recollect that the Irishman could probably make as good tea from chocolate as the chymist could make butter, sugar, and cream from antimony, sulphur, and tartar. The absurdities in the ancient chymical nomenclature could not be surpassed by any in the Hibernian catalogue. If the reader should think this a rash and unwarrantable assertion, we refer him to an essay,* in which the flagrant abuses of speech in the old language of chymistry are admirably exposed and ridiculed. Could an Irishman confer a more appropriate appellation upon a white powder than that of *beautiful black*?

It is really provoking to perceive, that as our knowledge of science or literature extends, we are in more danger of finding, in our own and foreign languages, parallels and precedents for Irish blunders; so that a very

* Essay on Chymical Nomenclature, by S. Dickson, M.D.; in which are comprised observations on the same subject, by R. Kirwan, Pres. R.I.A.—Vide pages 21, 22, 23, &c.

well-informed man can scarcely with any grace or conscience smile where a booby squire might enjoy a long and loud horse-laugh of contempt.

What crowds were collected to see the Irish bottle conjurer* get in a quart bottle; but Dr. Desaguliers had prepared the English to think such a condensation of animal particles not impossible. He says, vol. i. p. 5, of his Lectures on Natural Philosophy, "that the nature of things should last, and their natural course continue the same; all the changes made in bodies must arise only from the various separations, new conjunctions, and motions of these original particles. *These must be imagined of an unconceivable smallness*, but by the union of them there are made bigger lumps," &c.

Indeed, things are now come to such a lamentable pass, that without either literary or scientific acquirements, mere local knowledge, such as can be obtained from a finger-post, may sometimes prevent us from the full enjoyment of the Bœotian absurdity of our neighbours. What can, at first view, appear a grosser blunder than that of the Irishman who begged a friend to look over his library, to find for him the history of the world before the creation? Yet this anachronism of ideas is not unparalleled; it is matched, though on a more contracted scale, by an inscription on a British finger-post—

> "Had you seen these roads before they were made,
> You'd lift up your eyes, and bless Marshal Wade!"

There is, however, a rabbi, mentioned by Bayle, who far exceeds both the Irishman and the finger-post. He asserts, that Providence questioned Adam concerning the creation before he was born; and that Adam knew more of the matter than the angels who had laughed at him.

Those who see things in a philosophical light must have observed more frequently than others, that there is in this world a continual recurrence or rotation of ideas, events, and blunders. With his utmost ingenuity, or his utmost absurdity, a man in modern days cannot contrive to produce a system for which there is no prototype in antiquity, or to commit a blunder for which there is no precedent. For example, during the late rebellion in Ireland, at the military execution of some wretched rebel, the cord

* This conjurer, whose name was Broadstreet, was a native of the county of Longford, in Ireland: he by this hit pocketed 200*l.*, and proved himself to be more knave than fool.

broke, and the criminal, who had been only half-hanged, fell to the ground. The major who was superintending the execution exclaimed, "You rascal, if you do that again, I'll kill you as sure as you breathe."

Now this is by no means an original idea. In an old French book, called "La Charlatanerie des Savans," is the following note:—"D'autres ont proposé et résolu en même tems des questions ridicules; par exemple celle-ci: Devroit-on faire souffrir une seconde fois le même genre de mort à un criminel, qui après avoir eu la tête coupée viendroit à résusciter?"—*Finkelth*, Præf. ad Observationes Pract. num. 12.

The passionate major, instead of being a mere Irish *blunderer*, was, without knowing it, a learned casuist; for he was capable of deciding, in one word, a question which, it seems, had puzzled the understandings of the ablest lawyers of France, or which had appalled their conscientious sensibility.

Alas, there is nothing new under the sun!

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

CHAPTER VI.

"THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE, AND WORDS THAT BURN."

We lamented, in our last chapter, that there is nothing new under the sun; yet, perhaps, the thoughts and phraseology of the following story may not be familiar to the English.

"Plase your honour," says a man, whose head is bound up with a garter in token and commemoration of his having been at a fair the preceding night—"Plase your honour, it's what I am striving since six o'clock and before, this morning, becàase I'd sooner trouble your honour's honour than any man in all Ireland, on account of your cha*rac*ter, and having lived under your family, me and mine, twinty years, ay, say forty again to the back o' that, in the old gentleman's time, as I well remember before I was born; that same time I heard tell of your own honour's riding a little horse in green with

your gun before you a grousing over our townlands, which was the mill and abbey of Ballynagobogg, though 'tis now set away from me (owing to them that belied my father) to Christy Salmon, becàase he's an Orangeman—or his wife—though he was once (let him deny it who can), to *my certain knowledge*, behind the haystack in Tullygore, *sworn in* a United man by Captain Alick, who was hanged—Pace to the dead anyhow!—Well, not to be talking too much of that now, only for this Christy Salmon I should be still living under your honour."

"Very likely; but what has all this to do with the present business? If you have any complaint to make against Christy Salmon, make it—if not, let me go to dinner."

"Oh, it would be too bad to be keeping your honour from your dinner, but I'll make your honour sinsible immadiately. It is not of Christy Salmon at all at all I'm talking. May be your honour is not sinsible yet who I am—I am Paddy M'Doole of the Curragh, and I've been a flax-dresser and dealer since I parted your honour's land, and was last night at the fair of Clonaghkilty, where I went just in a quiet way thinking of nothing at all, as any man might, and had my little yarn along with me, my wife's and the girl's year's spinning, and all just hoping to bring them back a few honest shillings as they desarved—none better!—Well, plase your honour, my beast lost a shoe, which brought me late to the fair, but not so late but what it was as throng as ever; you could have walked over the heads of the men, women, and childer, a foot and a horseback, all buying and selling; so I, to be sure, thought no harm of doing the like; so I makes the best bargain I could of the little hanks for my wife and the girl, and the man I sold them to was just weighing them at the crane, and I standing forenent him —'Success to myself!' said I, looking at the shillings I was putting into my waistcoat pocket for my poor family, when up comes the inspector, whom I did not know, I'll take my oath, from Adam, nor couldn't know, becàase he was the deputy inspector, and had been just made, of which I was ignorant, by this book and all the books that ever were shut and opened—but no matter for that; he seizes my hanks out of the scales that I had just sold, saying they were unlawful and forfeit, becàase by his watch it was past four o'clock, which I denied to be pos-

sible, plase your honour, becàase not one, nor two, nor three, but all the town and country were selling the same as myself in broad day, only when the deputy came up they stopped, which I could not, by rason I did not know him.—'Sir,' says I (very civil), 'if I had known you, it would have been another case, but anyhow I hope no jantleman will be making it a crime to a poor man to sell his little matter of yarn for his wife and childer after four o'clock, when he did not know it was contrary to law at all at all.'

"'I gave you notice that it was contrary to law at the fair of Edgerstown,' said he.—'I ax your pardon, sir,' said I, 'it was my brother, for I was by.' With that he calls me a liar, and what not, and takes a grip* of me, and I a grip of my flax, and he had a shilala,† and I had none; so he gave it me over the head, I crying 'Murder! murder!' and clinging to the scales to save me, and they set a swinging and I with them, plase your honour, till the bame comes down a-top o' the back o' my head, and *kilt* me, as your honour sees."

"I see that you are alive still, I think."

"It's not his fault if I am, plase your honour, for he left me for dead, and I am as good as dead still: if it be plasing to your honour to examine my head, you'll be sinsible I'm telling nothing but the truth. Your honour never *seen* a man kilt as I was and am,—all which I'm ready (when convanient) to swear before your honour."‡

The reiterated assurances which this hero gives us of his being killed, and the composure with which he offers to swear to his own assassination and decease, appear rather surprising and ludicrous to those who are not aware that *kilt* is here used in a metaphorical sense, and that it has not the full force of our word killed. But we have been informed by a lady of unquestionable veracity, that she very lately received a petition worded in this manner:—

"To the Right Hon. Lady E—— P——.

"Humbly showeth;

"That your poor petitioner is now lying dead in a ditch," &c.

* A gripe, or fast hold.

† An oak stick, supposed to be cut from the famous wood of Shilala

‡ This is nearly verbatim from a late Irish complainant.

This poor Irish petitioner's expression, however preposterous it sounds, might perhaps be justified, if we were inclined to justify an Irishman by the example, not only of poets comic and tragic, but of prose writers of various nations. The evidence in favour both of the fact and the belief that people can speak and walk after they are dead is attested by stout warriors and grave historians. Let us listen to the solemn voice of a princess, who comes sweeping in the sceptred hall of gorgeous tragedy to inform us that half herself has buried the other half:

"Weep, eyes; melt into tears these cheeks to lave:
One half myself lays t'other in the grave."*

For six such lines as these Corneille received six thousand livres and the admiration of the French court and people during the Augustan age of French literature. But an Italian is not content with killing by halves. Here is a man from Italy who goes on fighting, not like Witherington, upon his stumps, but fairly after he is dead:

"Nor yet perceived the vital spirit fled,
But still fought on, nor knew that he was dead."†

Common sense is somewhat shocked at this single instance of an individual fighting after he is dead; but we shall, doubtless, be reconciled to the idea by the example of a gallant and modern commander, who has declared his opinion that nothing is more feasible than for a garrison to fight—or at least to surrender—after they are dead; nay, after they are buried. Witness this public document

"Liberty and Equality.

"May 29th, 30th Floreal, 6. } Garrison of Ostend.

"Muscar, commandant of Ostend, to the commandant-in-chief of his British majesty.

"General,

"The council of war was sitting when I received the

* "Pleurez, pleurez, mes yeux, et fondez vous en eau,
La moitié de ma vie a mis l'autre au tombeau."

† "Il pover uomo che non sen' era accorto,
Andava combattendo ed era morto."

honour of your letters. We have unanimously resolved not to surrender the place until we shall have been buried in its ruins," &c.

One step further in hyperbole is reserved for him who, being buried, carries about his own sepulchre:

> "To live a life half-dead, a living death,
> And buried; but oh, yet more miserable!
> Myself my sepulchre, a moving grave!"

No person, if he heard this passage for the first time from the lips of an Irishman, could hesitate to call it a series of bulls; yet these lines are part of the beautiful complaint of Samson Agonistes on his blindness. Such are the hyperboles sanctioned by the genius, or, what with some judges may have more influence, the name of Milton. The bounds which separate sublimity from bombast, and absurdity from wit, are as fugitive as the boundaries of taste. Only those who are accustomed to examine and appraise literary goods are sensible of the prodigious change that can be made in their apparent value by a slight change in the manufacture. The absurdity of a man's swearing he was killed, or declaring that he is now dead in a ditch, is revolting to common sense; yet the *living death* of Dapperwit, in the "Rape of the Lock," is not absurd, but witty; and representing men as dying many times before their death is in Shakspeare sublime:

> "Cowards die many times before their death;
> The brave can never taste of death but once."

The most direct contradictions in words do not (as *English writers*) destroy the effect of irony, wit, pathos, or sublimity.

In the classic ode on Eton College the poet exclaims,

> "To each their sufferings, all are men
> Condemn'd alike to groan;
> The feeling for another's pain,
> Th' *unfeeling* for their own."

Who but a half-witted dunce would ask how those that are unfeeling can have sufferings? When Milton in melodious verse inquires,

> "Who shall tempt with *wandering feet*
> The dark *unbottom'd* infinite abyss,
> And through the *palpable obscure* find out
> His uncouth way?"——

what Zoilus shall dare interrupt this flow of poetry to object to the palpable obscure, or to ask how feet can wander upon that which has no bottom?

It is easy, as Tully has long ago observed, to fix the brand of ridicule upon the *verbum ardens* of orators and poets,—the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

CHAPTER VII.

PRACTICAL BULLS.

As we have not hitherto been successful in finding original Irish bulls in language, we must now look for them in conduct. A person may be guilty of a solecism without uttering a single syllable:—"That man has been guilty of a solecism with his hand," an ancient critic said of an actor who had pointed his hand upwards when invoking the infernal gods. "You may act a lie as well as speak one," says Wollaston. Upon the same principle, the Irish may be said to act as well as to utter bulls. We shall give some instances of their practical bulls, which we hope to find unmatched by the blunders of all other nations. Most people, whether they be savage or civilized, can contrive to revenge themselves upon their enemies without blundering; but the Irish are exceptions. They cannot even do this without *a bull*. During the late Irish rebellion there was a banker to whom they had a peculiar dislike, and on whom they had vowed vengeance: accordingly they got possession of as many of his bank notes as they could, and made a bonfire of them! This might have been called a *feu de joie*, perhaps, but certainly not *un feu d'artifice*; for nothing could show less art than burning a banker's notes in order to destroy his credit. How much better do the English understand the arts of vengeance! Captain Drinkwater* informs us, that during the siege of Gibraltar, the English, being half-famished, were most violently enraged against the Jews, who withheld their stores of provision and made money of

* See his account of the siege of Gibraltar.

the public distress,—a crime *never committed except by Jews:* at length the fleet relieved the besieged; and, as soon as the fresh provisions were given out, the English soldiers and sailors, to revenge themselves upon the Jews, burst open their stores and actually roasted a pig at a fire made of cinnamon! There are other persons, as well as the Irish, who do not always understand their own interests where their passions are concerned. That great warrior, Hyder Ali, once lost a battle by a practical bull. Being encamped within sight of the British, he resolved to give them a high idea of his forces and of his artillery: for this purpose, before the engagement,* he ordered his army to march early, and conveying some large pieces of cannon to the top of a hill, he caused them to be pointed at the English camp, which they reached admirably well, and occasioned a kind of disorder and haste in striking and removing tents, &c. Hyder, delighted at having thus insulted the English, caused all his artillery, even the very smallest pieces, to be drawn up the hill, for the purpose of making a vain parade, though the greater part of the balls could never reach the English: he imagined he should give the enemy a high idea of his forces, and intimidate them by showing all his artillery, and the vivacity with which it was worked; and in order that his intention might be answered, he encouraged the soldiers himself, by giving money to the cannoniers of those pieces that appeared to be the best served.

The English, presently after this farce was over, obliged Hyder to come down from labour-in-vain hill, and to give them battle in earnest. As the historian observes, "The ridiculous cannonade at the top of the hill had exhausted his ammunition, his great guns were useless to him, and he lost the day by his premature rejoicings before the battle." A still more ancient precedent for this preposterous practical bull, of rejoicing for an anticipated victory, was given by Xerxes, we believe, who brought with him an immense block of marble, on which he intended to inscribe the date and manner of his victory over the Greeks. When Xerxes was defeated, the Greeks dedicated this stone to Nemesis, the goddess of vengeance. But Xerxes was in the habit of making practical bulls,—such as whipping the

* Life of Hyder Ali Khan, vol. ii. p. 231

sea, and begging pardon for it afterward; throwing fetters into the Hellespont as a token of subjugation, and afterward expiating his offence by an offering of a golden cup and Persian scimitar.

To such blunders can the passions betray the most renowned heroes, although they had not the misfortune to have been born in Ireland.

The impatience which induced Hyder Ali to anticipate victory is not confined to military men and warlike operations; if we descend to common life and vulgar business, we shall find the same disposition even in the precincts of 'Change-alley: those who bargained for South Sea stock that was not actually forthcoming were called *bears*, in allusion to the practice of the hunters of bears in Canada—who were accustomed to bargain for the skin of the bear before it was caught,—but whence the correlative term *bull* is derived we are at a loss to determine, and we must also leave it to the mercantile speculators of England to explain why gentlemen call themselves bulls of wheat and bulls of coals: all we can say is, that these are not Irish bulls. There is one distinguishing peculiarity of the Irish bull,—its horns *are tipped with brass.** It is generally supposed that persons who have been dipped in the Shannon† are ever afterward endowed with a supernatural portion of what is called by enemies impudence or assurance, by friends self-possession or *civil courage*. These invulnerable mortals are never oppressed with *mauvaise honte*,—that malady which keeps the faculties of the soul under imaginary imprisonment. A well-dipped Irishman, on the contrary, can move, speak, think, like Demosthenes, with as much ease when the eyes of numbers are upon him as if the spectators were so many cabbage-stocks. This virtue of *civil courage* is of inestimable value in the opinion of the best judges. The great Lord Verulam—no one, by-the-by, could be a better judge of its value than he who wanted it so much—the great Lord Verulam declares that if he were asked what is the first, second, and third thing necessary to success in public business, he should answer boldness, boldness, boldness. Success to the nation which possesses it in perfection! Bacon was too acute and candid a philosopher not to acknowledge, that, like all the other goods

* See the advice of Cleomenes to Crius.—HERODOTUS ERATO.

† It is said that the waters of the Garonne are famed for a similar virtue

of life, this same boldness has its countervailing disadvantages.

"Certainly," says he, "to men of great judgment, bold persons are a sport to behold; nay, and to the vulgar, boldness hath somewhat of the ridiculous; for if absurdity be the subject of laughter, doubt you not but great boldness is seldom without some absurdity; especially it is a sport to see when a bold fellow is out of countenance, for that puts his face into a most shrunken and wooden posture, as needs it must."

The man, however, who possesses boldness in perfection can never be put out of countenance, and consequently can never exhibit, for the sport of his enemies, a face in this wooden posture. It is the deficiency, and not the excess, of this quality that is to be feared. Civil boldness without military courage would, indeed, be somewhat ridiculous: but we cannot accuse the Irish of any want of military courage; on the contrary, it is supposed in England that an Irishman is always ready *to give any gentleman satisfaction*, even when none is desired.

At the close of the American war, as a noble lord of high naval character was returning home to his family after various escapes from danger, he was detained a day at Holyhead by contrary winds. Reading in a summer-house, he heard the well-known sound of bullets whistling near him: he looked about, and found that two balls had just passed through the door close beside him: he looked out of the window, and saw two gentlemen, who were just charging their pistols again, and, as he guessed that they had been shooting at a mark upon the door, he rushed out, and very civilly remonstrated with them on the imprudence of firing at the door of a house without having previously examined whether any one was withinside. One of them immediately answered, in a tone which proclaimed at once his disposition and his country, "Sir, I did not know you were within there, and I don't know who you are now; but if I've given offence, I am willing," said he, holding out the ready-charged pistols, "to give you *the satisfaction of a gentleman*—take your choice."

With his usual presence of mind, the noble lord seized hold of both the pistols, and said to his astonished countryman, "Do me the justice, sir, to go into that summer-house, shut the door, and let me have two shots at you; then we shall be upon equal terms, and I shall be quite

at your service to give or receive the *satisfaction of a gentleman.*"

There was an air of drollery and of superiority in his manner which at once struck and pleased the Hibernian. "Upon my conscience, sir, I believe you are a very honest fellow," said he, looking him earnestly in the face; "and I have a great mind to shake hands with you. Will you only just tell me who you are?"

The nobleman told his name—a name dear to every Briton and every Irishman.

"I beg your pardon, and that's what no man ever accused me of doing before," cried the gallant Hibernian; "and had I known who you were, I would as soon have *shot my own soul* as have fired at the door. But how could I tell who was withinside?"

"That is the very thing of which I complain," said his lordship.

His candid opponent admitted the justice of the complaint as soon as he understood it, and he promised never more to be guilty of such a practical bull.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DUBLIN SHOEBLACK.

Upon looking over our last chapter on practical bulls, we were much concerned to find that we have so few Irish and so many foreign blunders. It is with still more regret we perceive, that notwithstanding our utmost diligence, we have not yet been able to point out the distinguishing characteristic of an Irish bull. But, to compensate for this disappointment, we have devised a syllogism, which some people may prefer to an à priori argument, to prove irrefragably that the Irish are blunderers.

After the instances we have produced, chapter sixth, of the *verbum ardens* of English and foreign poets, and after the resemblance that we have pointed out between certain figures of rhetoric and the Irish bull, we have little reason to fear that the candid and enlightened reader should object to our major.

Major. Those who use figurative language are disposed to make bulls.

Minor. The Irish use figurative language.

Conclusion. Therefore the Irish are disposed to make bulls.

We proceed to establish the truth of our minor, and the first evidence we shall call is a Dublin shoeblack. He is not in circumstances peculiarly favourable for the display of figurative language; he is in a court of justice, upon his trial for life or death. A quarrel happened between two shoeblacks, who were playing at what in England is called pitch-farthing, or heads and tails, and in Ireland head or harp. One of the combatants threw a small paving-stone at his opponent, who drew out the knife with which he used to scrape shoes, and plunged it up to the hilt in his companion's breast. It is necessary for our story to say, that near the hilt of this knife was stamped the name of Lamprey, an eminent cutler in Dublin. The shoeblack was brought to trial. With a number of significant gestures, which on his audience had all the powers that Demosthenes ascribes to action, he, in a language not purely attic, gave the following account of the affair to his judge.

"Why, my lord, as I was going past the Royal Exchange I meets Billy. 'Billy,' says I, 'will you sky a copper?'—'Done,' says he, 'Done,' says I; and done and done's enough between two jantlemen. With that I ranged them fair and even with my hook-em-snivey—up they go. 'Music!' says he;—'Sculls!' says I; and down they come, three brown mazards. 'By the holy! you flesh'd 'em,' says he.—'You lie,' says I. With that he ups with a lump of a two year old, and lets drive at me. I outs with my bread-earner, and gives it him up to Lamprey in the bread-basket."

To make this intelligible to the English, some comments are necessary. Let us follow the text, step by step, and it will afford our readers, as Lord Kames says of Blair's Dissertation on Ossian, a delicious morsel of criticism.

As I was going past the Royal Exchange I meets Billy. In this apparently simple exordium, the scene and the meeting with Billy are brought before the eye by the judicious use of the present tense.

Billy, says I, will you sky a copper?

A copper! genus pro specie! the generic name of copper for the base individual halfpenny.

Sky a copper.

To sky is a new verb, which none but a master hand could have coined: a more splendid metonomy could not be applied upon a more trivial occasion: the lofty idea of raising a metal to the skies is substituted for the mean thought of tossing up a halfpenny. Our orator compresses his hyperbole into a single word. Thus the mind is prevented from dwelling long enough upon the figure to perceive its enormity. This is the perfection of the art. Let the genius of French exaggeration and of eastern hyperbole hide their diminished heads—Virgil is scarcely more sublime.

> "Ingrediturque solo et caput inter nubila condit."
> "Her feet on earth, her head amid the clouds."

Up they go, continues our orator.

Music! says he; Sculls! says I.

Metaphor continually: on one side of an Irish halfpenny there is a harp; this is expressed by the general term music, which is finely contrasted with the word scull.

Down they come, three brown mazards.

Mazards! how the diction of our orator is enriched from the vocabulary of Shakspeare! the word head, instead of being changed for a more general term, is here brought distinctly to the eye by the term mazard, or face, which is more appropriate to his majesty's profile than the word scull or head.

By the holy! you flesh'd 'em, says he.

By the holy! is an oath in which more is meant than meets the ear; it is an ellipsis—an abridgment of an oath. The full formula runs thus—By the holy poker of hell! This instrument is of Irish invention or imagination. It seems a useful piece of furniture in the place for which it is intended, to stir the devouring flames, and thus to increase the torments of the damned. Great judgment is necessary to direct an orator how to suit his terms to his auditors, so as not to shock their feelings either by what is too much above or too much below common life. In the use of oaths, where the passions are warm, this must be particularly attended to, else they lose their effect, and seem moret he result of the head than of the heart. But to proceed.

By the holy! you flesh'd 'em.

To flesh is another verb of Irish coinage; it means, in shoeblack dialect, to touch a halfpenny, as it goes up into the air, with the fleshy part of the thumb, so as to turn it which way you please, and thus to cheat your opponent. What an intricate explanation saved by one word!

You lie, says I.

Here no periphrasis would do the business.

With that he ups with a lump of a two year old, and lets drive at me.

He ups with.—A verb is here formed of two prepositions—a novelty in grammar. Conjunctions, we all know, are corrupted Anglo-Saxon verbs; but prepositions, according to Horne Tooke, derive only from Anglo-Saxon nouns.

All this time it is possible that the mere English reader may not be able to guess what it is that our orator ups with or takes up. He should be apprized that a lump of a two year old is a middle-sized stone. This is a metaphor, borrowed partly from the grazier's vocabulary, and partly from the arithmetician's vade-mecum. A stone, to come under the denomination of a lump of a two year old, must be to a less stone as a two year old calf is to a yearling; or it must be to a larger stone than itself as a two year old calf is to an ox. Here the scholar sees that there must be two statements,—one in the rule of three direct, and one in the rule of three inverse,—to obtain precisely the thing required; yet the untutored Irishman, without suspecting the necessity of this operose process, arrives at the solution of the problem by some short cut of his own, as he clearly evinces by the propriety of his metaphor. To be sure, there seems some incongruity in his throwing this lump of a two year old calf at his adversary. No arm but that of Milo could be strong enough for such a feat. Upon recollection, however, bold as this figure may seem, there are precedents for its use.

"We read in a certain author," says Beattie, "of a giant, who, in his wrath, tore off the top of the promontory, and flung it at the enemy; and so huge was the mass, that you might, says he, have seen goats browsing on it as it flew through the air." Compared with this, our orator's figure is cold and tame.

"*I outs with my bread-earner,*" continues he.

We forbear to comment on *outs with*, because the in-

telligent critic immediately perceives that it has the same sort of merit ascribed to *ups with*. What our hero dignifies with the name of his bread-earner is the knife with which, by scraping shoes, he earned his bread. Pope's ingenious critic, Mr. Warton, bestows judicious praise upon the art with which this poet, in the Rape of the Lock, has used many "periphrases and uncommon expressions," to avoid mentioning the name of *scissors*, which would sound too vulgar for epic dignity—fatal engine, forfex, meeting points, &c. Though the metonymy of *bread-earner* for a shoeblack's knife may not equal these in elegance, it perhaps surpasses them in ingenuity.

*I gives it him up to Lamprey in the bread-basket.**

Homer is happy in his description of wounds, but this surpasses him in the characteristic choice of circumstance. *Up to Lamprey* gives us at once a complete idea of the length, breadth, and thickness of the wound, without the assistance of the coroner. It reminds us of a passage in Virgil—

"Cervice orantis *capulo tenus* abdidit ensem."
"Up to the hilt his shining falchion sheathed."

Let us now compare the Irish shoeblack's metaphorical language with the sober *slang* of an English blackguard, who, fortunately for the fairness of the comparison, was placed somewhat in similar circumstances.

Lord Mansfield, examining a man who was a witness in the court of King's Bench, asked him what he knew of the defendant.

"Oh, my lord, I knew him. *I was up to him.*'

"Up to him!" says his lordship; "what do you mean by being up to him?"

"Mean, my lord! why *I was down upon him.*"

"Up to him, and down upon him!" says his lordship, turning to Counsellor Dunning; "what does the fellow mean?"

"Why, I mean, my lord, as deep as he thought himself, *I stagged him.*"

"I cannot conceive, friend," says his lordship, "what you mean by this sort of language; I do not understand it."

"Not understand it!" rejoined the fellow, with surprise: "*Lord, what a flat you must be!*"

* The stomach.

Though he undervalued Lord Mansfield, this man does not seem to have been a very bright genius. In his cant words, "*up to him, down upon him, stagged him,*" there are no metaphors; and we confess ourselves to be as great *flats* as his lordship, for we do not understand this sort of language.

"True, no meaning puzzles more than wit,"

as we may see in another English example. Proverbs have been called the wisdom of nations, therefore it is fair to have recourse to them in estimating national abilities. Now there is an old English proverb, "Ten-terten steeple is the cause of Goodwin sands."

"This proverb," says Mr. Ray, "is used when an absurd and ridiculous reason is given of any thing in question: an account of the original whereof I find in one of Bishop Latimer's sermons in these words: 'Mr. Moore was once sent with commission into Kent to try out, if it might be, what was the cause of Goodwin's sands, and the shelf which stopped up Sandwich haven. Thither cometh Mr. Moore, and calleth all the country before him, such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could, of all likelihood, best satisfy him of the matter concerning the stopping of Sandwich haven. Among the rest came in before him an old man with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than a hundred years old. When Mr. Moore saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter (for being so old a man, it was likely that he knew the most in that presence or company); so Mr. Moore called this old aged man unto him, and said, 'Father,' said he, 'tell me, if you can, what is the cause of the great arising of the sands and shelves hereabout this haven, which stop it up so that no ships can arrive here. You are the oldest man I can espy in all the company, so that if any man can tell any cause of it, you, of all likelihood, can say most to it, or, at leastwise, more than any man here assembled.'

"'Yea, forsooth, good Mr. Moore,' quoth this old man, 'for I am well-nigh a hundred years old, and no man here in this company any thing near my age.'

"'Well, then,' quoth Mr. Moore, 'how say you to this matter? What think you to be the cause of these shelves and sands which stop up Sandwich haven?'

"'Forsooth, sir,' quoth he, 'I am an old man; I think that Tenterten steeple is the cause of Goodwin's sands. For I am an old man, sir,' quoth he; 'I may remember the buildings of Tenterten steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there; and before that Tenterten, or *Totterden*, steeple was in building, there was no manner of talking of any flats or sands that stopped up the haven, and therefore I think that Tenterten steeple is the cause of the decay and destroying of Sandwich haven.'"*—Thus far the bishop.

The prolix pertinacity with which this *old aged* man adheres to the opinion that he had formed, without any intelligible reason, is characteristic of an English peasant; but however absurd his mode of judging may be, and however confused and incongruous his ideas, his species of absurdity surely bears no resemblance to an Hibernian blunder. We cannot even suspect it to be possible that a man of this slow, circumspect character could be in any danger of making an Irish bull; and we congratulate the English peasantry and populace, as a body, upon their possessing that temper which

> "Wisely rests content with sober sense,
> Nor makes to dangerous wit a vain pretence."

Even the *slang* of English pickpockets and coiners is, as we may see in Colquhoun's View of the Metropolis, free from all seducing mixture of wit and humour. What Englishman would ever have thought of calling persons in the pillory *the babes in the wood?* This is a common cant phrase among Dublin reprobates. Undoubtedly such phrases tend to lessen the power of shame and the effect of punishment, and a witty road will lead numbers to the gallows. English morality is not in so much danger as Irish manners must be from these humorous talents in their knights of industry. If, nevertheless, there be frequent executions for capital crimes in England, we must account for this in the words of the old Lord Chief Justice Fortescue: "More men," says his lordship, "are hanged in *Englonde* in one year than *in Fraunce* in seven, *because the English have better hartes;* the *Scotchmenne* likewise never *dare rob*, but only

* This ancient old man, we fear, was more knave than fool. History informs us that the Bishop of Rochester had directed the revenue appropriated for keeping Goodwin harbour in repair to the purpose of building a steeple.—Vide Fuller's Worthies of England, page 65.

commit larcenies." At all events, the phlegmatic temper of *Englonde* secures her from making bulls. The propensity to this species of blunder exists in minds of a totally different cast; in those who are quick and enthusiastic, who are confounded by the rapidity and force with which undisciplined multitudes of ideas crowd for utterance. Persons of such intellectual characters are apt to make elisions in speaking, which, they trust, the capacities of their audience will supply: passing rapidly over a long chain of thought, they sometimes forget the intermediate links, and no one but those of equally rapid habits can follow them successfully.

We hope that the evidence of the Dublin shoeblack has, in some degree, tended to prove our *minor*, that the Irish are disposed to use figurative language: we shall not, however, rest our cause on a single evidence, however respectable; but before we summon our other witnesses, we beg to relieve the reader's attention, which must have been fatigued by such a chapter of criticism. They shall now have the tale of a mendicant. A specimen of city rhetoric is given in the shoeblack; the country mendicant's eloquence is of a totally different species.

CHAPTER IX.

THE HIBERNIAN MENDICANT.

PERHAPS the reader may wish to see as well as hear the petitioner. At first view you might have taken him for a Spaniard. He was tall; and if he had been a gentleman, you would have said there was an air of dignity in his figure. He seemed very old, yet he appeared more worn by sorrow than by time. Leaning upon a thick oaken stick as he took off his hat to ask for alms, his white hair was blown by the wind.

"Health and long life to you!" said he. "Give an old man something to help to bury him. He is past his labour, and cannot trouble this world long any way."

He held his hat towards us, with nothing importunate in his manner, but rather with a look of confidence in us,

mixed with habitual resignation. His thanks were, "Heaven bless you!—Long life and success to you! to you and yours! and may you never want a friend, as I do."

The last words were spoken low. He laid his hand upon his heart as he bowed to us, and walked slowly away. We called him back; and upon our questioning him further, he gave the following account of himself:—

"I was bred and born—but no matter where such a one as I was bred and born, no more than where I may die and be buried; *I*, that have neither son, nor daughter, nor kin, nor friend, on the wide earth, to mourn over my grave when I am laid in it, as I soon must. Well! when it pleases God to take me, I shall never be missed out of this world, so much as by a dog; and why should I? Having never in my time done good to any—but evil—which I have lived to repent me of, many's the long day and night, and ever shall while I have sense and reason left. In my youthful days God was too good to me: I had friends, and a little home of my own to go to—a pretty spot of land for a farm as you could see, with a snug cabin, and every thing complete, and all to be mine; for I was the only one my father and mother had, and accordingly was made much of, too much; for I grew headstrong upon it, and high, and thought nothing of any man, and little of any woman, but one. That one I surely did think of; and well worth thinking of she was. Beauty, they say, is all fancy; but she was a girl every man might fancy. Never was one more sought after. She was then just in her prime, and full of life and spirits; but nothing light in her behaviour—quite modest—yet obliging. She was too good for me to be thinking of, no doubt; but 'faint heart never won fair lady,' so I made bold to speak to Rose, for that was her name, and after a world of pains, I began to gain upon her good liking, but couldn't get her to say more than that she never *seen* the man she should fancy so well. This was a great deal from her, for she was coy and proud-like, as she had a good right to be; and, besides being young, loved her little innocent pleasure, and could not easy be brought to give up her sway. No fault of hers: but all very natural. Well! I always considered she never would have held out so long, nor have been so stiff with me, had it not been for an old aunt Honour of hers—God rest her soul! One should

not be talking ill of the dead; but she was more out of my way than enough; yet the cratur had no malice in her against me, only meaning her child's good, as she called it, but mistook it, and thought to make Rose happy by some greater match than me, counting her fondness for me—which she could not but see something of—childishness, that she would soon be broke of. Now there was a party of English soldiers quartered in our town, and there was a sergeant among them that had money, and a pretty place, as they said, in his own country. He courted Rose, and the aunt favoured him. He and I could never relish one another at all. He was a handsome portly man, but very proud, and looked upon me as dirt under his feet, because I was an Irishman; and at every word would say, '*That's an Irish bull!*' or, '*Do you hear Paddy's brogue?*' at which his fellow-soldiers, being all English, would look greatly delighted. Now all this I could have taken in good part from any but him, for I was not an ill-humoured fellow; but there was a spite in him I plainly saw against me, and I could not, nor would not take a word from him against me or my country, especially when Rose was by, who did not like me the worse for having a proper spirit. She little thought what would come of it. While all this was going on, her aunt Honour found to object against me that I was wild, and given to drink; both which charges were false and malicious, and I knew could come from none other than the sergeant, which enraged me the more against him for speaking *so mean* behind my back. Now I knew, that though the sergeant did not drink spirits, he drank plenty of beer. Rose took it, however, to heart, and talked very serious upon it, observing she could never think to marry a man given to drink, and that the sergeant was remarkably sober and staid, therefore most like, as her aunt Honour said, to make a good husband. The words went straight to my heart, along with Rose's look. I said not a word, but went out, resolving, before I slept, to take an oath against spirits of all sorts for Rose's sweet sake. That evening I fell in with some boys of the neighbours', who would have had me along with them, but I *denied myself* and them; and all I would taste was one parting glass, and then made my vow in the presence of the priest, forswearing spirits for two years. Then I went straight to her house to tell her what I had done, not being sensible that I was

that same time a little elevated with the parting glass I had taken. The first thing I noticed on going into the room was the man I least wished to see there, and least looked for at this minute: he was in high talk with the aunt, and Rose sitting on the other side of him, no way strange towards him, as I fancied; but that was only fancy, and effect of the liquor I had drunk, which made me see things wrong. I went up and put my head between them, asking Rose, did she know what I had been about?

"'Yes, too well!' said she, drawing back from my breath. And the aunt looked at her, and she at the aunt, and the sergeant stopped his nose, saying he had not been long enough in Ireland to love the smell of whiskey. I observed that was an uncivil remark in the present company, and added that I had not taken a drop that night but one glass. At which he sneered, and said that was a bull and a blunder, but no wonder as I was an Irishman. I replied in defence of myself and country. We went on from one smart word to another; and some of his soldier men being of the company, he had the laugh against me still. I was vexed to see Rose bear so well what I could not bear myself. And the talk grew higher and higher; and from talking of blunders and such trifles, we got, I cannot myself tell you how, on to great party matters, and politics, and religion. And I was a Catholic, and he a Protestant; and there he had the thing still against me. The company, seeing matters not agreeable, dropped off till none were left but the sergeant, and the aunt, and Rose, and myself. The aunt gave me a hint to part, but I would not take it; for I could not bear to go away worsted, and borne down, as it were, by the English faction, and Rose by to judge. The aunt was called out by one who wanted her to go to a funeral next day: the Englishman then let fall something about our Irish howl, and savages, which Rose herself said was uncivil, she being an Irish woman, which he, thinking only of making game on me, had forgot. I knocked him down, telling him that it was he that was the savage to affront a lady. As he got up he said that he'd have the law of me, if any law was to be had in Ireland.

"'The law!' said I, 'and you a soldier!'

"'Do you mean to call me coward?' said he. 'This is what an English soldier must not bear.' With that he snatches at his arms that were beside him, asking me again did I mean to call an Englishman coward?

"'Tell me first,' said I, 'did you mean to call us Irish savages?'

"'That's no answer to *my* question,' says he, 'or only an Irish answer.'

"'It is not the worse for that, may be,' says I, very coolly, despising the man now, and just took up a knife that was on the table to cut off a button that was hanging at my knee. As I was opening of the knife, he asks me was I going to stab at him with my Irish knife, and directly fixes a bayonet at me; on which I seizes a musket and bayonet one of his men had left, telling him I knew the use of it as well as he or any Englishman, and better; for that I should never have gone, as he did, to charge it against an unarmed man.

"'You had your knife,' said he, drawing back.

"'If I had, it was not thinking of you,' said I, throwing the knife away. 'See! I'm armed like yourself now: fight me like a man and a soldier, if you dare,' says I.

"'Fight me, if you dare,' says he.

"Rose calls to me to stop; but we were both out of ourselves at the minute. We thrust at each other—he missed me—I hit him. Rose ran in between us to get the musket from my hand: it was loaded, and went off in the struggle, and the ball lodged in her body. She fell! and what happened next I cannot tell, for the sight left my eyes, and all sense forsook me. When I came to myself the house was full of people, going to and fro, some whispering, some crying; and till the words reached my ears, 'Is she quite dead?' I could not understand where I was, or what had happened. I wished to forget again, but could not. The whole truth came upon me, and yet I could not shed a tear! but just pushed my way through the crowd into the inner room, and up to the side of the bed. There she lay stretched, almost a corpse—quite still! Her sweet eyes closed, and no colour in her cheeks, that had been so rosy! I took hold of one of her hands, that hung down, and she then opens her eyes, and knew me directly, and smiles upon me, and says, 'It was no fault of yours: take notice, all of you, it was no fault of his if I die; but *that* I won't do for his sake, if I can help it!'—that was the word she spoke. I, thinking, from her speaking so strong, that she was not badly hurt, knelt down to whisper her, that if my breath did smell of spirits, it was the parting glass I had tasted before making the vow I had done against

drink for her sake; and that there was nothing I would not do for her, if it would please God to spare her to me. She just pressed my hand, to show me she was sensible. The priest came in, and they forced our hands asunder, and carried me away out of the room. Presently there was a great cry, and I knew all was over."

Here the old man's voice failed, and he turned his face from us. When he had somewhat recovered himself, to change the course of his thoughts, we asked whether he was prosecuted for his assault on the English sergeant, and what became of him.

"Oh! to do him justice, as one should do to every one," said the old man, "he behaved very handsome to me when I was brought to trial; and told the whole truth, only blamed himself more than I would have done, and said it was all his fault for laughing at me and my nation more than a man could bear, situated as I was. They acquitted me through his means. We shook hands, and he hoped all would go right with me, he said; but nothing ever went right with me after. I took little note ever after of worldly matters: all belonging to me went to rack and ruin. The hand of God was upon me: I could not help myself, nor settle mind or body to any thing. I heard them say sometimes I was a little touched in my head: however that might be I cannot say. But at the last I found it was as good for me to give all that was left to my friends, who were better able to manage, and more eager for it, than I; and fancying a roving life would agree with me best, I quit the place, taking nothing with me, but resolved to walk the world, and just trust to the charity of good Christians, or die, as it should please God. How I have lived so long He only knows, and his will be done."

CHAPTER X.

IRISH WIT AND ELOQUENCE.

"Wild wit, invention ever new," appear in high perfection among even the youngest inhabitants of an Irish cottage. The word wit, among the lower classes in Ire-

land, means not only quickness of repartee, but cleverness in action; it implies invention and address, with no slight mixture of cunning; all which is expressed in their dialect by the single word *'cuteness* (acuteness). Examples will give a better notion of this than can be conveyed by any definition.

An Irish boy (a 'cute lad) saw a train of his companions leading their cars, loaded with kishes* of turf, coming towards his father's cabin; his father had no turf, and the question was how some should be obtained. To beg he was ashamed; to dig he was unwilling; but his head went to work directly. He took up a turf which had fallen from one of the cars the preceding day, and stuck it on the top of a pole near the cabin. When the cars were passing, he appeared throwing turf at the mark. "Boys!" cried he, "which of ye will hit?" Each leader of the car, as he passed, could not forbear to fling a turf at the mark; the turf fell at the foot of the pole, and when all the cars had passed, there was a heap left sufficient to reward the ingenuity of our little Spartan.

The same 'cuteness which appears in youth continues and improves in old age. When General V—— was quartered in a small town in Ireland, he and his lady were regularly besieged, whenever they got into their carriage, by an old beggar-woman, who kept her post at the door, assailing them daily with fresh importunities and fresh tales of distress. At last the lady's charity and the general's patience were nearly exhausted, but their petitioner's wit was still in its pristine vigour. One morning, at the accustomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman began, "Agh! my lady; success to your ladyship, and success to your honour's honour, this morning, of all days in the year; for sure didn't I dream last night that her ladyship gave me a pound of tea, and that your honour gave me a pound of tobacco?"

"But, my good woman," said the general, "do not you know that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?"

"Do they so, plase your honour?" rejoined the old woman. "Then it must be your honour that will give me the tea, and her ladyship that will give me the tobacco."

The general, being of Sterne's opinion, that a bon-mot

* Baskets.

is always worth more than a pinch of snuff, gave the ingenious dreamer the value of her dream.

Innumerable instances might be quoted of the Hibernian genius, not merely for repartee, but for what the Italians call pasquinade. We shall cite only one, which is already so well known in Ireland that we cannot be found guilty of *publishing* a libel. Over the ostentatious front of a nobleman's house in Dublin the owner had this motto cut in stone:—

"Otium cum dignitate.—Leisure with dignity."

In process of time his lordship changed his residence; or, since we must descend to plebeian language, was committed to Newgate, and immediately there appeared over the front of his apartment his chosen motto, as large as the life, in white chalk,

"Otium cum dignitate."

Mixed with keen satire, the Irish often show a sort of cool good sense and dry humour, which gives not only effect, but value to their impromptus. Of this class is the observation made by the Irish hackney coachman, upon seeing a man of the *ton* driving four-in-hand down Bond-street.

"That fellow," said our observer, "looks like a coachman, but drives like a gentleman."

As an instance of humour mixed with sophistry, we beg the reader to recollect the popular story of the Irishman who was run over by a troop of horse, and miraculously escaped unhurt.

"Down upon your knees and thank God, you reprobate," said one of the spectators.

"Thank God! for what? Is it for letting a troop of horse run over me?"

In this speech there is the same sort of humour and sophistry that appears in the Irishman's celebrated question, "What has posterity done for me, that I should do so much for posterity?"

The Irish nation, from the highest to the lowest, in daily conversation about the ordinary affairs of life, employ a superfluity of wit and metaphor which would be astonishing and unintelligible to a majority of the respectable body of English yeomen. Even the cutters of turf and drawers of whiskey are orators; even the *cottiers*

and *gossoons* speak in trope and figure. Ask an Irish gossoon to go early in the morning on an errand, and he answers,

"I'll be off at the flight of nigt."

If an Irish cottager would express to his landlord that he wishes for a long lease of his land, he says,

"I would be proud to live on your honour's land as long as grass grows or water runs."

One of our English poets has nearly the same idea:—

"As long as streams in silver mazes run,
Or Spring with annual green renews the grove."

Without the advantages of a classical education, the lower Irish sometimes make similes that bear a near resemblance to those of the admired poets of antiquity. A loyalist, during the late rebellion, was describing to us the number of the rebels who had gathered on one spot, and were dispersed by the king's army; rallied, and were again put to flight.

"They were," said he, "like swarms of flies on a summer's day, that you brush away with your hand, and still they will be returning."

There is a simile of Homer's which, literally translated, runs thus:—"As the numerous troops of flies about a shepherd's cottage in the spring, when the milk moistens the pails, such numbers of Greeks stood in the field against the Trojans." Lord Kames observes, that it is false taste to condemn such comparisons for the lowness of the images introduced. In fact, great objects cannot be degraded by comparison with small ones in these similes, because the only point of resemblance is number; the mind instantly perceives this, and therefore requires no other species of similitude.

When we attempt to judge of the genius of the lower classes of the people, we must take care that we are not under the influence of any prejudice of an aristocratic or literary nature. But this is no easy effort of liberality.

"*Agh! Dublin, sweet Jasus be wid you!*" exclaimed a poor Irishman, as he stood on the deck of a vessel which was carrying him out of the bay of Dublin. The pathos of this poor fellow will not probably affect delicate sensibility, because he says *wid* instead of *with*, and *Jasus* instead of *Jesus*. Adam Smith is certainly right in his theory, that the sufferings of those in exalted stations have generally most power to command our sympathy.

The very same sentiment of sorrow at leaving his country which was expressed so awkwardly by the poor Irishman appears to every reader of taste exquisitely pathetic from the lips of Mary Queen of Scots.

"Farewell, France! Farewell, beloved country! which I shall never more behold!"*

In anger as well as in sorrow the Irishman is eloquent. A gentleman who was lately riding through the county of ——, in Ireland, to canvass, called to ask a vote from a poor man who was planting willows in a little garden by the road-side.

"You have a vote, my good sir, I am told," said the candidate, in an insinuating tone.

The poor man struck the willow which he had in his hand into the ground, and with a deliberate pace came towards the candidate to parley with him.

"Please your honour," said he, gravely, "I have a vote, and I have not a vote."

"How can that be?"

"I will tell you, sir," said he, leaning, or rather lying down slowly upon the back of the ditch facing the road, so that the gentleman, who was on horseback, could see only his head and arms.

"Sir," said he, "out of this little garden, with my five acres of land and my own labour, I once had a freehold; but I have been robbed of my freehold, and who do you think has robbed me? why, that man!" pointing to his landlord's steward, who stood beside the candidate. "With my own hands I sowed my own ground with oats, and a fine crop I expected—but I never reaped that crop: not a bushel, no, nor half a bushel, did I ever see; for into my little place comes this man, with I don't know how many more, with their shovels and their barrows, and their horses and their cars, and to work they fell, and they ran a road straight through the best part of my land, turning all to heaps of rubbish, and a bad road it was, and a bad time of year to make it! But where was *I* when he did this?—not where I am now," said the orator, raising himself up and standing firm; "not as you see me now, but lying on my back in my bed in a fever. When I got up I was not able to make my rent out of my land. Besides myself, I had my five children to support. I sold my clothes, and have never been able to buy any

* Vide Robertson's History of Scotland.

since but such as a recruit could sell, who was in haste to get into regimentals—such clothes as these," said he, looking down at his black rags. "Soon I had nothing to eat: but that's not all. I am a weaver, sir: for my rent they seized my two looms; then I had nothing to do. But of all this I do not complain. There was an election some time ago in this county, and a man rode up to me in this garden as you do now, and asked me for my vote, but I refused him, for I was steady to my landlord. The gentleman observed I was a poor man, and asked if I wanted for nothing? but all did not signify; so he rode on gently, and at the corner of the road, within view of my garden, I saw him drop a purse, and I knew, by his looking at me, it was on purpose for me to pick it up. After a while he came back, thinking, to be sure, I had taken up the purse, and had changed my mind, but he found his purse where he left it. My landlord knew all this, and he promised to see justice done me; but he forgot. Then as for the candidate's lady, before the election nothing was too fair speaking for me; but afterward, in my distress, when I applied to her to get me a loom, which she could have had from *the Linen Board* by only asking for it, her answer to me was, 'I don't know that I shall ever want a vote again in the county.'

"Now, sir," continued he, "when justice is done to me (and no sooner), I shall be glad to assist my landlord or his friend. I know who *you* are, sir, very well: you bear a good character: success to you! but I have no vote to give to you or any man."

"If I were to attempt to make you any amends for what you have suffered," replied the candidate, "I should do you an injury; it would be said that I had bribed you: but I will repeat your story where it will meet with attention. I cannot, however, tell it so well as you have told it."

"No, sir," was his answer, "for you cannot feel it as I do."

This is almost in terms the conclusion of Pope's epistle from Eloisa to Abelard:—

"He best can paint them who shall feel them most."

In objurgation and pathetic remonstrancing eloquence, the females of the lower class in Ireland are not inferior to the men. A thin tall woman, wrapped in a long cloak, the hood of which was drawn over her head, and shaded

her pale face, came to a gentleman to complain of the cruelty of her landlord.

"He is the most hard-hearted man alive, so he is, sir," said she; "he has just seized all I have, which, God knows, is little enough! and has driven my cow to pound, the only cow I have, and only dependence I have for a drop of milk to drink; and the cow itself too standing there starving in the pound; for not a wisp of hay would he give to cow or Christian to save their lives, if it was ever so! And the rent for which he is driving me, please your honour, has not been due but one week: a hard master he is; but these *middle-men* are all so, one and all. Oh! if it had but been my lot to be tenant to a *gentleman born*, like your honour, who is the poor man's friend, and the orphan's, and the widow's—the friend of them that have none other. Long life to you! and long may you live to reign over us! Would you but speak three words to my landlord, to let my cow out of pound, and give me a fortnight's time, that I might see and fatten her to sell against the fair, I could pay him then all honestly, and not be racked entirely, and he would be ashamed to refuse your honour, and afraid to disoblige the like of you, or get your ill-will. May the blessing of Heaven be upon you, if you'll just send and speak to him three words for the poor woman and widow, that has none other to speak for her in the wide world."

Moved by this lamentable story, the effect of which the woman's whole miserable appearance corroborated and heightened, the gentleman sent immediately for her hard-hearted landlord. The landlord appeared; not a gentleman, not a rich man, as the term landlord might denote, but a stout, square, stubbed, thick-limbed, gray-eyed man, who seemed to have come smoking hot from hard labour. The gentleman repeated the charge made against him by the poor widow, and mildly remonstrated on his cruelty; the man heard all that was said with a calm but unmoved countenance.

"And now have you done?" said he, turning to the woman, who had recommenced her lamentations. "Look at her standing there, sir. It's easy for her to put on her long cloak, and to tell her long story, and to make her poor mouth to your honour; but if you are willing to hear, I'll tell you what she is, and what I am. She is one that has none but herself in this world to provide for; she is one that is able to afford herself a glass of whiskey

when she pleases, and she pleases it often; she is one that never denies herself the bit of *staggering bob** when in season; she is one that has a snug house well thatched to live in all the year round, and nothing to do or nothing that she does, and this is the way of her life, and this is what she is. And what am I? I am the father of eight children, and I have a wife and myself to provide for. I am a man that is at hard labour of one kind or another from sunrise to sunset. The straw that thatched the house she lives in I brought two miles on my back; the walls of the house she lives in I built with my own hands; I did the same by five other houses, and they are all sound and dry, and good to live in, summer or winter. I set them for rent to put bread into my children's mouths, and after all I cannot get it! And to support my eight children, and my wife, and myself, what have I in this world," cried he, striding suddenly with colossal firmness upon his sturdy legs, and raising to heaven arms which looked like foreshortenings of the limbs of Hercules, "what have *I* in this wide world but these four bones?"†

No provocation could have worked up a phlegmatic English countryman to this pitch of eloquence. He never suffers his anger to evaporate in idle figures of speech: it is always concentrated in a few words, which he repeats in reply to every argument, persuasive or invective, that can be employed to irritate or to assuage his wrath. We recollect having once been present at a scene between an English gentleman and a churchwarden, whose feelings were grievously hurt by the disturbance that had been given to certain bones in levelling a wall which separated the churchyard from the pleasure-ground of the lord of the manor. The bones belonged, as the churchwarden believed, or averred, to his great-great-grandmother, though how they were identified it might be difficult to explain to an indifferent judge; yet we are to suppose that the confirmation of the suspicion was strong and satisfactory to the party concerned. The pious great-great-grandson's feelings were all in arms, but *indignation* did not inspire him with a single poetic idea or expression. In his eloquence, indeed, there was the principal requisite—action: in reply to all that could be said, he repeatedly struck

* Slink calf.

† This was written down a few minutes after it had been spoken.

his long oak stick perpendicularly upon the floor, and reiterated these words:

"It's death, sir! death by the law! It's sacrilege, sir! sacrilege by act of parliament! It's death, sir! death by the law? and the law I'll have of him, for it's lawful to have the law."

This was the whole range of his ideas, even when the passions had tumbled them all out of their dormitories.

Innumerable fresh instances of Irish eloquence and wit crowd upon our recollection, but we forbear. The examples we have cited are taken from real life, and given without alteration or embellishment.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BROGUE.

HAVING proved by a perfect syllogism that the Irish must blunder, we might rest satisfied with our labours; but there are minds of so perverse a sort, that they will not yield their understandings to the torturing power of syllogism.

It may be waste of time to address ourselves to persons of such a cast; we shall therefore change our ground, and adapt our arguments to the level of vulgar capacities. Much of the comic effect of Irish bulls, or of such speeches as are mistaken for bulls, has depended upon the tone, or *brogue*, as it is called, with which they are uttered. The first Irish blunders that we hear are made or repeated in this peculiar tone, and afterward, from the power of association, whenever we hear the tone we expect the blunder. Now there is little danger that the Irish should be cured of their brogue; and consequently there is no great reason to apprehend that we should cease to think or call them blunderers.

Of the powerful effect of any peculiarity of pronunciation to prepossess the mind against the speaker, nay, even to excite dislike amounting to antipathy, we have an instance attested by an eyewitness, or rather an earwitness.

"In the year 1755," says the Rev. James Adams, "I attended a public disputation in a foreign university, when at least 400 Frenchmen literally hissed a grave and learned *English* doctor, not by way of insult, but irresistibly provoked by the quaintness of the repetition of *sh*. The thesis was, the concurrence of God *in actionibus viciosis:* the whole hall resounded with the hissing cry of *sh*, and its continual occurrence in *actio, actione, vicioso*, &c."

It is curious that Shiboleth should so long continue a criterion among nations!

What must have been the degree of irritation that could so far get the better of the politeness of 400 Frenchmen as to make them hiss in the days of *l'ancien régime!* The dread of being the object of that species of antipathy or ridicule which is excited by unfashionable peculiarity of accent has induced many of the *misguided* natives of Ireland to affect what they imagine to be the English pronunciation. They are seldom successful in this attempt, for they generally overdo the business. We are told by Theophrastus, that a *barbarian*, who had taken some pains to attain the true attic dialect, was discovered to be a foreigner by his speaking the attic dialect with a greater degree of precision and purity than was usual among the Athenians themselves. To avoid the imputation of committing barbarisms, people sometimes run into solecisms, which are yet more ridiculous. Affectation is always more ridiculous than ignorance.

There are Irish ladies who, ashamed of their country, betray themselves by mincing out their abjuration, by calling tables *teebles*, and chairs *cheers!* To such renegadoes we prefer the honest quixotism of a modern champion* for the Scottish accent, who, boldly asserting that "the broad dialect rises above reproach, scorn, and laughter," enters the lists, as he says of himself, in Tartan dress and armour, and throws down the gauntlet to the most prejudiced antagonist. "How weak is prejudice!" pursues this patriotic enthusiast. "The sight of the Highland kelt, the flowing plaid, the buskined leg, provokes my antagonist to laugh! Is this dress ridicu-

* James Adams, S.R.E.S., author of a book entitled, "The Pronunciation of the English Language vindicated from imputed Anomaly and Caprice; with an Appendix on the Dialects of Human Speech in all Countries, and an analytical Discussion and Vindication of the Dialect of Scotland."

lous in the eyes of reason and common sense? No: nor is the dialect of speech: both are characteristic and national distinctions.

"The arguments of general vindication," continues he, "rise powerful before my sight, like the Highland bands in full array. A louder strain of apologetic speech swells my words. What if it should rise high as the unconquered summits of Scotia's hills, and call back, with voice sweet as Caledonian song, the days of ancient Scottish heroes; or attempt the powerful speech of the Latin orator, or his of Greece! The subject, methinks, would well accord with the attempt: *Cupidum Scotia optima, vires deficiunt.* I leave this to the *king of songs.* Dunbar and Dunkeld, Douglas in *Virgilian* strains, and later poets, Ramsay, Ferguson, and Burns, awake from your graves; you have already immortalized the Scotch dialect in raptured melody! Lend me your golden target and well pointed spear, that I may victoriously pursue, to the extremity of South Britain, reproachful ignorance and scorn still lurking there:—let impartial candour seize their usurped throne. Great then is the birth of this national dialect," &c.

So far so good. We have some sympathy with the rhapsodist, whose enthusiasm kindles at the names of Allan Ramsay and of Burns: nay, we are willing to hear (with a grain of allowance) that "the manly eloquence of the Scotch bar affords a singular pleasure to the candid English hearer, and gives merit and dignity to the noble speakers, who retain so much of their own dialect and tempered propriety of English sounds, that they may be emphatically termed *British orators.*" But we confess that we lose our patient decorum, and are almost provoked to laughter, when our philological Quixote seriously sets about to prove that Adam and Eve spoke broad Scotch in paradise.

How angry has this grave patriot reason to be with his ingenious countryman Beattie,* the celebrated champion of *truth*, who acknowledges that he never could, when a boy or man, look at a certain translation of Ajax's speech into one of the vulgar Scotch dialects without laughing!

We shall now, with boldness similar to that of the Scotch champion, try the risible muscles of our English

* Vide Illustrations on Sublimity, in his Essays.

reader; we are not, indeed, inclined to go quite such lengths as he has gone: he insists that the Scotch dialect ought to be adopted all over England: we are only going candidly to confess, that we think the Irish, in general, speak *better English* than is commonly spoken by the natives of England. To limit this proposition so as to make it appear less absurd, we should observe that we allude to the lower classes of the people in both countries. In some counties in Ireland, a few of the poorest labourers and cottagers do not understand English; they speak only Irish, as in Wales there are vast numbers who speak only Welsh; but among those who speak English we find fewer vulgarisms than among the same rank of persons in England. The English which they speak is chiefly such as has been traditional in their families from the time of the early settlers in the island. During the reign of Elizabeth and the reign of Shakspeare, numbers of English migrated to Ireland; and whoever attends to the phraseology of the lower Irish may, at this day, hear many of the phrases and expressions used by Shakspeare. Their vocabulary has been preserved nearly in its pristine purity since that time, because they have not had intercourse with those counties in England which have made for themselves a jargon unlike to any language under heaven. The Irish *brogue* is a great and shameful defect, but it does not render the English language absolutely unintelligible. There are but a few variations of the brogue, such as the long and the short, the Thady brogue and Paddy brogue, which differ much in tone, and but little in phraseology; but in England, almost all of our fifty-two counties have peculiar vulgarisms, dialects, and brogues, unintelligible to their neighbours. Herodotus tells us that some of the nations of Greece, though they used the same language, spoke it so differently that they could not understand each other's conversation. This is literally the case at present between the provincial inhabitants of remote parts of England. Indeed the language peculiar to the metropolis, or the *cockney* dialect, is proverbially ridiculous. The Londoners, who look down with contempt upon all that have not been *lred and born* within the sound of Bow, talk with unconscious absurdity of *w*eal and *w*inegar, and *v*ine and *v*indors, and idea*r*s; and ask you '*ow* you do? and '*ave ye bin taking* the *h*air in 'yde park? and '*us* your 'orse 'ad

any *h*oats? &c.; aspirating always where they should not, and never aspirating where they should.

The *Zummerzetzheer* dialect, full of broad *oos* and eternal *zeds*, supplies never-failing laughter when brought upon the stage. Even a cockney audience relishes the broad pronunciation of John Moody, in the Journey to London, or of Sim, in Wild Oats.

The cant of Suffolk, the vulgarisms of Shropshire, the uncouth phraseology of the three ridings of Yorkshire, amaze and bewilder foreigners, who perhaps imagine that they do not understand English, when they are in company with those who cannot speak it. The patois of Languedoc and Champagne, such as "*Mein fis sest ai bai via*," Mon fils c'est un beau veau, exercises, it is true, the ingenuity of travellers, and renders many scenes of Moliere and Marivaux difficult, if not unintelligible, to those who have never resided in the French provinces; but no French patois is more unintelligible than the following specimen of *Tummas* and *Meary's* Lancashire dialogue:

Thomas. "Whau, but I startit up to goa to th' tits, on slurr'd deawn to th' lower part o' th' heymough, on by th' maskins, lord! whot dust think? boh leet hump stridd'n up o' summot ot felt meety heury, on it startit weh meh on its back, deawn th' lower part o' th' mough it jumpt, crost th' leath, eaw't o' th' dur whimmey it took, on into th' weturing poo, os if th' dule o' hell had driv'n it, on there it threw meh en, or I fell off, I connaw tell whether, for th' life o' meh, into the poo."

Mary. "Whoo-wo, whoo-wo, whoo! whot, i' th' neme o' God! widneh sey?"

Thomas. "If it wur naw Owd Nick, he wur th' orderer on't, to be shure ***. Weh mitch powlering I geet eawt o' th' poo, 'lieve* meh, as to list, I could na tell whether i'r in a sleawm or wak'n, till eh groapt ot meh een; I crope under a wough and stode like o' gawmbling,† or o parfit neatril, till welly day," &c.

Let us now listen to a conversation which we hope will not be quite so unintelligible.

* The glossary to the Lancashire dialect informs us, that '*lieve me* comes from *beleemy*, believe me; from *belamy*, my good friend, *old French*.

† Gawmbling (*Anglo-Saxon* gaw[illegible]p), stupid.

CHAPTER XII.

BATH COACH CONVERSATIONS.

In one of the coaches which travel between Bath and London, an Irish, a Scotch, and an English gentleman happened to be passengers. They were well informed and well-bred, had seen the world, had lived in good company, and were consequently superior to local and national prejudice. As their conversation was illustrative of our subject, we shall make no apology for relating it. We pass the usual preliminary compliments, and the observations upon the weather and the roads. The Irish gentleman first started a more interesting subject —the Union; its probable advantages and disadvantages were fully discussed, and, at last, the Irishman said, "Whatever our political opinions may be, there is one wish in which we shall all agree—that the Union may make us better acquainted with one another."

"It is surprising," said the Englishman, "how ignorant we English in general are of Ireland: to be sure, we do not now, as in the times of Bacon and Spenser, believe that wild Irishmen have wings; nor do we all of us give credit to Mr. Twiss's assertion, that if you look at an Irish lady, she answers, '*Port, if you please.*'"

Scotchman. "That traveller seems to be almost as liberal as he who defined *oats*—food for horses in England, and for men in Scotland: such illiberal notions die away of themselves."

Irishman. "Or they are contradicted by more liberal travellers. I am sure my country has great obligations to the gallant English and Scotch military, not only for so readily assisting to defend and quiet us, but for spreading in England a juster notion of Ireland. Within these few months, I suppose, more real knowledge of the state and manners of that kingdom has been diffused in England by their means than had been obtained during a whole century."

Scotchman. "Indeed, I do not recollect having read any

author of note who has given me a notion of Ireland since Spenser and Davies, except Arthur Young."

Englishman. "What little knowledge I have of Ireland has been drawn more from observation than from books. I remember when I first went over there, I did not expect to see twenty trees in the whole island: I imagined that I should have nothing to drink but whiskey, that I should have nothing to eat but potatoes, that I should sleep in mud-walled cabins; that I should, when awake, hear nothing but the Irish howl, the Irish brogue, Irish answers, and Irish bulls; and that if I smiled at any of these things, a hundred pistols would fly from their holsters to *give* or *demand* satisfaction. But experience taught me better things: I found that the stories I had heard were *tales of other times.* Their hospitality, indeed, continues to this day."

Irishman. "It does, I believe; but of later days, as we have been honoured with the visits of a greater number of foreigners, our hospitality has become less extravagant."

Englishman. "Not less agreeable: Irish hospitality, I speak from experience, does not now consist merely in pushing about the bottle: the Irish are convivial, but their conviviality is seasoned with wit and humour; they have plenty of good conversation as well as good cheer for their guests; and they not only have wit themselves, but they love it in others: they can take as well as give a joke. I never lived with a more good-humoured, generous, open-hearted people than the Irish."

Irishman. "I wish Englishmen in general were half as partial to poor Ireland as you are, sir."

Englishman. "Or rather, you wish that they knew the country as well, and then they would do it as much justice."

Irishman. "You do it something more than justice, I fear. There are little peculiarities in my countrymen which will long be justly the subject of ridicule in England."

Scotchman. "Not among well-bred and well-informed people: those who have seen or read of great varieties of customs and manners are never apt to laugh at all that may differ from their own. As the sensible author of the Government of the Tongue says, 'Half-witted people are always the bitterest revilers.'"

Irishman. "You are very indulgent, gentlemen; but, in

spite of all your politeness, you must allow, or at least I must confess, that there are little defects in the Irish government of the tongue at which even *whole*-witted people must laugh."

Scotchman. "The well-educated people in all countries, I believe, escape the particular accent, and avoid the idiom, that are characteristic of the vulgar."

Irishman. "But even when we escape Irish brogue we cannot escape Irish bulls."

Englishman. "You need not say *Irish* bulls with such emphasis; for bulls are not peculiar to Ireland. I have been informed by a person of unquestionable authority, that there is a town in Germany, Hirschau in the Upper Palatinate, where the inhabitants are famous for making bulls."

Irishman. "I am truly glad to hear we have companions in disgrace. Numbers certainly lessen the effect of ridicule as well as of shame: but, after all, the Irish idiom is peculiarly unfortunate, for it leads perpetually to blunder."

Scotchman. "I have heard the same remarked of the Hebrew. I am told that the Hebrew and Irish idioms are much alike."

Irishman (*laughing*). "That is a great comfort to us, certainly, particularly to those among us who are fond of tracing our origin up to the remotest antiquity; but still there are many who would willingly give up the honour of this high alliance to avoid its inconveniences; for my own part, if I could ensure myself and my countrymen from all future danger of making bulls and blunders, I would this instant give up all Hebrew roots; and even the Ogham character itself I would renounce, 'to make assurance doubly sure.'"

Englishman. "'To make *assurance doubly sure*.' Now there is an example in our great Shakspeare of what I have often observed, that we English allow our poets and ourselves a license of speech that we deny to our Hibernian neighbours. If an Irishman, instead of Shakspeare, had talked of making 'assurance doubly sure,' we should have asked how that could be. The vulgar in England are too apt to catch at every slip of the tongue made by Irishmen. I remember once being present when an Irish nobleman of talents and literature was actually hissed from the hustings at a Middlesex election, because in his speech he happened to say, 'We have laid the root

to the axe of the tree of liberty,' instead of 'we have laid the axe to the root of the tree.'"

Scotchman. "A lapsus linguæ, that might have been made by the greatest orators, ancient or modern; by Cicero or Chatham, by Burke or by the fluent Murray."

Englishman. "Upon another occasion I have heard that an Irish orator was silenced with '*inextinguishable* laughter' merely for saying, 'I am sorry to hear my honourable friend stand mute.'"

Scotchman. "If I am not mistaken, that very same Irish orator made an allusion at which no one could laugh. 'The protection,' said he, 'which Britain affords to Ireland in the day of adversity is like that which the oak affords to the ignorant countryman who flies to it for shelter in the storm; it draws down upon his head the lightning of heaven:' may be I do not repeat the words exactly, but I could not forget the idea."

Englishman. "I would with all my heart bear the ridicule of a hundred blunders for the honour of having made such a simile: after all, his saying, 'I am sorry to hear my honourable friend stand *mute*,' if it be a bull, is justified by Homer; one of the charms in the cestus of Venus is,

'*Silence* that *speaks*, and eloquence of eyes.'

Scotchman. "*Silence that speaks*, sir, is, I am afraid, an English, not a Grecian charm. It is not in the Greek; it is one of those beautiful liberties which Mr. Pope has taken with his original. But silence that speaks can be found in France as well as in England. Voltaire, in his chef-d'œuvre, his Œdipus, makes Jocasta say,

'Tout *parle* contre nous jusqu'à notre *silence*.'"*

Englishman. "And in our own Milton, Samson Agonistes makes as good, indeed a better, bull; for he not only makes the mute speak, but speak loud:—

'The deeds themselves, though *mute*, *spoke loud* the doer.'

And in Paradise Lost we have, to speak in *fashionable* language, two *famous* bulls. Talking of Satan, Milton says.

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* "Every thing speaks against us, even our silence."

'God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valued he nor shunn'd.'

And speaking of Adam and Eve, and their sons and daughters, he confounds them all together in a manner for which any Irishman would have been laughed to scorn:—

'Adam, the goodliest man of men since born,
His sons; the fairest of his daughters Eve.'

Yet Addison, who notices these blunders, calls them only little blemishes."

Scotchman. "He does so; and he quotes Horace, who tells us we should impute such venial errors to a pardonable inadvertency; and, as I recollect, Addison makes another very just remark, that the ancients, who were actuated by a spirit of candour, not of cavilling, invented a variety of figures of speech, on purpose to palliate little errors of this nature."

"Really, gentlemen," interrupted the Hibernian, who had sat all this time in silence that *spoke* his grateful sense of the politeness of his companions, "you will put the finishing stroke to my obligations to you, if you will prove that the ancient figures of speech were invented to palliate Irish blunders."

Englishman. "No matter for what purpose they were invented; if we can make so good a use of them we shall be satisfied, especially if you are pleased. I will, however, leave the burden of the proof upon my friend here, who has detected me already in quoting from Pope's Iliad instead of Homer's. I am sure he will manage the ancient figures of rhetoric better than I should; however, if I can fight behind his shield, I shall not shun the combat."

Scotchman. "I stand corrected for quoting Greek. Now I will not go to Longinus for my tropes and figures; I have just met with a little book on the subject, which I put into my pocket to-day, intending to finish it on my journey, but I have been better employed."

He drew from his pocket a book called "Deinology, or the Union of Reason and Elegance." "Look," said he, "look at this long list of tropes and figures; among them we could find apologies for every species of Irish bulls; but, in mercy, I will select, from 'the twenty

chief and most moving figures of speech,' only the oxymoron, as it is a favourite with Irish orators. In the oxymoron contradictions meet: to reconcile these, Irish ingenuity delights. I will further spare four out of the seven figures of less note: emphasis, enallage, and the hysteron proteron you must have; because emphasis graces Irish diction, enallage unbinds it from strict grammatical letters, and hysteron proteron allows it sometimes to put the cart before the horse. Of the eleven grammatical figures, Ireland delights chefly in the antimeria, or changing one part of speech for another, and in the ellipsis or defect. Of the remaining long list of figures, the Irish are particularly disposed to the epizeuxis, as 'indeed, indeed—at all at all,' and antanaclasis, or double meaning. The tautotes, or repetition of the same thing, is, I think, full as common among the English. The hyperbole and catachresis are so nearly related to a bull, that I shall dwell upon them with pleasure. You must listen to the definition of a catachresis:—'A catachresis is the boldest of any trope. *Necessity makes it borrow and employ an expression or term contrary to the thing it means to express.*' "

"Upon my word, this is something like a description of an Irish bull," interrupted the Hibernian.

Scotchman. "For instance, it has been said, *Equitare in arundine longâ*, to ride on horseback on a stick. Reason condemns the contradiction, but necessity has allowed it, and use has made it intelligible. The same trope is employed in the following metaphorical expression:—The seeds of the gospel have been *watered* with the *blood* of the martyrs."

Englishman. "That does seem an absurdity, I grant; but you know great orators *trample on impossibilities.*"*

Scotchman. "And great poets *get the better of them.* You recollect Shakspeare says,

> 'Now bid me run,
> And I will strive with things *impossible*,
> Yea, *get the better of them.*' "

Englishman. "And Corneille, in the Cid, I believe, makes his hero a compliment upon his having performed impossibilities—'Vos mains seules ont le droit de vaincre un invincible.' "†

* Lord Chatham.

† Your hands alone have a right to conquer *the unconquerable.*

Scotchman. "Ay, that would be a bull in an Irishman, but it is only an hyperbole in a Frenchman."

Irishman. "Indeed, this line of Corneille's *out-hyperboles* the hyperbole, considered in any but a prophetic light; as a prophecy, it exactly foretels the taking of Bonaparte's *invincible* standard by the glorious forty-second regiment of the British: 'Your hands alone *have a right* to vanquish the invincible.' By-the-by, the phrase *ont le droit* cannot, I believe, be literally translated into English; but the Scotch and Irish *have a right* translates it exactly. But do not let me interrupt my country's defence, gentlemen; I am heartily glad to find Irish blunderers may shelter themselves in such good company in the ancient sanctuary of the hyperbole. But I am afraid you must deny admittance to the poor mason, who said, 'This house will stand as long as the world, and longer.'"

Scotchman. "Why should we 'shut the gates of mercy' upon him, when we pardon his betters for more flagrant sins; for instance, Mr. Pope, who, in his Essay on Criticism, makes a blunder, or rather uses an hyperbole stronger than that of your poor Irish mason:—

> 'When first young Maro in his noble mind
> A work *t' outlast immortal* Rome design'd.'

And to give you a more modern case, I lately heard an English shopkeeper say to a lady, in recommendation of his goods, 'Ma'am, it will wear for ever, and make you a petticoat afterward.'"

Irishman. "Upon my word, I did not think you could have found a match for the mason; but what will you say to my countryman who, on meeting an acquaintance, accosted him with this ambiguous compliment: 'When first I saw you I thought it was you, but now I see it is your brother.'"

Scotchman. "If I were not afraid you would take me for a pedant, I should quote a sentence from Cicero that is not far behind this blunder."

Irishman. "I can take you for nothing but a friend: pray let us have the Latin."

Scotchman.—"It is one of Cicero's compliments to Cæsar—'Qui, cum ipse imperator in toto imperio populi Romani unus esset, esse me alterum passus est.'*

* And when Cæsar was the *only emperor* within the dominion of Rome, he suffered me to be *another*.

Perhaps," continued the Scotchman, "my way of pronouncing Latin sounds strangely to you, gentlemen."

Irishman. "And perhaps ours would be unintelligible to Cicero himself, if he were to overhear us: I fancy we are all so far from right, that we need not dispute about degrees of wrong."

The coach stopped at this instant, and the conversation was interrupted.

CHAPTER XIII.

BATH COACH CONVERSATION.

After our travellers had dined, the conversation was renewed by the English gentleman's repeating Goldsmith's celebrated lines on Burke:

> "Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
> And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining;
> In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd or in place, sir,
> To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor."

"What humour and wit there are in that poem of Goldsmith's! and where is there any thing equal to his 'Traveller?'"

Irishman. "Yet this is the man who used to be the butt of the company for his bulls."

Englishman. "No, not for his bulls, but for *blurting* out opinions in conversation that could not stand the test of Dr. Johnson's critical powers. But what would become of the freedom of wit and humour if every word that came out of our mouths were subject to the tax of a professed critic's censure, or if every sentence were to undergo a logical examination? It would be well for Englishmen if they were a little more inclined, like your open-hearted countrymen, to *blurt* out their opinions freely."

Scotchman. "I cannot forgive Dr. Johnson for calling Goldsmith an inspired idiot; I confess I see no idiotism, but much inspiration, in his works."

Irishman. "But we must remember, that if Johnson did laugh at Goldsmith, he would let no one else laugh

at him, and he was his most sincere and active friend. The world would, perhaps, never have seen the 'Vicar of Wakefield' if Johnson had not recommended it to a bookseller; and Goldsmith might have died in jail if the doctor had not got him a hundred pounds for it, when poor Goldsmith did not know it was worth a shilling. When we recollect this, we must forgive the doctor for calling him, in jest, an inspired idiot."

Scotchman. "Especially as Goldsmith has wit enough to bear him up against a thousand such jests."

Englishman. "It is curious to observe how nearly wit and absurdity are allied. We may forgive the genius of Ireland if he sometimes

'Leap his light courser o'er the bounds of taste.'

Even English genius is not always to be restrained within the strict limits of common sense. For instance, Young is witty when he says,

'How would a miser startle to be told
Of such a wonder as insolvent gold.'

But Johnson is, I am afraid, absurd when he says,

'Turn from the glittering bribe your scornful eye,
Nor sell for gold what gold can never buy.'"

"One case, to be sure, must be excepted," said the Irishman; "a patriot may sell his reputation, and the purchaser get nothing by it. But, gentlemen, I have just recollected an example of an Irish bull in which are all the happy requisites, incongruity, confusion, and laughable confusion, both in thought and expression. When Sir Richard Steele was asked how it happened that his countrymen made so many bulls, he replied, 'It is the effect of climate, sir; if an Englishman were born in Ireland, he would make as many.'"

Scotchman. "This is an excellent bull, I allow; but I think I can match it."

Englishman. "And if he can, you will allow yourself to be fairly vanquished?"

Irishman. "Most *willingly*."

Scotchman. "Then I shall owe my victory to our friend Dr. Johnson, the leviathan of English literature. In his celebrated preface to Shakspeare he says, that 'he has not only shown human nature as it acts in real

exigences, but as it *would be found in situations to which it cannot be exposed.*' These are his own words; I think I remember them accurately."

The English gentleman smiled, and our Hibernian acknowledged that the Scotchman had fairly gained the victory. "My friends," added he, "as I cannot pretend to be 'convinced against my will,' I certainly am not 'of the same opinion still.' But stay—there are such things as practical bulls: did you never hear of the Irishman who ordered a painter to draw his picture, and to represent him standing behind a tree?"

Englishman. "No: but I have heard the very same story told of an Englishman. The dealers in *good jokes* give them first to one nation and then to another, first to one celebrated character and then to another, as it suits the demand and fashion of the day: just as our print-sellers, with a few touches, change the portrait of General Washington into the head of the King of France, and a capital print of Sir Joshua Reynolds into a striking likeness of *the Monster.*

"But I can give you an instance of a practical bull that is not only indisputably English, but was made by one of the greatest men that England ever produced, Sir Isaac Newton, who, after he had made a large hole in his study-door for his cat to creep through, made a small hole beside it for the kitten. You will acknowledge, sir, that this is a good practical bull."

"Pardon me," said the Hibernian, "we have still some miles farther to go, and if you will give me leave, I will relate 'an Hibernian tale,' which exemplifies some of the opinions held in this conversation."

The Scotch and English gentlemen begged to hear the story, and he began in the following manner.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE IRISH INCOGNITO.

Sir John Bull was a native of Ireland, *bred* and *born* in the city of Cork. His real name was Phelim O'Mooney, and he was by profession a *stocah*, or walking gen-

tleman; that is, a person who is too proud to earn his bread, and too poor to have bread without earning it. He had always been told that none of his ancestors had ever been in trade or business of any kind, and he resolved, when a boy, never to *demean* himself and family, as his elder brother had done, by becoming a rich merchant. When he grew up to be a young man he kept this spirited resolution as long as he had a relation or friend in the world who would let him hang upon them; but when he was shaken off by all, what could he do but go into business? He chose the most genteel, however; he became a wine merchant. "I'm *only* a wine merchant," said he to himself, "and that is next door to being nothing at all." His brother furnished his cellars; and Mr. Phelim O'Mooney, upon the strength of the wine that he had in his cellars, and of the money he expected to make of it, immediately married a wife, set up a gig, and gave excellent dinners to men who were ten times richer than he even ever *expected* to be. In return for these excellent dinners, his new friends bought all their wine from Mr. O'Mooney, and never paid for it; he lived upon credit himself, and gave all his friends credit, till he became a bankrupt. Then nobody came to dine with him, and everybody found out that he had been very imprudent; and he was obliged to sell his gig, but not before it had broken his wife's neck; so that when accounts came to be finally settled, he was not much worse than when he began the world, the loss falling upon his creditors, and he being, as he observed, free to begin life again, with the advantage of being once more a bachelor. He was such a good-natured, free-hearted fellow, that everybody liked him, even his creditors. His wife's relations made up the sum of five hundred pounds for him, and his brother offered to take him into his firm as partner; but O'Mooney preferred, he said, going to try, or rather to make, his fortune in England, as he did not doubt but he should by marriage, being, as he did not scruple to acknowledge, a personable, clever-looking man, and a great favourite with the sex.

"My last wife I married for love; my next I expect will do the same by me, and of course the money must come on her side this time," said our hero, half jesting, half in earnest. His elder and wiser brother, the merchant, whom he still held in more than sufficient contempt, ventured to hint some slight objections to this

scheme of Phelim's seeking fortune in England. He observed that so many had gone upon this plan already, that there was rather a prejudice in England against Irish adventurers.

This could not affect *him* any way, Phelim replied, because he did not mean to appear in England as an Irishman at all.

"How then?"

"As an Englishman, since that is most agreeable."

"How can that be?"

"Who should hinder it?"

His brother, hesitatingly, said, "Yourself."

"Myself!—What part of myself? Is it my tongue? —You'll acknowledge, brother, that I do not speak with the brogue."

It was true that Phelim did not speak with any Irish brogue; his mother was an English woman, and he had lived much with English officers in Cork, and he had studied and imitated their manner of speaking so successfully, that no one merely by his accent could have guessed that he was an Irishman.

"Hey! brother, I say!" continued Phelim, in a triumphant English tone; "I never was taken for an Irishman in my life. Colonel Broadman told me the other day, I spoke English better than the English themselves; that he should take me for an Englishman, in any part of the known world, the moment I opened my lips. You must allow that not the smallest particle of brogue is discernible on my tongue."

His brother allowed that not the smallest particle of brogue was to be discerned upon Phelim's tongue, but feared that some Irish idiom might be perceived in his conversation. And then the name of O'Mooney!

"Oh, as to that, I need not trouble an act of parliament, or even a king's letter, just to change my name for a season; at the worst, I can travel and appear incognito."

"Always?"

"No: only just till I'm upon good terms with the lady—Mrs. Phelim O'Mooney, that is to be, God willing. Never fear, nor shake your head, brother; *you* men of business are out of this line, and not proper judges: I beg your pardon for saying so, but as you are my own brother, and nobody by, you'll excuse me."

His brother did excuse him, but continued silent for

some minutes; he was pondering upon the means of persuading Phelim to give up this scheme.

"I would lay you any wager, my dear Phelim," said he, "that you could not continue four days in England incognito."

"Done!" cried Phelim. "Done for a hundred pounds; done for a thousand pounds, and welcome."

"But if you lose, how will you pay?"

"Faith! that's the last thing I thought of, being sure of winning."

"Then you will not object to any mode of payment I shall propose?"

"None: only remembering always, that I was a bankrupt last week, and shall be little better till I'm married; but then I'll pay you honestly, if I lose."

"No, if you lose I must be paid before that time, my good sir," said his brother, laughing. "My bet is this:—I will lay you one hundred guineas that you do not remain four days in England incognito; be upon honour with me, and promise, that if you lose you will, instead of laying down a hundred guineas, come back immediately, and settle quietly again to business."

The word *business* was always odious to our hero's proud ears; but he thought himself so secure of winning his wager, that he willingly bound himself in a penalty which he believed would never become due; and his generous brother, at parting, made the bet still more favourable, by allowing that Phelim should not be deemed the loser unless he was, in the course of the first four days after he touched English ground, detected eight times in being an Irishman.

"Eight times!" cried Phelim. "Good-by to a hundred guineas, brother, you may say."

"You may say," echoed his brother, and so they parted.

Mr. Phelim O'Mooney the next morning sailed from Cork harbour with a prosperous gale, and with a confidence in his own success which supplied the place of auspicious omens. He embarked at Cork, to go by long sea to London, and was driven into Deal, where Julius Cæsar once landed before him, and with the same resolution to see and conquer. It was early in the morning; having been very sea-sick, he was impatient, as soon as he got into the inn, for his breakfast: he was shown into a room where three ladies were waiting to go by the

stage; his air of easy confidence was the best possible introduction.

"Would any of the company choose eggs?" said the waiter.

"I never touch an egg, for my share," said O'Mooney, carelessly; he knew that it was supposed to be an Irish custom to eat eggs at breakfast; and when the malicious waiter afterward set a plate full of eggs in salt upon the table, our hero magnanimously abstained from them; he even laughed heartily at a story told by one of the ladies of an Hibernian at Buxton, who declared that "no English hen ever laid a fresh egg."

O'Mooney got through breakfast much to his own satisfaction, and to that of the ladies, whom he had taken a proper occasion to call the *three graces*, and whom he had informed that he was an *old* baronet of an English family, and that his name was Sir John Bull. The youngest of the graces civilly observed, "That whatever else he might be, she should never have taken him for an *old* baronet." The lady who made this speech was pretty, but O'Mooney had penetration enough to discover in the course of the conversation that she and her companions were far from being divinities: his three graces were a green-grocer's wife, a tallow-chandler's widow, and a milliner. When he found that these ladies were likely to be his companions if he were to travel in the coach, he changed his plan, and ordered a postchaise and four.

O'Mooney was not in danger of making any vulgar Irish blunders in paying his bill at an inn. No landlord or waiter could have suspected him, especially as he always left them to settle the matter first, and then looked over the bill and money with a careless gentility, saying, "Very right," or, "Very well, sir;" wisely calculating, that it was better to lose a few shillings on the road than to lose a hundred pounds by the risk of Hibernian miscalculation.

While the chaise was getting ready, he went to the custom-house to look after his baggage. He found a red-hot countryman of his own there, roaring about four and fourpence, and fighting the battle of his trunks, in which he was ready to make affidavit there was not, nor never had been, any thing contraband; and when the custom-house officer replied by pulling out of one of them a piece of Irish poplin, the Hibernian fell imme-

diately upon the Union, which he swore was disunion, as the custom-house officers managed it. Sir John Bull appeared to much advantage all this time, maintaining a dignified silence; from his quiet appearance and deportment, the custom-house officer took it for granted that he was an Englishman. He was in no hurry; he begged *that* gentleman's business might be settled first; he would wait the officer's leisure, and as he spoke he played so dexterously with half a guinea between his fingers as to make it visible only where he wished. The custom-house officer was his humble servant immediately; but the Hibernian would have been his enemy, if he had not conciliated him by observing, "that even Englishmen must allow there was something very like a bull in professing to make a complete identification of the two kingdoms, while, at the same time, certain regulations continued in full force to divide the countries by art, even more than the British channel does by nature."

Sir John talked so plausibly, and, above all, so can didly and coolly, on Irish and English politics, that the custom-house officer conversed with him for a quarter of an hour without guessing of what country he was, till in an unlucky moment Phelim's heart got the better of his head. Joining in the praises bestowed by all parties on the conduct of a distinguished patriot of his country, he, in the height of his enthusiasm, inadvertently called him *the Speaker*.

"The *Speaker!*" said the officer.

"Yes, the Speaker—*our* Speaker!" cried Phelim, with exultation. He was not aware how he had betrayed himself, till the officer smiled and said—

"Sir, I really never should have found out that you were an Irishman but from the manner in which you named your countryman, who is as highly thought of by all parties in this country as in yours: your enthusiasm does honour to your heart."

"And to my head, I'm sure," said our hero, laughing with the best grace imaginable. "Well! I am glad you have found me out in this manner, though I lose the eighth part of a bet of a hundred guineas by it."

He explained the wager, and begged the custom-house officer to keep his secret, which he promised to do faithfully, and assured him, that "he should be happy to do any thing in his power to serve him." While he was

uttering these last words, there came in a snug but soft-looking Englishman, who, opining from the words "happy to do any thing in my power to serve you" that O'Mooney was a friend of the custom-house officer's, and encouraged by something affable and good-natured in our hero's countenance, crept up to him, and whispered a request—"Could you tell a body, sir, how to get out of the custom-house a very valuable box of Sèvre china that has been *laying* in the custom-house three weeks, and which I was commissioned to get out if I could, and bring up to town for a lady!"

As a lady was in the case, O'Mooney's gallantry instantly made his good-nature effective. The box of Sèvre china was produced, and opened only as a matter of form, and only as a matter of curiosity its contents were examined—a beautiful set of Sèvre china and a pendule, said to have belonged to M. Egalité! "These things must be intended," said Phelim, "for some lady of superior taste or fortune."

As Phelim was a proficient in the Socratic art of putting judicious interrogatories, he was soon happily master of the principal points it concerned him to know: he learned that the lady was rich—a spinster—of full age—at her own disposal—living with a single female companion at Blackheath—furnishing a house there in a superior style—had two carriages—her Christian name Mary—her surname Sharperson.

"O'Mooney, by the blessing of God, it shall soon be," thought Phelim. He politely offered the Englishman a place in his chaise for himself and Sèvre china, as it was for a lady, and would run great hazard in the stage, which besides was full. Mr. Queasy, for that was our soft Englishman's name, was astonished by our hero's condescension and affability, especially as he heard him called Sir John: he bowed sundry times as low as the fear of losing his wig would permit, and accepted the polite offer with many thanks for himself and the lady concerned.

Sir John Bull's chaise and four was soon ready; and Queasy seated in the corner of it, and the Sèvre china safely stowed between his knees. Captain Murray, a Scotch officer, was standing at the inn door, with his eyes intently fixed on the letters that were worked in nails on the top of Sir John's trunk; the letters were P. O'M. Our hero, whose eyes were at least as quick as

the Scotchman's, was alarmed lest this should lead to a second detection. He called instantly, with his usual presence of mind, to the hostler, and desired him to uncord *that* trunk, as it was not to go with him; raising his voice loud enough for all *the yard* to hear, he added, "It is not mine at all; it belongs to my friend Mr O'Mooney: let it be sent after me, at leisure, by the wagon, as directed, to the care of Sir John Bull."

Our hero was now giving his invention a prodigious quantity of superfluous trouble; and upon this occasion, as upon most others, he was more in danger from excess than deficiency of ingenuity: he was like the man in the fairy tale, who was obliged to tie his legs lest he should outrun the object of which he was in pursuit. The Scotch officer, though his eyes were fixed on the letters P..O'M., had none of the suspicions which Phelim was counteracting; he was only considering how he could ask for the third place in Sir John's chaise during the next stage, as he was in great haste to get to town upon particular business, and there were no other horses at the inn. When he heard that the heavy baggage was to go by the wagon, he took courage, and made his request. It was instantly granted by the good-natured Hibernian, who showed as much hospitality about his chaise as if it had been his house. Away they drove as fast as they could. Fresh dangers awaited him at the next inn. He left his hat upon the table in the hall while he went into the parlour, and when he returned, he heard some person inquiring what Irish gentleman was there. Our hero was terribly alarmed, for he saw that his hat was in the inquirer's hand, and he recollected that the name of Phelim O'Mooney was written in it. This the inquisitive gentleman did not see, for it was written in no very legible characters on the leather within-inside of the front; but "F. Guest, hatter, Dame-street, Dublin," was a printed advertisement that could not be mistaken, and *that* was pasted within the crown. O'Mooney's presence of mind did not forsake him upon this emergency.

"My good sir," said he, turning to Queasy, who without hearing one word of what was passing, was coming out of the parlour with his own hat and gloves in his hand—"my good sir," continued he, loading him with parcels, "will you have the goodness to see these put into my carriage? I'll take care of your hat and gloves,"

added O'Mooney, in a low voice. Queasy surrendered his hat and gloves instantly, unknowing wherefore; then squeezed forward with his load through the crowd, crying, "Waiter! hostler! pray, somebody put these into Sir John Bull's chaise."

Sir John Bull, equipped with Queasy's hat, marched deliberately through the defile, bowing with the air of at least an English county member to this side and to that, as way was made for him to his carriage. No one suspected that the hat did not belong to him; no one, indeed, thought of the hat, for all eyes were fixed upon the man. Seated in the carriage, he threw money to the waiter, hostler, and boots, and drew up the glass, bidding the postillions drive on. By this cool self-possession our hero effected his retreat with successful generalship, leaving his new Dublin beaver behind him, without regret, as bona waviata. Queasy, before whose eyes things passed continually without his seeing them, thanked Sir John for the care he had taken of his hat, drew on his gloves, and calculated aloud how long they should be going to the next stage. At the first town they passed through O'Mooney bought a new hat, and Queasy deplored the unaccountable mistake by which Sir John's hat had been forgotten. No further *mistakes* happened upon the journey. The travellers rattled on, and neither "stinted nor stayed" till they arrived at Blackheath, at Miss Sharperson's. Sir John sat Queasy down without having given him the least hint of his designs upon the lady; but as he helped him out with the Sèvre china, he looked through the large opening double doors of the hall, and slightly said, "Upon my word, this seems to be a handsome house: it would be worth looking at, if the family were not at home."

"I am morally sure, Sir John," said the soft Queasy, "that Miss Sharperson would be happy to let you see the house to-night, and this minute, if she knew you were at the door, and who you were, and all your civility about me and the china. Do, pray, walk in."

"Not for the world: a gentleman could not do such a thing without an invitation from the lady of the house herself."

"Oh, if that's all, I'll step up myself to the young lady; I'm certain she'll be proud—"

"Mr. Queasy, by no means; I would not have the

lady disturbed for the world at this unseasonable hour. It is too late—quite too late."

"Not at all, begging pardon, Sir John," said Queasy, taking out his watch: "only just tea-time by me. Not at all unseasonable for anybody; besides, the message is of my own head:—all, you know, if not well taken—"

Up the great staircase he made bold to go on his mission, as he thought, in defiance of Sir John's better judgment. He returned in a few minutes with a face of self-complacent exultation, *and* Miss Sharperson's compliments, and begs Sir John Bull will walk up and rest himself with a dish of tea, and has her thanks to him for the china.

Now Queasy, who had the highest possible opinion of Sir John Bull and Miss Sharperson, whom he thought the two people of the greatest consequence and affability, had formed the notion that they were made for each other, and that it must be a match if they could but meet. The meeting he had now happily contrived and effected; and he had done his part for his friend Sir John with Miss Sharperson, by as many exaggerations as he could utter in five minutes, concerning his perdigious politeness and courage, his fine person and carriage, his ancient family, and vast connexions and importance wherever he appeared on the road, at inns, and over all England. He had previously, during the journey, done his part for his friend Miss Sharperson with Sir John, by stating that "she had a large fortune left her by her mother, and was to have twice as much from her grandmother; that she had thousands upon thousands in the funds, and an estate of two thousand a year, called Rascàlly, in Scotland, besides plate and jewels without end."

Thus prepared, how could this lady and gentleman meet without falling desperately in love with each other!

Though a servant in handsome livery appeared ready to show Sir John up the great staircase, Mr. Queasy acted as a gentleman-usher, or rather as showman. He nodded to Sir John as they passed across a long gallery and through an antechamber, threw open the doors of various apartments as he went along, crying, "Peep in! peep in! peep in here! peep in there!—Is not this spacious? Is not this elegant? Is not that grand? Did I say too much?" continued he, rubbing his hands with

delight. "Did you ever see so magnificent and such highly polished steel grates out of Lon'on?"

Sir John, conscious that the servant's eyes were upon him, smiled at this question—"looked superior down;" and though with reluctant complaisance he leaned his body to this side or to that, as Queasy pulled or swayed, yet he appeared totally regardless of the man's vulgar reflections. He had seen every thing as he passed, and was surprised at all he saw; but he evinced not the slightest symptom of astonishment. He was now ushered into a spacious, well-lighted apartment: he entered with the easy, unembarrassed air of a man who was perfectly accustomed to such a home. His quick coup-d'œil took in the whole at a single glance. Two magnificent candelabras stood on Egyptian tables at the further end of the room, and the lights were reflected on all sides from mirrors of no common size. Nothing seemed worthy to attract our hero's attention but the lady of the house, whom he approached with an air of distinguished respect. She was reclining on a Turkish sofa, her companion seated beside her, tuning a harp. Miss Sharperson half-rose to receive Sir John: he paid his compliments with an easy, yet respectful air. He was thanked for his civilities to *the person* who had been commissioned to bring the box of Sèvre china from Deal.

"Vastly sorry it should have been so troublesome," Miss Sharperson said, in a voice fashionably unintelligible, and with a most becoming yet intimidating nonchalance of manner. Intimidating it might have been to any man but our hero; he, who had the happy talent of catching, wherever he went, the reigning manner of the place, replied to the lady in equal strains; and she, in her turn, seemed to look upon him more as her equal. Tea and coffee were served. *Nothings* were talked of quite easily by Sir John. He practised the art "not to admire," so as to give a justly high opinion of his taste, consequence, and knowledge of the world. Miss Sharperson, though her nonchalance was much diminished, continued to maintain a certain dignified reserve; while her companion, Miss Felicia Flat, condescended to ask Sir John, who had doubtless seen every fine house in England and on the Continent, his opinion with respect to the furniture and finishing of the room, the placing of the Egyptian tables and the candelabras.

No mortal could have guessed by Sir John Bull's air, when he heard this question, that he had never seen a candelabra before in his life. He was so much, and yet seemingly so little, upon his guard, he dealt so dexterously in generals, and evaded particulars so delicately, that he went through this dangerous conversation triumphantly. Careful not to protract his visit beyond the bounds of propriety, he soon rose to take leave, and he mingled "intrusion, regret, late hour, happiness, and honour," so charmingly in his parting compliment, as to leave the most favourable impression on the minds of both the ladies, and to procure himself an invitation to see the house next morning.

The first day was now ended, and our hero had been detected but once. He went to rest this night well satisfied with himself, but much more occupied with the hopes of marrying the heiress of Rascàlly than of winning a paltry bet.

The next day he waited upon the ladies in high spirits. Neither of them was *visible*, but Mr. Queasy had orders to show him the house, which he did with much exultation, dwelling particularly in his praises on the beautiful high polish of the steel grates. Queasy boasted that it was he who had recommended the ironmonger who furnished the house in that line; and that his bill, as he was proud to state, amounted to *many, many* hundreds. Sir John, who did not attend to one word Queasy said, went to examine the map of the Rascàlly estate, which was unrolled, and he had leisure to count the number of lords' and ladies' visiting tickets which lay upon the chimney-piece. He saw names of people of the first quality and respectability: it was plain that Miss Sharperson must be a lady of high family as well as large fortune, else she would not be visited by persons of such distinction. Our hero's passion for her increased every moment. Her companion, Miss Flat, now appeared, and entered very freely into conversation with Sir John; and as he perceived that she was commissioned to sit in judgment upon him, he evaded all her leading questions with the skill of an Irish witness, but without giving any Hibernian answers. She was fairly at a fault. Miss Sharperson at length appeared, elegantly dressed; her person was genteel, and her face rather pretty. Sir John, at this instant, thought her beautiful, or seemed to think so. The ladies interchanged looks, and after-

ward Sir John found a softness in his fair one's manner, a languishing tenderness in her eyes, in the tone of her voice, and at the same time a modest perplexity and reserve about her, which altogether persuaded him that he was quite right, and his brother quite wrong, *in fait d'amour*. Miss Flat appeared now to have the most self-possession of the three, and Miss Sharperson looked at her, from time to time, as if she asked leave to be in love. Sir John's visit lasted a full half-hour before he was sensible of having been five minutes engaged in this delightful conversation.

Miss Sharperson's coach now came to the door: he handed her into it, and she gave him a parting look which satisfied him all was yet safe in her heart. Miss Flat, as he handed her into the carriage, said, "Perhaps they should meet Sir John at Tunbridge, where they were going in a few days." She added some words, as she seated herself, which he scarcely noticed at the time, but they recurred afterward disagreeably to his memory. The words were, "I'm so glad we've a roomy coach, for of all things it annoys me to be *squeedged* in a carriage."

This word *squeedged*, as he had not been used to it in Ireland, sounded to him extremely vulgar, and gave him suspicions of the most painful nature. He had the precaution, before he left Blackheath, to go into several shops, and to inquire something more concerning his fair ladies. All he heard was much to their advantage; that is, much to the advantage of Miss Sharperson's fortune. All agreed that she was a rich Scotch heiress. A rich Scotch heiress, Sir John wisely considered, might have an humble companion who spoke bad English. He concluded that *squeedged* was Scotch, blamed himself for his suspicions, and was more in love with his mistress and with himself than ever. As he returned to town, he framed the outline of a triumphant letter to his brother on his approaching marriage. The bet was a matter at present totally beneath his consideration. However, we must do him the justice to say, that like a man of honour, he resolved that, as soon as he had won the lady's heart, he would *candidly* tell her his circumstances, and then leave her the choice either to marry him or break her heart, as she pleased. Just as he had formed this generous resolution, at a sudden turn of the road he overtook Miss Sharperson's coach:

he bowed, and looked in as he passed, when, to his astonishment, he saw, *squeedged* up in the corner by Miss Felicia, Mr. Queasy. He thought that this was a blunder in etiquette that would never have been made in Ireland. Perhaps his mistress was of the same opinion, for she hastily pulled down the blind as Sir John passed. A cold qualm came over the lover's heart. He lost no time in idle doubts and suspicions, but galloped on to town as fast as he could, and went immediately to call upon the Scotch officer with whom he had travelled, and whom he knew to be keen and prudent. He recollected the map of the Rascàlly estate, which he saw in Miss Sharperson's breakfast-room, and he remembered that the lands were said to lie in that part of Scotland from which Captain Murray came: from him he resolved to inquire into the state of the premises, before he should offer himself as tenant for life. Captain Murray assured him that there was no such place as Rascàlly in that part of Scotland; that he had never heard of any such person as Miss Sharperson, though he was acquainted with every family and every estate in the neighbourhood where she fabled hers to be. O'Mooney drew, from memory, the map of the Rascàlly estate. Captain Murray examined the boundaries, and assured him that his cousin's (the general's) lands joined his own at the very spot which he described, and that unless two straight lines could enclose a space, the Rascàlly estate could not be found.

Sir John, naturally of a warm temper, proceeded, however, with prudence. The Scotch officer admired his sagacity in detecting this adventure. Sir John waited at his hotel for Queasy, who had promised to call to let him know when the ladies would go to Tunbridge. Queasy came. Nothing could equal his astonishment and dismay when he was told the news.

"No such place as the Rascàlly estate! Then I'm an undone man! an undone man!" cried poor Queasy, bursting into tears: "but I'm certain it's impossible; and you'll find, Sir John, you've been misinformed. I would stake my life upon it, Miss Sharperson's a rich heiress, and has a rich grandmother. Why, she's five hundred pounds in my debt, and I know of her being thousands and thousands in the books of as good men as myself, to whom I've recommended her, which I wouldn't have done for my life if I had not known her

to be solid. You'll find she'll prove a rich heiress, Sir John."

Sir John hoped so, but the proofs were not yet satisfactory. Queasy determined to inquire about her payments to certain creditors at Blackheath, and promised to give a decisive answer in the morning. O'Mooney saw that this man was too great a fool to be a knave; his perturbation was evidently the perturbation of a dupe, not of an accomplice: Queasy was made to "be an anvil, not a hammer." In the midst of his own disappointment, our good-natured Hibernian really pitied this poor currier.

The next morning Sir John went early to Blackheath. All was confusion at Miss Sharperson's house; the steps covered with grates and furniture of all sorts; porters carrying out looking-glasses, Egyptian tables, and candelabras; the noise of workmen was heard in every apartment; and louder than all the rest, O'Mooney heard the curses that were denounced against his rich heiress—curses such as are bestowed on a swindler in the moment of detection by the tradesmen whom she has ruined.

Our hero, who was of a most happy temper, congratulated himself upon having, by his own wit and prudence, escaped making the practical bull of marrying a female swindler.

Now that Phelim's immediate hopes of marrying a rich heiress were over, his bet with his brother appeared to him of more consequence, and he rejoiced in the reflection that this was the third day he had spent in England, and that he had but once been detected.—The ides of March were come, but not passed!

"My lads," said he to the workmen who were busy in carrying out the furniture from Miss Sharperson's house, "all hands are at work, I see, in saving what they can from the wreck of *the Sharperson*. She was as well-fitted out a vessel, and in as gallant trim, as any ship upon the face of the earth."

"Ship upon the face of the *yearth!*" repeated an English porter with a sneer; "ship upon the face of the water, you should say, master; but I take it you be's an Irishman."

O'Mooney had reason to be particularly vexed at being detected by this man, who spoke a miserable jargon, and who seemed not to have a very extensive range

of ideas. He was one of those half-witted geniuses who catch at the shadow of an Irish bull. In fact, Phelim had merely made a lapsus linguæ, and had used an expression justifiable by the authority of the elegant and witty Lord Chesterfield, who said—no, who *wrote*—that the English navy is the finest navy *upon the face of the earth!* But it was in vain for our hero to argue the point; he was detected—no matter how or by whom. But this was only his second detection, and three of his four days of probation were past.

He dined this day at Captain Murray's. In the room in which they dined there was a picture of the captain, painted by Romney. Sir John, who happened to be seated opposite to it, observed that it was a very fine picture; the more he looked at it the more he liked it. His admiration was at last unluckily expressed: he said, "That's an incomparable, an inimitable picture; it is absolutely *more like than the original.*"*

A keen Scotch lady in company smiled, and repeated, "*More like than the original!* Sir John, if I had not been told by my relative here that you were an Englishman, I should have set you *doon*, from that speech, for an Irishman."

This unexpected detection brought the colour for a moment into Sir John's face; but immediately recovering his presence of mind, he said, "That was, I acknowledge, an excellent Irish bull; but in the course of my travels I have heard as good English bulls as Irish."

To this Captain Murray politely acceded, and he produced some laughable instances in support of the assertion, which gave the conversation a new turn.

O'Mooney felt extremely obliged to the captain for this, especially as he saw by his countenance that he also had suspicions of the truth. The first moment he found himself alone with Murray, our hero said to him, "Murray, you are too good a fellow to impose upon, even in jest. Your keen countrywoman guessed the truth—I am an Irishman, but not a swindler. You shall hear why I conceal my country and name; only keep my secret till to-morrow night, or I shall lose a hundred guineas by my frankness."

O'Mooney then explained to him the nature of his bet. "This is only my third detection, and half of it volun-

* This bull was really made.

tary, I might say, if I chose to higgle, which I scorn to do."

Captain Murray was so much pleased by this openness, that as he shook hands with O'Mooney, he said, "Give me leave to tell you, sir, that even if you should lose your bet by this frank behaviour, you will have gained a better thing—a friend."

In the evening our hero went with his friend and a party of gentlemen to Maidenhead, near which place a battle was to be fought next day between two famous pugilists, Bourke and Belcher. At the appointed time the combatants appeared upon the stage; the whole boxing corps and the gentlemen *amateurs* crowded to behold the spectacle. Phelim O'Mooney's heart beat for the Irish champion Bourke; but he kept a guard upon his tongue, and had even the forbearance not to bet upon his countryman's head. How many rounds were fought, and how many minutes the fight lasted, how many blows were *put in* on each side, or which was the *game man* of the two, we forbear to decide or relate, as all this has been settled in the newspapers of the day; where also it was remarked, that Bourke, who lost the battle, "was put into a postchaise, and left *standing* half an hour, while another fight took place. This was very scandalous on the part of his friends," says the humane newspaper historian, "as the poor man might possibly be dying."

Our hero O'Mooney's heart again got the better of his head. Forgetful of his bet, forgetful of every thing but humanity, he made his way up to the chaise where Bourke was left. "How are you, my gay fellow?" said he. "Can you *see at all with the eye that's knocked out?*"

The brutal populace, who overheard this question, set up a roar of laughter: "A bull! a bull! an Irish bull! Did you hear the question this Irish gentleman asked his countryman?"

O'Mooney was detected a fourth time, and this time he was not ashamed. There was one man in the crowd who did not join in the laugh: a poor Irishman, of the name of Terence M'Dermod. He had in former times gone out a grousing, near Cork, with our hero; and the moment he heard his voice, he sprang forward, and with uncouth but honest demonstrations of joy exclaimed, "Ah, my dear master! my dear young master! Phelim O'Mooney, Esq. And I have found your honour alive again? By the blessing of God above, I'll never part

you now till I die; and I'll go to the world's end to sarve *yees*."

O'Mooney wished him at the world's end this instant, yet could not prevail upon himself to check this affectionate follower of the O'Mooneys. He, however, put half a crown into his hand, and hinted that if he wished really to serve him, it must be at some other time. The poor fellow threw down the money, saying he would never leave him. "Bid me do any thing, barring that. No, you shall never part me. Do what you plase with me, still I'll be close to your heart, like your own shadow: knock me down if you will, and welcome, ten times a day, and I'll be up again like a ninepin: only let me sarve your honour; I'll ask no wages, nor take none."

There was no withstanding all this; and whether our hero's good-nature deceived him we shall not determine, but he thought it most prudent, as he could not get rid of Terence, to take him into his service, to let him into his secret, and to make him swear that he would never utter the name of Phelim O'Mooney during the remainder of this day. Terence heard the secret of the bet with joy, entered into the jest with all the readiness of an Irishman, and with equal joy and readiness swore by the hind leg of the holy lamb that he would never mention, even to his own dog, the name of Phelim O'Mooney, Esq., good or bad, till past twelve o'clock; and further, that he would, till the clock should strike that hour, call his master Sir John Bull, and nothing else, to all men, women, and children upon the floor of God's creation.

Satisfied with the fulness of this oath, O'Mooney resolved to return to town with his man Terence M'Dermod. He, however, contrived, before he got there, to make a practical bull, by which he was detected a fifth time. He got into the coach which was driving *from* London instead of that which was driving *to* London, and he would have been carried rapidly to Oxford, had not his man Terence, after they had proceeded a mile and a half on the wrong road, put his head down from the top of the coach, crying, as he looked in at the window, "Master, Sir John Bull, are you there? Do you know we're in the wrong box, going to Oxford?"

"Your master's an Irishman, dare to say, as well as yourself," said the coachman, as he let Sir John out. He walked back to Maidenhead, and took a chaise to town.

It was six o'clock when he got to London, and he went into a coffee-house to dine. He sat down beside a gentleman who was reading the newspaper. "Any news to-day, sir?"

The gentleman told him the news of the day, and then began to read aloud some paragraphs in a strong Hibernian accent. Our hero was sorry that he had met with another countryman; but he resolved to set a guard upon his lips, and he knew that his own accent could not betray him. The stranger read on till he came to a trial about a legacy which an old woman had left to her cats. O'Mooney exclaimed, "I hate cats almost as much as old women; and if I had been the English minister, I would have laid the *dog-tax* upon cats."

"If you had been the *Irish* minister, you mean," said the stranger, smiling; "for I perceive now you are a countryman of my own."

"How can you think so, sir?" said O'Mooney: "you have no reason to suppose so from my accent, I believe."

"None in life—quite the contrary; for you speak remarkable pure English—not the least note or half-note of the brogue; but there's another sort of freemason sign by which we Hibernians know one another and are known all over the globe. Whether to call it a confusion of expressions or of ideas I can't tell. Now an Englishman, if he had been saying what you did, sir, just now, would have taken time to separate the dog and the tax, and he would have put the tax upon cats, and let the dogs go about their business." Our hero, with his usual good-humour, acknowledged himself to be fairly detected.

"Well, sir," said the stranger, "if I had not found you out before by the blunder, I should be sure now you were my countryman by your good-humour. An Irishman can take what's said to him, provided no affront's meant, with more good-humour than any man on earth."

"Ay, that he can," cried O'Mooney: "he lends himself, like the whale, to be tickled even by the fellow with the harpoon, till he finds what he is about, and then he pays away, and pitches the fellow, boat and all, to the devil. Ah, countryman! you would give me credit indeed for my good-humour if you knew what danger you have put me in by detecting me for an Irishman. I have been found out six times, and if I blunder twice more before twelve o'clock this night, I shall lose a hundred guineas by it: but I will make sure of my bet; for I will

go home straight this minute, lock myself up in my room, and not say a word to any mortal till the watchman cries 'past twelve o'clock;' then the fast and long lent of my tongue will be fairly over; and if you'll meet me, my dear friend, at the King's Arms, we will have a good supper and keep Easter for ever."

Phelim, pursuant to his resolution, returned to his hotel, and shut himself up in his room, where he remained in perfect silence and consequent safety till about nine o'clock. Suddenly he heard a great huzzaing in the street; he looked out of the window, and saw that all the houses in the street were illuminated. His landlady came bustling into his apartment, followed by waiters with candles. His spirits instantly rose, though he did not clearly know the cause of the rejoicings. "I give you joy, ma'am. What are you all illuminating for?" said he to his landlady.

"Thank you, sir, with all my heart. I am not sure. It is either for a great victory or the peace. Bob—waiter—step out and inquire for the gentleman."

The gentleman preferred stepping out to inquire for himself. The illuminations were in honour of the peace. He totally forgot his bet, his silence, and his prudence, in his sympathy with the general joy. He walked rapidly from street to street, admiring the various elegant devices. A crowd was standing before the windows of a house that was illuminated with extraordinary splendour. He inquired whose it was, and was informed that it belonged to a contractor who had made an immense fortune by the war.

"Then I'm sure these illuminations of his for the peace are none of the most sincere," said O'Mooney. The mob were of his opinion; and Phelim, who was now, alas! worked up to the proper pitch for blundering, added, by way of pleasing his audience still more, "If this contractor had *illuminated* in character, it should have been with *dark lanterns*."

"Should it? by Jasus! that would be an Irish illumination," cried some one. "Arrah, honey! you're an Irishman, whoever you are, and have spoke your mind in character."

Sir John Bull was vexed that the piece of wit which he had aimed at the contractor had recoiled upon himself. "It is always, as my countryman observed, by having too much wit that I blunder. The deuse take me

if I sport a single bon mot more this night. This is only my seventh detection, I have an eighth blunder still *to the good;* and if I can but keep my wit to myself till I am out of purgatory, then I shall be in heaven, and may sing Io triumphe in spite of my brother."

Fortunately, Phelim had not made it any part of his bet that he should not speak to himself an Irish idiom, or that he should not *think* a bull. Resolved to be as obstinately silent as a monk of La Trappe, he once more shut himself up in his cell, and fell fast asleep—dreamed that fat bulls of Basan encompassed him round about—that he ran down a steep hill to escape them—that his foot slipped—he rolled to the bottom—felt the bull's horns in his side—heard the bull bellowing in his ears—wakened—and found Terence M'Dermod bellowing at his room door.

"Sir John Bull! Sir John Bull! murder! murder! my dear master, Sir John Bull! murder, robbery, and reward! let me in! for the love of the Holy Virgin! they are all after you!"

"Who? are you drunk, Terence?" said Sir John, opening the door.

"No, but they are mad—all mad."

"Who?"

"The constable. They are all mad entirely, and the lord mayor, all along with your honour's making me swear I would not tell your name. Sure they are all coming armed in a body to put you in jail for a forgery, unless I run back and tell them the truth—will I?"

"First tell me the truth, blunderer!"

"I'll make my affidavit I never blundered, plase your honour, but just went to the merchant's, as you ordered, with the draught, signed with the name I swore not to utter till past twelve. I presents the draught, and waits to be paid. 'Are you Mr. O'Mooney's servant?' says one of the clerks, after a while. 'No, sir, not at all, sir,' said I; 'I'm Sir John Bull's, at your service.' He puzzles and puzzles, and asks me did I bring the draught, and was that your writing at the bottom of it? I still said it was my master's writing, *Sir John Bull's*, and no other. They whispered from one up to t'other, and then said it was a forgery, as I overheard, and must go before the mayor. With that, while the master, who was called down to be examined as to his opinion, was putting on his glasses to spell it out, I gives them, one and all, the

slip, and whips out of the street-door and home to give your honour notice, and have been breaking my heart at the door this half-hour to make you hear—and now you have it all."

"I am in a worse dilemma now than when between the horns of the bull," thought Sir John: "I must now either tell my real name, avow myself an Irishman, and so lose my bet, or else go to jail."

He preferred going to jail. He resolved to pretend to be dumb, and he charged Terence not to betray him. The officers of justice came to take him up: Sir John resigned himself to them, making signs that he could not speak. He was carried before a magistrate. The merchant had never seen Mr. Phelim O'Mooney, but could swear to his handwriting and signature, having many of his letters and draughts. The draught in question was produced. Sir John Bull would neither acknowledge nor deny the signature, but in dumb show made signs of innocence. No art or persuasion could make him speak; he kept his fingers on his lips. One of the bailiffs offered to open Sir John's mouth. Sir John clenched his hand, in token that if they used violence he knew his remedy. To the magistrate he was all bows and respect: but the law, in spite of civility, must take its course.

Terence M'Dermod beat his breast, and called upon all the saints in the Irish calendar when he saw the committal actually made out, and his dear master given over to the constables. Nothing but his own oath and his master's commanding eye, which was fixed upon him at this instant, could have made him forbear to utter—what he had never in his life been before so strongly tempted to tell—the truth.

Determined to win his wager, our hero suffered himself to be carried to a lock-up house, and persisted in keeping silence till the clock struck twelve! Then the charm was broken, and he spoke. He began talking to himself, and singing as loud as he possibly could. The next morning Terence, who was no longer bound by his oath to conceal Phelim's name, hastened to his master's correspondent in town, told the whole story, and O'Mooney was liberated. Having won his bet by his wit and steadiness, he had now the prudence to give up these adventuring schemes, to which he had so nearly become a dupe; he returned immediately to Ireland to his brother, and determined to settle quietly to business

His good brother paid him the hundred guineas most joyfully, declaring that he had never spent a hundred guineas better in his life than in recovering a brother. Phelim had now conquered his foolish dislike to trade: his brother took him into partnership, and Phelim O'Mooney never relapsed into Sir John Bull.

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CONCLUSION.

Unable any longer to support the tone of irony, we joyfully speak in our own characters, and explicitly declare our opinion, that the Irish are an ingenious, generous people; that the bulls and blunders of which they are accused are often imputable to their neighbours, or that they are justifiable by ancient precedents, or that they are produced by their habits of using figurative and witty language. By what their good-humour is produced we know not; but that it exists we are certain. In Ireland, the countenance and heart expand at the approach of wit and humour: the poorest labourer forgets his poverty and toil in the pleasure of enjoying a joke. Among all classes of the people, provided no malice is obviously meant, none is apprehended. That such is the character of the majority of the nation there cannot *to us* be a more convincing and satisfactory proof than the manner in which a late publication* was received in Ireland. The Irish were the first to laugh at the caricatura of their ancient foibles, and it was generally taken merely as good-humoured raillery, not as insulting satire. If gratitude for this generosity has now betrayed us unawares into the language of panegyric, we may hope for pardon from the liberal of both nations. Those who are thoroughly acquainted with Ireland will most readily acknowledge the justice of our praises; those who are ignorant of the country will not, perhaps, be displeased to have their knowledge of the people of Ireland extended. Many foreign pictures of Irishmen are as grotesque and absurd as the Chinese pictures of lions: having never seen that animal, the Chinese can paint him

* Castle Rackrent.

only from the descriptions of voyagers, which are sometimes ignorantly, sometimes wantonly, exaggerated.

In M. de Voltaire's Age of Lewis the Fourteenth we find the following passage:—"Some nations seem made to be subject to others. The English have always had over the Irish the superiority of genius, wealth, and arms. The *superiority which the whites have over the negroes.*"*

A note in a subsequent edition informs us, that the injurious expression—"*The superiority which the whites have over the negroes,*" was erased by M. de Voltaire; and his editor subjoins his own opinion. "The nearly savage state in which Ireland was when she was conquered, her superstition, the oppression exercised by the English, the religious fanaticism which divides the Irish into two hostile nations, such were the causes which have held down this people in depression and weakness. Religious hatreds are appeased, and this country has recovered her liberty. The Irish no longer yield to the English, either in industry or in information."†

The last sentence of this note might, if it had reached the eyes or ears of the incensed Irish historian, Mr. O'Halloran, have assuaged his wrath against Voltaire for the unguarded expression in the text; unless the amor patriæ of the historian, like the amour propre of some individuals, instead of being gratified by congratulations on their improvement, should be intent upon demonstrating that there never was any thing to improve. As we were neither *born nor bred* in Ireland, we cannot be supposed to possess this amor patriæ in its full force: we profess to be attached to the country only for its merits; we acknowledge that it is a matter of indifference to us whether the Irish derive their origin from the Spaniards, or the Milesians, or the Welsh: we are not so violently anxious as we ought to be to determine whether or not the language spoken by the Phenician

* "Il y a des nations don't l'une semble faite pour être soumise à l'autre. Les Anglois ont toujours eu sur les Irlandois la supériorité du génie, des richesses, et des armes. *La supériorité que les blancs ont sur les noirs.*"

† "On lisait dans les premières éditions, *la supériorité que les blancs ont sur les nègres.* M. de Voltaire effaça cette expression injurieuse. L'état presque sauvage ou étoit l'Irlande lorsqu'elle fût conquise, la superstition, l'oppression exercée par les Anglois, le fanatisme religieux qui divise les Irlandois en deux nations ennemies, telles sont les causes qui ont retenues ce peuple dans l'abaissement et dans foiblesse. Les haines religieuses se sont assoupies, et elle a repris sa liberté. *Les Irlandois ne le cédent plus aux Anglois ni en industrie ni en lumières.*"

slave, in Terence's play, was Irish; nay, we should not break our hearts if it could never be satisfactorily proved that Albion is only another name for Ireland.* We moreover candidly confess that we are more interested in the fate of the present race of its inhabitants than in the historian of St. Patrick, St. Facharis, St. Cormuc; the renowned Brien Boru; Tireldach, king of Connaught; M'Murrough, king of Leinster; Diarmod; Righ-Damnha; Labra-Loing-seach; Tighermas; Ollamh-Foldha; the M'Giolla-Phadraigs; or even the great William of Ogham; and by this declaration we have no fear of giving offence to any but rusty antiquaries. We think it somewhat more to the honour of Ireland to enumerate the names of some of the men of genius whom she has produced: Milton and Shakspeare stand unrivalled; but Ireland can boast of Usher, Boyle, Denham, Congreve, Molyneux, Farquhar, Sir Richard Steele, Bickerstaff, Sir Hans Sloane, Berkeley, Orrery, Parnel, Swift, T. Sheridan, Welsham, Bryan, Robinson, Goldsmith, Sterne, Johnson,† Tickel, Brooke, Zeland, Hussey Burgh, three Hamiltons, Young, Charlemont, Macklin, Murphy, Mrs. Sheridan,‡ Francis Sheridan, Kirwan, Brinsley Sheridan, and Burke.

We enter into no invidious comparisons: it is our sincere wish to conciliate both countries; and if in this slight essay we should succeed in diffusing a more just and enlarged idea of the Irish than has been generally entertained, we hope the English will deem it not an unacceptable service. Whatever might have been the policy of the English nation towards Ireland while she was a separate kingdom, since the union it can no longer be her wish to depreciate the talents or ridicule the language of Hibernians. One of the czars of Russia used to take the cap and bells from his fool, and place it on the head of any of his subjects whom he wished to disgrace. The idea of extending such a punishment to a whole nation was ingenious and magnanimous; but England cannot now put it into execution towards Ireland. Would it not be a practical bull to place the bells upon her own imperial head?

* See O'Halloran's History of Ireland.
† Author of Chrysal, or Adventures of a Guinea.
‡ Author of the beautiful moral tale Nourjahad.

APPENDIX.

The following collection of Foreign Bulls was given us by a man of letters, who is now father of the French Academy.

RECUEIL DE BETISES.

Toutes les nations ont des contes plaisans de bêtises échappées non seulement à des personnes vraiment bêtes, mais aux distractions de gens qui ne sont pas sans esprit. Les Italiens ont leurs *spropositi*, leur arlequin ses balourdises, les Anglois leurs *blunders*, les Irlandois leurs *bulls*.

Mademoiselle Maria Edgeworth ayant fait un recueil de ces derniers, je prends la liberté de lui offrir un petit recueil de nos bêtises qui méritent le nom qu'elles portent aussi bien que les *Irish bulls*. J'ai fait autrefois une dissertation où je recherchois quelle étoit la cause du rire qu'excitent les bêtises, et dans laquelle j'appuyois mon explication de beaucoup d'exemples et peut-être même du mien sans m'en appercevoir; mais la femme d'esprit à qui j'ai adressé cette folie l'a perdue, et je n'ai pas pu la recouvrer.

Je me souviens seulement que j'y prouvois *savamment* que le rire excité par les bêtises est l'effet du contraste que nous saisissons entre l'effort que fait l'homme qui dit la bêtise, et le mauvais succès de son effort. J'assimilois la marche de l'esprit dans celui qui dit une bêtise, à ce qui arrive à un homme qui cherchant à marcher légèrement sur un pavé glissant, tombe lourdement, ou aux tours mal-adroit du paillasse de la foire. Si l'on veut examiner les bêtises rassemblées ici, on y trouvera toujours un effort manqué de ce genre.

Un homme, dont la femme avoit été saignée, interrogé le lendemain pourquoi elle ne paroissoit pas à table, répondit:—Elle garde la chambre: Morand l'a saignée hier, et une saignée affoiblit beaucoup quand elle est faite par un habile homme.

M. de Baville, intendant de Languedoc, avoit un secrétaire fort bête: il se servoit un jour de lui pour écrire au ministre sur des affaires très importantes et dicta ces mots: "Ne soyez point surpris de ce que je me sers

d'une main étrangère pour vous écrire sur cet objet. Mon secrétaire est si bête qu'à ce moment même il ne s'apperçoit pas que je vous parle de lui."

On demandoit à un abbé de Laval Montmorency quel âge avoit son frère le maréchal dont il étoit l'aîné. "Dans deux ans," dit-il, "nous serons du même âge."

On se préparoit à observer une éclipse, et le roi devoit assister à l'observation. M. de Jonville disoit à M. Cassini—"N'attendra-t-on pas le roi pour commencer l'eclipse?"

Une femme du peuple qui avoit une petite fille malade avec le transport au cerveau, disoit au médecin, "Ah, monsieur, si vous l'aviez entendu cette nuit elle a déraisonnée comme une grande personne."

Un homme avoit parié 25 louis qu'il traverseroit le grand bassin des Thuileries par un froid très rigoureux; il alla jusqu'au milieu, renonça à son entreprise, et revint par le même chemin en disant, "J'aime mieux perdre vingt-cinq louis que d'avoir une fluxion de poitrine."

Un homme voyoit venir de loin un médecin de sa connoissance qui l'avoit traité plusieurs années auparavant dans une maladie; il se détourna, et cacha son visage pour n'être pas reconnu. On lui demandoit "Pourquoi." —"C'est," dit-il, "que je suis honteux devant lui de ce qu'il y a fort long tems que je n'ai été malade."

On demande à un homme qui vouloit vendre un cheval, "Votre cheval est-il peureux?"—"Oh, point du tout," répond-il, "il vient de passer plusieurs nuits tout seul dans son écurie."

Dans une querelle entre un père et son fils, le père reprochoit à celui-ci son ingratitude. "Je ne vous ai point d'obligations," disoit le fils; "vous m'avez fait beaucoup de tort; si vous n'étiez point né, je serois à present l'héritier de mon grand-père."

Un avare faisant son testament, se fit lui-même son héritier.

Un homme voyoit un bateau si chargé que les bords en étoient à fleur d'eau: "Ma foi," dit-il, "si la rivière étoit un peu plus haute le bateau iroit à fond."

M. Hume, dans son histoire d'Angleterre, parlant de la conspiration attribuée aux Catholiques en 1678 sous Charles II. rapporte le mot d'un chevalier Player qui félicitoit la ville des précautions qu'elle avoit prises—"Et sans lesquelles," disoit-il, "tous les citoyens au-

roient couru risque de se trouver égorgés le lendemain à leur réveil."

Le maire d'une petite ville, entendant une querelle dans la rue au milieu de la nuit, se lève du lit, et ouvrant la fênetre crie aux passans, "Messieurs, me leverai-je?"

Un sot faisoit compliment à une demoiselle dont la mère venoit de se marier en secondes noces avec un ancien ami de la maison—"Mademoiselle," lui dit-il, "je suis ravi de ce que monsieur votre père vient d'épouser madame votre mère."

Racine, qui avoit été tout sa vie courtisan très attentif, étoit enterré à Port Royal des champs dont les solitaires s'étoient attirés l'indignation de Louis XIV. M. de Boissy, célèbre par ses distractions, disoit, "Racine n'auroit pas fait cela de son vivant."

On racontait dans une conversation que monsieur de Buffon avoit disséqué une de ses cousines, et une femme se récrioit sur l'inhumanité de l'anatomiste. M. de Mairan lui dit, "Mais, madame, elle étoit morte."

On parloit avec admiration de la belle vieillesse d'un homme de quatre vingt dix ans, quelqu'un dit—"Cela vous étonne, messieurs; si mon père n'étoit pas mort, il auroit à présent cent ans accomplis."

Mouet, de l'opera comique, conte qu'arrivant de Lyon, et ne voulant pas qu'on sut qu'il étoit à Paris, il recommanda à son laquais, supposé qu'il fut rencontré, de dire qu'il étoit à Lyon. Le laquais trouve un ami de son maître, qui lui en demande des nouvelles. "Il est à Lyon," dit-il, "et il ne sera de retour que la semaine prochaine."—"Mais," continue le questionneur, "que portez vous là?"—"Ce sont quelques provisions qu'il m'a envoyé chercher pour son dîner."

Un homme examinoit un dessin représentant la coupe d'un vaisseau construit en Hollande; quelqu'un lui dit, "Est-ce que monsieur entend le Hollandois."

Un homme de loi disoit qu'on ne pouvoit pas faire une stipulation valable avec un muet. Un des écoutans lui dit, "Monsieur le docteur, et avec un boiteux, seroit-elle bonne?"

Un homme se plaignoit que la maison de son voison lui ôtoit la vue d'une de ses fenêtres; un autre lui dit, "Vous avez un remède; faites murer cette fenêtre."

Un homme ayant écrit à sa maitresse, avoit glissé le billet sous la porte, et puis s'avisant que la fille ne pourroit pas s'en appercevoir il en écrivit un autre en ces

termes, "J'ai mis un billet sous votre porte; prenez-y garde quand vous sortirez."

Un homme étant sur le point de marier sa fille unique, se brouille avec le prètendant, et dans sa colère il dit, "Non, monsieur, vous ne serez jamais mon gendre, et quand j'aurois cent filles uniques, je ne vous en donnerois pas une."

On avoit reçu à la grande poste un lettre avec cette adresse, *à Monsieur mon fils, Rue,* &c. On alloit la mettre au rebut; un commis s'y oppose, et dit qu'on trouvera à qui la lettre s'adresse. Dix ou douze jours se passent. On voit arriver un grand benet, qui dit, "Messieurs, je viens savoir si on n'auroit pas gardé ici une lettre de mon cher père?"—"Oui, monsieur," lui dit le commis, "la voilà." On prête ce trait à Bouret, fermier général.

Milord Albemarle étant aux eaux d'Aix-la-Chapelle, et ne voulant pas être connu, ordonna à un nègre qui le servoit, si on lui demandoit qui étoit son maître de dire qu'il étoit François. On ne manqua pas de faire la question au noir, qui répondit, "*Mon maître est François, et moi aussi.*"

Un marchand, en finissant d'écrire une lettre à un de ses correspondans, mourut subitement. Son commis ajouta en P. S. "Depuis ma lettre écrite je suis mort ce matin. Mardi au soir 7*ème*," &c.

Un petit marchand prétendoit avoir acheté trois sols ce qu'il vendoit pour deux. On lui représente que ce commerce le ruinera—"Ah," dit-il, "je me sauve sur la quantité."

Le chevalier de Lorenzi, étant à Florence, étoit allé se promener avec trois de ses amis à quelques lieues de la ville, à pied. Ils revenoient fort las; la nuit approchoit; il veut se reposer: on lui dit qu'il restoit quatres milles à faire—"Oh," dit-il, "nous sommes quatres; ce n'est qu'un mille chacun."

On prétend qu'un fermier général voulant s'éviter l'ennui ou s'épargner les frais des lettres dont on l'accabloit au nouvel an, écrivoit au mois de Décembre à tous les employés de son département qu'il les dispensoit du cérêmonial, et que ceux-ci lui réponderoient pour l'assurer qu'ils se conformeroient à ses ordres.

Maupertuis faisoit instruire un perroquet par son laquais, et vouloit qu'on lui apprit des mots extraordinaires. Depuis deux ans le laquais, enseignoit à l'animal

à dire *monomotapa*, et le perroquet n'en disoit que des syllabes séparées. Maupertuis faisoit des reproches au laquais; "Oh, monsieur," dit celui-ci, "cela ne vas pas si vite; je lui ai d'abord appris *mo* et puis *no*."—"Vous êtes un bête," dit Maupertuis, "il faut lui dire le mot entier."—"Monsieur," reprend le laquais, "il faut lui donner le temps de comprendre."

Il y a en Italien une lettre pleine de *spropositi* assez plaisans. Un homme écrit à son ami, "Abbiamo avuto un famosissimo tremmoto che se per la misericordia de Dio avesse durato una mezza hora di piu, saremmo tutti andati al paradiso che Dio ce ne liberi. Vi mando quatordici peri e sono tutti boni Christiani. A questa fiera i porci sono saliti al cielo. O ricevete, o non ricevete questa, datemene aviso."

AN ESSAY

ON THE

NOBLE SCIENCE OF SELF-JUSTIFICATION.

"For which an eloquence that aims to *vex*,
With native tropes of anger arms the *sex*."—PARNELL.

ENDOWED, as the fair sex indisputably are, with a natural genius for the invaluable art of self-justification, it may not be displeasing to them to see its rising perfection evinced by an attempt to reduce it to a science. Possessed, as are all the fair daughters of Eve, of an hereditary propensity, transmitted to them undiminished through succeeding generations, to be "soon moved with the slightest touch of blame;" very little precept and practice will confirm them in the habit, and instruct them in all the maxims, of self-justification.

Candid pupil, you will readily accede to my first and fundamental axiom—that a lady can do no wrong.

But simple as this maxim may appear, and suited to the level of the meanest capacity, the talent of applying it on all the important, but more especially on all the most trivial, occurrences of domestic life, so as to secure private peace and public dominion, has hitherto been monopolized by the female adepts in the art of self-justification.

Excuse me for insinuating by this expression that there may be yet among you some novices. To these, if any such, I principally address myself.

And now, lest fired with ambition you lose all by aiming at too much, let me explain and limit my first principle, "That you can do no wrong." You must be aware that real perfection is beyond the reach of mortals, nor would I have you aim at it; indeed it is not in any degree necessary to our purpose. You have heard of the established belief in the infallibility of the sovereign pon-

tiff, which prevailed not many centuries ago:—if man was allowed to be infallible, I see no reason why the same privilege should not be extended to woman;—but times have changed; and since the happy age of credulity is passed, leave the opinions of men to their natural perversity—their actions are the best test of their faith. Instead, then, of a belief in your infallibility, endeavour to enforce implicit submission to your authority. This will give you infinitely less trouble, and will answer your purpose as well.

Right and wrong, if we go to the foundation of things, are, as casuists tell us, really words of very dubious signification, perpetually varying with custom and fashion, and to be adjusted ultimately by no other standards but opinion and force. Obtain power, then, by all means; power is the law of man; make it yours.

But to return from a frivolous disquisition about right, let me teach you the art of defending the wrong. After having thus pointed out to you the glorious end of your labours, I must now instruct you in the equally glorious means.

For the advantage of my subject I address myself chiefly to married ladies; but those who have not as yet the good fortune to have that common enemy, a husband, to combat, may in the mean time practise my precepts upon their fathers, brothers, and female friends; with caution, however, lest by discovering their arms too soon, they preclude themselves from the power of using them to the fullest advantage hereafter. I therefore recommend it to them to prefer, with a philosophical moderation, the future to the present.

Timid brides, you have, probably, hitherto been addressed as angels. Prepare for the time when you shall again become mortal. Take the alarm at the first approach of blame; at the first hint of a discovery that you are any thing less than infallible:—contradict, debate, justify, recriminate, rage, weep, swoon, do any thing but yield to conviction.

I take it for granted that you have already acquired sufficient command of voice; you need not study its compass; going beyond its pitch has a peculiarly happy effect upon some occasions. But are you voluble enough to drown all sense in a torrent of words? Can you be loud enough to overpower the voice of all who shall attempt to interrupt or contradict you? Are you mistress

of the petulant, the peevish, and the sullen tone? Have you practised the sharpness which provokes retort, and the continual monotony which by setting your adversary to sleep effectually precludes reply? an event which is always to be considered as decisive of the victory, or at least as reducing it to a drawn battle:—you and Somnus divide the prize.

Thus prepared for an engagement, you will next, if you have not already done it, study the weak part of the character of your enemy—your husband, I mean: if he be a man of high spirit, jealous of command and impatient of control, one who decides for himself, and who is little troubled with the insanity of minding what the world says of him, you must proceed with extreme circumspection; you must not dare to provoke the combined forces of the enemy to a regular engagement, but harass him with perpetual petty skirmishes: in these, though you gain little at a time, you will gradually weary the patience and break the spirit of your opponent. If he be a man of spirit, he must also be generous; and what man of generosity will contend for trifles with a woman who submits to him in all affairs of consequence, who is in his power, who is weak, and who loves him?

"Can superior with inferior power contend?" No; the spirit of a lion is not to be roused by the teasing of an insect.

But such a man as I have described, besides being as generous as he is brave, will probably be of an active temper: then you have an inestimable advantage; for he will set a high value upon a thing for which you have none—time; he will acknowledge the force of your arguments merely from a dread of their length; he will yield to you in trifles, particularly in trifles which do not militate against his authority; not out of regard for you, but for his time; for what man can prevail upon himself to debate three hours about what could be as well decided in three minutes?

Lest among infinite variety the difficulty of immediate selection should at first perplex you, let me point out that matters of *taste* will afford you, of all others, the most ample and incessant subjects of debate. Here you have no criterion to appeal to. Upon the same principle, next to matters of taste, points of opinion will afford the most constant exercise to your talents. Here you will have an opportunity of citing the opinions of all the living and

dead you have ever known, besides the dear privilege of repeating continually, "Nay, you must allow *that*." Or, "You can't deny *this*, for it's the universal opinion —everybody says so! everybody thinks so! I wonder to hear you express such an opinion! Nobody but yourself is of that way of thinking!" with innumerable other phrases, with which a slight attention to polite conversation will furnish you. This mode of opposing authority to argument, and assertion to proof, is of such universal utility that I pray you to practise it.

If the point in dispute be some opinion relative to your character or disposition, allow, in general, that "you are sure you have a great many faults;" but to every specific charge reply, "Well, I am sure I don't know, but I did not think *that* was one of my faults! nobody ever accused me of that before! Nay, I was always remarkable for the contrary; at least before I was acquainted with you, sir: in my own family I was always remarkable for the contrary; ask any of my own friends; ask any of them; they must know me best."

But if, instead of attacking the material parts of your character, your husband should merely presume to advert to your manners, to some slight personal habit which might be made more agreeable to him; prove, in the first place, that it is his fault that it is not agreeable to him; ask which is most to blame, she who ceases to please, or he who ceases to be pleased?* His eyes are changed, or opened. But it may perhaps have been a matter almost of indifference to him till you undertook its defence: then make it of consequence by rising in eagerness in proportion to the insignificance of your object; if he can draw consequences, this will be an excellent lesson: if you are so tender of blame in the veriest trifles, how unimpeachable must you be in matters of importance. As to personal habits, begin by denying that you have any; or, in the paradoxical language of Rousseau,† declare that the only habit you have is the habit of having none; as all personal habits, if they have been of any long standing, must have become involuntary, the unconscious culprit may assert her innocence without hazarding her veracity.

However, if you happen to be detected in the very fact, and a person cries, "Now, now you are doing it!"

* Marmontel. † Emilius and Sophia.

submit, but declare at the same moment, "That is the very first time in your whole life that you were ever known to be guilty of it; and therefore it can be no habit, and of course nowise reprehensible."

Extend the rage for vindication to all the objects which the most remotely concern you; take even inanimate objects under your protection. Your dress, your furniture, your property, every thing which is or has been yours, defend, and this upon the principles of the soundest philosophy; each of these things all compose a part of your personal merit;* all that, connected the most distantly with your idea, gives pleasure or pain to others, becomes an object of blame or praise, and consequently claims your support or vindication.

In the course of the management of your house, children, family, and affairs, probably some few errors of omission or commission may strike your husband's pervading eye; but these errors, admitting them to be errors, you will never, if you please, allow to be charged to any deficiency in memory, judgment, or activity on your part.

There are surely people enough around you to divide and share the blame; send it from one to another, till at last, by universal rejection, it is proved to belong to nobody. You will say, however, that facts remain unalterable; and that in some unlucky instance, in the changes and chances of human affairs, you may be proved to have been to blame. Some stubborn evidence may appear against you; still you may prove an alibi, or balance the evidence. There is nothing equal to balancing evidence; doubt is, you know, the most philosophic state of the human mind, and it will be kind of you to keep your husband perpetually in this skeptical state.

Indeed, the short method of denying absolutely all blameable facts I should recommend to pupils as the best; and if in the beginning of their career they may startle at this mode, let them depend upon it that in their future practice it must become perfectly familiar. The nice distinction of simulation and dissimulation depends but on the trick of a syllable; palliation and extenuation are universally allowable in self-defence; prevarication inevitably follows, and falsehood "is but in the next degree."

Yet I would not destroy this nicety of conscience too soon. It may be of use in your first setting out, because

* Vide Hume.

you must establish credit; in proportion to your credit will be the value of your future asseverations.

In the mean time, however, argument and debate are allowed to the most rigid moralist. You can never perjure yourself by swearing to a false opinion.

I come now to the art of reasoning: don't be alarmed at the name of reasoning, fair pupils; I will explain to you my meaning.

If, instead of the fiery-tempered being I formerly described, you should fortunately be connected with a man who, having formed a justly high opinion of your sex, should propose to treat you as his equal, and who in any little dispute which might arise between you should desire no other arbiter than reason; triumph in his mistaken candour, regularly appeal to the decision of reason at the beginning of every contest, and deny its jurisdiction at the conclusion. I take it for granted that you will be on the wrong side of every question, and, indeed, in general, I advise you to choose the wrong side of an argument to defend; while you are young in the science it will afford the best exercise, and as you improve the best display, of your talents.

If, then, reasonable pupils, you would succeed in argument, attend to the following instructions:—

Begin by preventing, if possible, the specific statement of any position, or, if reduced to it, use the most *general terms*, and take advantage of the ambiguity which all languages and which most philosophers allow. Above all things, shun definitions; they will prove fatal to you; for two persons of sense and candour who define their terms cannot argue long without either convincing or being convinced, or parting in equal good-humour; to prevent which, go over and over the same ground, wander as wide as possible from the point, but always with a view to return at last precisely to the same spot from which you set out. I should remark to you, that the choice of your weapons is a circumstance much to be attended to: choose always those which your adversary cannot use. If your husband is a man of wit, you will of course undervalue a talent which is never connected with judgment: "for your part you do not presume to contend with him in wit."

But if he be a sober-minded man, who will go link by link along the chain of an argument, follow him at first, till he grows so intent that he does not perceive whether

you follow him or not; then slide back to your own station, and when with perverse patience he has at last reached the last link of the chain, with one electric shock of wit make him quit his hold, and strike him to the ground in an instant. Depend upon the sympathy of the spectators, for to one who can understand *reason* you will find ten who admire *wit*.

But if you should not be blessed with "a ready wit," if demonstration should in the mean time stare you in the face, do not be in the least alarmed—anticipate the blow. While you have it yet in your power, rise with becoming magnanimity, and cry, "I give it up! I give it up! La! let us say no more about it; I do so hate disputing about trifles. I give it up!" Before an explanation on the word trifle can take place, quit the room with flying colours.

If you are a woman of sentiment and eloquence, you have advantages of which I scarcely need apprize you. From the understanding of a man you have always an appeal to his heart, or, if not, to his affection, to his weakness. If you have the good fortune to be married to a weak man, always choose the moment to argue with him when you have a full audience. Trust to the sublime power of numbers; it will be of use even to excite your own enthusiasm in debate; then as the scene advances, talk of his cruelty, and your sensibility, and sink with "becoming wo" into the pathos of injured innocence.

Besides the heart and the weakness of your opponent, you have still another chance, in ruffling his temper; which, in the course of a long conversation, you will have a fair opportunity of trying; and if—for philosophers will sometimes grow warm in the defence of truth—if he should grow absolutely angry, you will in the same proportion grow calm, and wonder at his rage, though you well know it has been created by your own provocation. The bystanders, seeing anger without any adequate cause, will all be of your side.

Nothing provokes an irascible man, interested in debate, and possessed of an opinion of his own eloquence, so much as to see the attention of his hearers go from him: you will then, when he flatters himself that he has just fixed your eye with his *very best* argument, suddenly grow absent:—your house affairs must call you hence—or you have directions to give to your children—or the

room is too hot, or too cold—the window must be opened—or door shut—or the candle wants snuffing. Nay, without these interruptions, the simple motion of your eye may provoke a speaker; a butterfly, or the figure in a carpet may engage your attention in preference to him; or if these objects be absent, the simply averting your eye, looking through the window in quest of outward objects, will show that your mind has not been abstracted, and will display to him at least your wish of not attending. He may, however, possibly have lost the habit of watching your eye for approbation; then you may assault his ear; if all other resources fail, beat with your foot that dead march of the spirits, that incessant tattoo, which so well deserves its name. Marvellous must be the patience of the much-enduring man whom some or other of these devices do not provoke: slight causes often produce great effects; the simple scratching of a pick-axe, properly applied to certain veins in a mine, will cause the most dreadful explosions.

Hitherto we have only professed to teach the defensive; let me now recommend to you the offensive part of the art of justification. As a supplement to reasoning comes recrimination; the pleasure of proving that you are right is surely incomplete till you have proved that your adversary is wrong. This might have been a secondary, let it now become a primary object with you; rest your own defence on it for further security; you are no longer to consider yourself as obliged either to deny, palliate, argue, or declaim, but simply to justify yourself by criminating another; all merit, you know, is judged of by comparison. In the art of recrimination, your memory will be of the highest service to you; for you are to open and keep an account-current of all the faults, mistakes, neglects, unkindnesses of those you live with; these you are to state against your own: I need not tell you that the balance will always be in your favour. In stating matters of opinion, produce the words of the very same person which passed days, months, years before, in contradiction to what he is then saying. By displacing, disjointing words and sentences, by misunderstanding the whole, or quoting only a part, of what has been said, you may convict any man of inconsistency, particularly if he be a man of genius and feeling, for he speaks generally from the impulse of the moment

and of all others can the least bear to be charged with paradoxes. So far for a husband.

Recriminating is also of sovereign use in the quarrels of friends; no friend is so perfectly equable, so ardent in affection, so nice in punctilio, as never to offend: then "Note his faults, and con them all by rote." Say you can forgive, but you can never forget; and surely it is much more generous to forgive and remember, than to forgive and forget. On every new alarm, call the unburied ghosts from former fields of battle; range them in tremendous array, call them one by one to witness against the conscience of your enemy, and ere the battle is begun, take from him all courage to engage.

There is one case I must observe to you in which recrimination has peculiar poignancy. If you have had it in your power to confer obligations on any one, never cease reminding them of it; and let them feel that you have acquired an indefeasible right to reproach them without a possibility of their retorting. It is a maxim with some sentimental people, "To treat their servants as if they were their friends in distress." I have observed that people of this cast make themselves amends by treating their friends in distress as if they were their servants.

Apply this maxim—you may do it a thousand ways, especially in company. In general conversation, where every one is supposed to be on a footing, if any of your humble companions should presume to hazard an opinion contrary to yours, and should modestly begin with, "I think;" look as the man did when he said to his servant, "You think, sir! what business have you to think?"

Never fear to lose a friend by the habits which I recommend: reconciliations, as you have often heard it said—reconciliations are the cement of friendship; therefore friends should quarrel to strengthen their attachment, and offend each other for the pleasure of being reconciled.

I beg pardon for digressing: I was, I believe, talking of your husband, not of your friend—I have gone far out of the way.

If in your debates with your husband you should want "eloquence to vex him," the dull prolixity of narration, joined to the complaining monotony of voice which I formerly recommended, will supply its place and have

the desired effect: Somnus will prove propitious; then, ever and anon, as the soporific charm begins to work, rouse him with interrogatories, such as "Did not you say so? Don't you remember? Only answer me that!"

By-the-by, interrogatories artfully put may lead an unsuspicious reasoner, you know, always to your own conclusion.

In addition to the patience, philosophy, and other good things which Socrates learned from his wife, perhaps she taught him this mode of reasoning.

But, after all, the precepts of art, and even the natural susceptibility of your tempers, will avail you little in the sublime of our science, if you cannot command that ready enthusiasm which will make you enter into the part you are acting; that happy imagination which shall make you believe all you fear and all you invent.

Who is there among you who cannot or who will not justify when they are accused? Vulgar talent! the sublime of our science, is to justify before we are accused. There is no reptile so vile but what will turn when it is trodden on; but of a nicer sense and nobler species are those whom nature has endowed with antennæ, which perceive and withdraw at the distant approach of danger. Allow me another allusion: similes cannot be crowded too close for a female taste; and analogy, I have heard, my fair pupils, is your favourite mode of reasoning.

The sensitive-plant is too vulgar an allusion; but if the truth of modern naturalists may be depended upon, there is a plant which, instead of receding timidly from the intrusive touch, angrily protrudes its venomous juices upon all who presume to meddle with it:—do not you think this plant would be your fittest emblem?

Let me, however, recommend it to you, nice souls, who, of the mimosa kind, "fear the dark cloud, and feel the coming storm," to take the utmost precaution lest the same susceptibility which you cherish as the dear means to torment others should insensibly become a torment to yourselves.

Distinguish then between sensibility and susceptibility; between the anxious solicitude not to give offence, and the captious eagerness of vanity to prove that it ought not to have been taken; distinguish between the desire of praise and the horror of blame: can any two things

be more different than the wish to improve, and the wish to demonstrate that you have never been to blame?

Observe, I only wish you to distinguish these things in your own minds; I would by no means advise you to discontinue the laudable practice of confounding them perpetually in speaking to others.

When you have nearly exhausted human patience in explaining, justifying, vindicating; when, in spite of all the pains you have taken, you have more than half betrayed your own vanity; you have a never-failing resource—in paying tribute to that of your opponent: as thus:—

"I am sure you must be sensible that I should never take so much pains to justify myself if I were indifferent to your opinion. I know that I ought not to disturb myself with such trifles; but nothing is a trifle to me which concerns you. I confess I am too anxious to please; I know it's a fault, but I cannot cure myself of it now. Too quick sensibility, I am conscious, is the defect of my disposition; it would be happier for me if I could be more indifferent, I know."

Who could be so brutal as to blame so amiable, so candid a creature? Who would not submit to be tormented with kindness?

When once your captive condescends to be flattered by such arguments as these, your power is fixed; your future triumphs can be bounded only by your own moderation; they are at once secured and justified.

Forbear not, then, happy pupils; but, arrived at the summit of power, give a full scope to your genius, nor trust to genius alone: to exercise in all its extent your privileged dominion, you must acquire, or rather you must pretend to have acquired, infallible skill in the noble art of physiognomy, immediately the thoughts as well as the words of your subjects are exposed to your inquisition.

Words may flatter you, but the countenance never can deceive you; the eyes are the windows of the soul, and through them you are to watch what passes in the inmost recesses of the heart. There if you discern the slightest ideas of doubt, blame, or displeasure,—if you discover the slightest symptoms of revolt, take the alarm instantly. Conquerors must maintain their conquests; and how easily can they do this who hold a secret correspondence with the minds of the vanquished! Be your own spies

then; from the looks, gestures, slightest motions of your enemies, you are to form an alphabet, a language intelligible only to yourselves, yet by which you shall condemn them; always remembering that in sound policy suspicion justifies punishment. In vain, when you accuse your friends of the high-treason of blaming you, in vain let them plead their innocence, even of the intention. "They did not say a word which could be tortured into such a meaning." No, "but they looked daggers, though they used none."

And of this you are to be the sole judge, though there were fifty witnesses to the contrary.

How should indifferent spectators pretend to know the countenance of your friend as well as you do—you, that have a nearer, a dearer interest in attending to it? So accurate have been your observations, that no thought of their souls escapes you; nay, you often can tell even what they are going to think of.

The science of divination certainly claims your attention; beyond the past and the present, it shall extend your dominion over the future; from slight words, half-finished sentences, from silence itself, you shall draw your omens and auguries.

"I know what you are going to say;" or, "I know such a thing was a sign you were inclined to be displeased with me."

In the ardour of innocence, the culprit, to clear himself from such imputations, incurs the imputation of a greater offence. Suppose, to prove that you were mistaken, to prove that he could not have meant to blame you, he should declare that at the moment you mention, "You were quite foreign to his thoughts; he was not thinking at all about you."

Then in truth you have a right to be angry. To one of your class of justificators, this is the highest offence. Possessed as you are of the firm opinion that all persons, at all times, on all occasions, are intent upon you alone, is it not less mortifying to discover that you were thought ill of than that you were not thought of at all? "Indifference, you know, sentimental pupils, is more fatal to love than even hatred."

Thus, my dear pupils, I have endeavoured to provide precepts adapted to the display of your several talents; but if there should be any among you who have no talents, who can neither argue nor persuade, who have

neither sentiment nor enthusiasm, I must indeed—congratulate them;—they are peculiarly qualified for the science of self-justification: indulgent nature, often even in the weakness, provides for the protection of her creatures; just Providence, as the guard of stupidity, has enveloped it with the impenetrable armour of obstinacy

Fair idiots! let women of sense, wit, feeling, triumph in their various arts: yours are superior. Their empire, absolute as it sometimes may be, is perpetually subject to sudden revolutions. With them a man has some chance of equal sway; with a fool he has none. Have they hearts and understandings? Then the one may be touched, or the other in some unlucky moment convinced; even in their very power lies their greatest danger:—not so with you. In vain let the most candid of his sex attempt to reason with you; let him begin with, "Now, my dear, only listen to reason:"—you stop him at once with, "No, my dear, you know I do not pretend to reason; I only say, that's my opinion."

Let him go on to prove that yours is a mistaken opinion:—you are ready to acknowledge it long before he desires it. "You acknowledge it may be a wrong opinion; but still it is your opinion." You do not maintain it in the least either because you believe it to be wrong or right, but merely because it is yours. Exposed as you might have been to the perpetual humiliation of being convinced, nature seems kindly to have denied you all perception of truth, or at least all sentiment of pleasure from the perception.

With an admirable humility, you are as well contented to be in the wrong as in the right; you answer all that can be said to you with a provoking humility of aspect.

"Yes, I do not doubt but what you say may be very true, but I cannot tell; I do not think myself capable of judging on these subjects; I am sure you must know much better than I do. I do not pretend to say but that your opinion is very just; but I own I am of a contrary way of thinking; I always thought so, and I always shall."

Should a man with persevering temper tell you that he is ready to adopt your sentiments if you will only explain them; should he beg only to have a reason for your opinion—no, you can give no reason. Let him urge you to say something in its defence: no; like Queen Anne,*

* Vide Duchess of Marlborough's Apology.

you will only repeat the same thing over again, or be silent. Silence is the ornament of your sex: and in silence, if there be not wisdom, there is safety. You will then, if you please, according to your custom, sit listening to all entreaties to explain and speak—with a fixed immutability of posture, and a predetermined deafness of eye, which shall put your opponent utterly out of patience; yet still by persevering with the same complacent importance of countenance, you shall half-persuade people you could speak if you would; you shall keep them in doubt by that true want of meaning "which puzzles more than wit;" even because they cannot conceive the excess of your stupidity, they shall actually begin to believe that they themselves are stupid. Ignorance and doubt are the great parents of the sublime.

Your adversary, finding you impenetrable to argument, perhaps would try wit:—but, "On the impassive ice the lightnings play." His eloquence or his kindness will avail less; when, in yielding to you after a long harangue, he expects to please you, you will answer, undoubtedly with the utmost propriety, "That you should be very sorry he yielded his judgment to you; that he is very good; that you are much obliged to him; but that, as to the point in dispute, it is a matter of perfect indifference to you; for your part, you have no choice at all about it; you beg that he will do just what he pleases; you know that it is the duty of a wife to submit; but you hope, however, you may have an *opinion* of your own."

Remember, all such speeches as these will lose above half their effect if you cannot accompany them with the vacant stare, the insipid smile, the passive aspect of the humbly perverse.

While I write, new precepts rush upon my recollection; but the subject is inexhaustible. I quit it with regret, though fully sensible of my presumption in having attempted to instruct those who, while they read, will smile in the consciousness of superior powers. Adieu! then, my fair readers: long may you prosper in the practice of an art peculiar to your sex! Long may you maintain unrivalled dominion at home and abroad; and long may your husbands rue the hour when first they made you promise "*to obey!*"

[*Written in* 1787—*published in* 1795.]

Harper's Stereotype Edition.

TALES AND NOVELS

BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

EIGHTEEN VOLUMES BOUND IN NINE.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING

FORRESTER; THE PRUSSIAN VASE; AND THE GOOD AUNT.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,

NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET.

1835.

PREFACE.

It has been somewhere said by Johnson, that merely to invent a story is no small effort of the human understanding. How much more difficult is it to construct stories suited to the early years of youth, and at the same time conformable to the complicate relations of modern society—fictions that shall display examples of virtue without initiating the young reader into the ways of vice—narratives written in a style level to his capacity without tedious detail or vulgar idiom! The author, sensible of these difficulties, solicits indulgence for such errors as have escaped her vigilance.

In a former work the author has endeavoured to add something to the increasing stock of innocent amusement and early instruction which the laudable exertions of some excellent modern writers provide for the rising generation; and in the present an attempt is made to provide for young people of a more advanced age a few tales that shall neither dissipate the attention nor inflame the imagination.

In a work upon education which the public has been pleased to notice, we have endeavoured to show that under proper management amusement and instruction may accompany each other through many paths of literature, while at the same time we have disclaimed and reprehended all attempts to teach in play. Steady untired attention is what alone produces excellence. Sir Isaac Newton, with as much truth as modesty, attributed to this faculty those discoveries in science which brought the heavens within the grasp of man, and weighed the

earth in a balance. To inure the mind to athletic vig our is one of the chief objects of good education; and we have found, as far as our limited experience has extended, that short and active exertions, interspersed with frequent agreeable relaxation, form the mind to strength and endurance better than long-continued feeble study.

Hippocrates, in describing the robust temperament, tells us that the *athletæ* prepare themselves for the *gymnasium* by strong exertion, which they continued till they felt fatigue; they then reposed till they felt returning strength and aptitude for labour: and thus, by alternate exercise and indulgence, their limbs acquired the firmest tone of health and vigour. We have found that those who have tasted with the keenest relish the beauties of Berquin, Day, or Barbauld, pursue a demonstration of Euclid, or a logical deduction, with as much eagerness, and with more rational curiosity, than is usually shown by students who are nourished with the hardest fare and chained to unceasing labour.

"Forester" is the picture of an eccentric character—a young man who scorns the common forms and dependencies of civilized society; and who, full of visionary schemes of benevolence and happiness, might, by improper management or unlucky circumstances, have become a fanatic and a criminal.

The scene of "The Knapsack" is laid in Sweden, to produce variety, and to show that the rich and poor the young and old, in all countries, are mutually serviceable to each other; and to portray some of those virtues which are peculiarly amiable in the character of a soldier.

"Angelina" is a female Forester. The nonsense of *sentimentality* is here aimed at with the shafts of ridicule, instead of being combated by serious argument. With the romantic eccentricities of Angelina are contrasted faults of a more common and despicable sort. Miss Burrage is the picture of a young lady who meanly

flatters persons of rank, and who, after she has smuggled herself into good company, is ashamed to acknowledge her former friends, to whom she was bound by the strongest ties of gratitude.

"Madame Panache" is a sketch of the necessary consequences of imprudently trusting the happiness of a daughter to the care of those who can teach nothing but accomplishments.

The "Prussian Vase" is a lesson against imprudence and on exercise of judgment, and a eulogium upon our inestimable trial by jury. This tale is designed principally for young gentlemen who are intended for the bar.

"The Good Governess" is a lesson to teach the art of giving lessons.

In "The Good Aunt" the advantages which a judicious early education confers upon those who are intended for public seminaries are pointed out. It is a common error to suppose, that let a boy be what he may, when sent to Eton, Westminster, Harrow, or any great school, he will be moulded into proper form by the fortuitous pressure of numbers; that emulation will necessarily excite, example lead, and opposition polish him. But these are vain hopes; the solid advantages which may be attained in these large nurseries of youth must be in a great measure secured by previous domestic instruction.

These tales have been written to illustrate the opinions delivered in "Practical Education." As their truth has appeared to me to be confirmed by increasing experience, I sat down with pleasure to write this preface for my daughter. It is hoped that the following stories will afford agreeable relaxation from severer studies, and that they will be thought—what they profess to be —*Moral* Tales.

R. L. EDGEWORTH.

[*Published in* 1801.]

FORESTER.

FORESTER was the son of an English gentleman, who had paid some attention to his education, but who had some singularities of opinion, which probably influenced him in his conduct towards his children.

Young Forester was frank, brave, and generous; but he had been taught to dislike politeness so much, that the common forms of society appeared to him either odious or ridiculous; his sincerity was seldom restrained by any attention to the feelings of others. His love of independence was carried to such an extreme, that he was inclined to prefer the life of Robinson Crusoe in his desert island to that of any individual in cultivated society. His attention had been early fixed upon the follies and vices of the higher classes of people; and his contempt for selfish indolence was so strongly associated with the name of gentleman, that he was disposed to choose his friends and companions from among his inferiors: the inequality between the rich and the poor shocked him: his temper was enthusiastic as well as benevolent; and he ardently wished to be a man, and to be at liberty to act for himself, that he might reform society, or at least his own neighbourhood. When he was about nineteen years old, his father died, and young Forester was sent to Edinburgh, to Dr. Campbell, the gentleman whom his father had appointed his guardian. In the choice of his mode of travelling his disposition appeared. The stage-coach and a carrier set out nearly at the same time from Penrith. Forester, proud of bringing his principles immediately into action, put himself under the protection of the carrier, and congratulated himself upon his freedom from prejudice. He arrived a Edinburgh in all the glory of independence, and he desired the carrier to set him down at Dr. Campbell's door.

"The doctor's not at home," said the footman who opened the door.

"He *is* at home," exclaimed Forester, with indignation; "I see him at the window."

"My master is just going to dinner, and can't see any body now;" said the footman; "but if you will call again at six o'clock, maybe he may see you, my good lad."

"My name is Forester—let me in," said Forester pushing forwards.

"Forester!—Mr. Forester!" said the footman; "the young gentleman that was expected in the coach to-day!"

Without deigning to give the footman any explanation, Forester took his own portmanteau from the carrier; and Dr. Campbell came down stairs just when the footman was officiously struggling with the young gentleman for his burden. Dr. Campbell received his pupil very kindly; but Forester would not be prevailed upon to rub his shoes sufficiently upon the mat at the bottom of the stairs, or to change his disordered dress before he made his appearance in the drawing-room. He entered with dirty shoes, a threadbare coat, and hair that looked as if it never had been combed; and he was much surprised by the effect which his singular appearance produced upon the risible muscles of some of the company.

"I have nothing to be ashamed of," said he to himself; but, notwithstanding all his efforts to be and to appear at ease, he was constrained and abashed. A young laird, Mr. Archibald Mackenzie, seemed to enjoy his confusion with malignant, half-suppressed merriment, in which Dr. Campbell's son was too good-natured and too well-bred to participate. Henry Campbell was three or four years older than Forester, and *though* he looked like a gentleman, Forester could not help being pleased with the manner in which he drew him into conversation. The secret magic of politeness relieved him insensibly from the torment of false shame.

"It is a pity this lad was bred up a gentleman," said Forester to himself, "for he seems to have some sense and goodness."

Dinner was announced, and Forester was provoked at being interrupted in an argument concerning carts and coaches which he had begun with Henry Campbell. Not that Forester was averse to eating, for he was at this instant ravenously hungry; but eating in company he always found equally repugnant to his habits and his principles. A table covered with a clean table-cloth, dishes in nice order, plates, knives, and forks laid at

regular distances, appeared to our young Diogenes absurd superfluities, and he was ready to exclaim, "How many things I do not want!" Sitting down to dinner, eating, drinking, and behaving like other people appeared to him difficult and disagreeable ceremonies. He did not perceive that custom had rendered all these things perfectly easy to every one else in company; and as soon as he had devoured his food his own way, he moralized in silence upon the good sense of Sancho Panza, who preferred eating an egg behind the door to feasting in public; and he recollected his favourite traveller Le Vaillant's* enthusiastic account of his charming Hottentot dinners, and of the disgust that he afterward felt on the comparison of European etiquette and African *simplicity*.

"Thank God, the ceremony of dinner is over," said Forester to Henry Campbell, as soon as they rose from table.

All those things which seemed mere matter of course in society appeared to Forester strange ceremonies. In the evening there were cards for those who liked cards, and there was conversation for those who liked conversation. Forester liked neither; he preferred playing with a cat; and he sat all night apart from the company in a corner of a sofa. He took it for granted that the conversation could not be worth his attention, because he heard Lady Catherine Mackenzie's voice among others; he had conceived a dislike, or rather a contempt for this lady, because she showed much of the pride of birth and rank in her manners. Henry Campbell did not think it necessary to punish himself for her ladyship's faults by withdrawing from entertaining conversation: he knew that his father had the art of managing the frivolous subjects started in general company, so as to make them lead to amusement and instruction; and this Forester would probably have discovered this evening, had he not followed his own thoughts, instead of listening to the observations of others. Lady Catherine, it is true, began with a silly history of her hereditary antipathy for pickled cucumbers; and she was rather tiresome in tracing the genealogy of this antipathy through several generations of her ancestry; but Dr. Campbell said "that he had heard, from an ingenious gentleman of her ladyship's family, that her ladyship's grandfather, and several of his

* Le Vaillant's Travels in Africa, vol. i. p. 114.

friends, nearly lost their lives by pickled cucumbers," and thence the doctor took occasion to relate several curious circumstances concerning the effects of different poisons.

Dr. Campbell, who plainly saw both the defects and the excellent qualities of his young ward, hoped that, by playful raillery and by well-timed reasoning, he might mix a sufficient portion of good sense with Forester's enthusiasm; might induce him gradually to sympathize in the pleasures of cultivated society, and might convince him that virtue is not confined to any particular class of men; that education, in the enlarged sense of the word, creates the difference between individuals more than riches or poverty. He foresaw that Forester would form a friendship with his son, and that this attachment would cure him of his prejudices against *gentlemen*, and would prevent him from indulging his taste for vulgar company. Henry Campbell had more useful energy, though less apparent enthusiasm, than his new companion: he was always employed; he was really independent, because he had learned how to support himself either by the labours of his head or of his hands; but his independence did not render him unsociable; he was always ready to sympathize with the pleasures of his friends, and therefore he was beloved: following his father's example, he did all the good in his power to those who were in distress; but he did not imagine that he could reform every abuse in society, or that he could instantly new-model the universe. Forester became, in a few days, fond of conversing, or rather of holding long arguments with Henry; but his dislike to the young laird Archibald Mackenzie hourly increased. Archibald and his mother, Lady Catherine Mackenzie, were relations of Mrs. Campbell, and they were now upon a visit at her house. Lady Catherine, a shrewd woman, fond of precedence, and fully sensible of the importance that wealth can bestow, had sedulously inculcated into the mind of her son all the maxims of worldly wisdom which she had collected in her intercourse with society; she had inspired him with family pride, but at the same time had taught him to pay obsequious court to his superiors in rank or fortune: the art of rising in the world, she knew, did not entirely depend upon virtue or ability; she was consequently more solicitous about her son's manners than his morals, and was more anxious that he should form high connexions than that he should apply to the severe studies of a profession. Archibald

was, nearly what might be expected from his education, alternately supple to his superiors and insolent to his inferiors: to insinuate himself into the favour of young men of rank and fortune, he affected to admire extravagance; but his secret maxims of parsimony operated even in the midst of dissipation. Meanness and pride usually go together. It is not to be supposed, that young Forester had such quick penetration that he could discover the whole of the artful Archibald's character in the course of a few days' acquaintance; but he disliked him for good reasons, because he was a laird, because he had laughed at his first entrée, and because he was learning to dance.

THE SKELETON.

About a week after our hero's arrival at Dr. Campbell's, the doctor was exhibiting some chymical experiments, with which Henry hoped that his young friend would be entertained; but Forester had scarcely been five minutes in the laboratory, before Mackenzie, who was lounging about the room, sneeringly took notice of a large hole in his shoe. "It is easily mended," said the independent youth; and he immediately left the laboratory, and went to a cobbler's, who lived in a narrow lane at the back of Dr. Campbell's house. Forester had, from his bedchamber window, seen this cobbler at work early every morning; he admired his industry, and longed to be acquainted with him. The good-humoured familiarity of Forester's manner pleased the cobbler, who was likewise diverted by the eagerness of *the young gentleman* to mend his own shoe. After spending some hours at the cobbler's stall, the shoe was actually mended, and Forester thought that his morning's work was worthy of admiration. In a court (for, as such places are called in Edinburgh, a close) near the cobbler's, he saw some boys playing at ball: he joined them; and while they were playing, a dancing-master, with his hair powdered, and who seemed afraid of spattering his clean stockings, passed through the court, and interrupted the ball-players for a few seconds. The boys, as soon as the man was out of hearing, declared that he passed through *their* court regularly twice a day, and that he always kicked their marbles out of the ring. Without staying to weigh this

evidence scrupulously, Forester received it with avidity, and believed all that had been asserted was true, because the accused was a dancing-master: from his education he had conceived an antipathy to dancing-masters, especially to such as wore silk stockings, and had their heads well powdered. Easily fired at the idea of any injustice, and eager to redress the grievances of *the poor*, Forester immediately concerted with these boys a scheme to deliver them from what he called the insolence of the dancing-master, and promised that he would compel him to go round by another street.

In his zeal for the liberty of his new companions, our hero did not consider that he was infringing upon the liberties of a man who had never done him any injury, and over whom he had no right to exercise any control.

Upon his return to Dr. Campbell's Forester heard the sound of a violin; and he found that his enemy, M. Pasgrave, the dancing-master, was attending Archibald Mackenzie: he learned that he was engaged to give another lesson the next evening, and the plans of the confederates in the ball-alley were arranged accordingly. In Dr. Campbell's room Forester remembered to have seen a skeleton in a glass case; he seized upon it, carried it down to his companions, and placed it in a niche in the wall, on the landing place of a flight of stone stairs down which the dancing-master was obliged to go. A butcher's son, one of Forester's new companions, he instructed to stand at a certain hour behind the skeleton with two rushlights, which he was to hold up to the eyeholes in the scull.

The dancing-master's steps were heard approaching at the expected hour; and the boys stood in ambush to enjoy the diversion of the sight. It was a dark night; the fiery eyes of the skeleton glared suddenly upon the dancing-master, who was so terrified at the spectacle, and in such haste to escape, that his foot slipped, and he fell down the stone steps: his ankle was sprained by the fall, and he was brought to Dr. Campbell's. Forester was shocked at this tragical end of his intended comedy. The poor man was laid upon a bed, and he writhed with pain. Forester, with vehement expressions of concern, explained to Dr. Campbell the cause of this accident, and he was much touched by the dancing-master's good-nature, who, between every twinge of pain, assured him that he should soon be well, and

endeavoured to avert Dr. Campbell's displeasure. Forester sat beside the bed, reproaching himself bitterly; and he was yet more sensible of his folly when he heard that the boys whose part he had hastily taken had frequently amused themselves with playing mischievous tricks upon this inoffensive man, who declared that he had never purposely kicked their marbles out of the ring, but had always implored them to make way for him with all the civility in his power.

Forester resolved that before he ever again attempted to do justice he would at least hear both sides of the question.

THE ALARM.

Forester would willingly have sat up all night with M. Pasgrave, to foment his ankle from time to time, and, if possible, to assuage the pain: but the man would not suffer him to sit up, and about twelve o'clock he retired to rest. He had scarcely fallen asleep when his door opened, and Archibald Mackenzie roused him by demanding in a peremptory tone how he could sleep when the whole family were frightened out of their wits by his pranks.

"Is the dancing-master worse? What's the matter?" exclaimed Forester, in great terror.

Archibald replied that he was not talking nor thinking about the dancing-master, and desired Forester to make haste and dress himself, and that he would then soon hear what was the matter.

Forester dressed himself as fast as he could, and followed Archibald through a long passage which led to a back staircase. "Do you hear the noise?" said Archibald.

"Not I," said Forester.

"Well, you'll hear it plain enough presently," said Archibald: "follow me down stairs."

He followed, and was surprised when he got into the hall to find all the family assembled. Lady Catherine had been awakened by a noise, which she at first imagined to be the screaming of an infant. Her bedchamber was on the ground-floor, and adjoining to Dr. Campbell's laboratory, from which the noise seemed to proceed. She wakened her son Archibald and Mrs. Campbell; and, when she recovered her senses a little, she

listened to Dr. Campbell, who assured her that what her ladyship thought was the screaming of an infant was the noise of a cat: the screams of this cat were terrible and when the light approached the door of the laboratory, the animal flew at the door with so much fury that nobody could venture to open it. Everybody looked at Forester, as if they suspected that he had confined the cat, or that he was in some way or other the cause of the disturbance. The cat, who, from his having constantly fed and played with it, had grown extremely fond of him, used to follow him often from room to room; and he now recollected that it followed him the preceding evening into the laboratory when he went to replace the skeleton. He had not observed whether it came out of the room again, nor could he now conceive the cause of its yelling in this horrible manner. The animal seemed to be mad with pain. Dr. Campbell asked his son whether all the presses were locked. Henry said he was sure that they were all locked. It was his business to lock them every evening, and he was so exact that nobody doubted his accuracy.

Archibald Mackenzie, who all this time knew, or at least suspected, the truth, held himself in cunning silence. The preceding evening he, for want of something to do, had strolled into the laboratory, and, with the pure curiosity of idleness, peeped into the presses and took the stoppers out of several of the bottles. Dr. Campbell happened to come in, and carelessly asked him if he had been looking in the presses; to which question Archibald, though with scarcely any motive for telling a falsehood, immediately replied in the negative. As the doctor turned his head, Archibald put aside a bottle, which he had just before taken out of the press; and, fearing that the noise of replacing the glass stopper would betray him, he slipped it into his waistcoat pocket.—How much useless cunning! All this transaction was now fully present to Archibald's memory; and he was well convinced that Henry had not seen the bottle when he afterward went to lock the presses; that the cat had thrown it down; and that this was the cause of all the yelling that disturbed the house. Archibald, however, kept his lips fast closed; he had told one falsehood; he dreaded to have it discovered; and he hoped the blame of the whole affair would rest upon Forester. At length the animal flew with diminished fury at the door; its

screams became feebler and feebler, till at last they totally ceased. There was silence: Dr. Campbell opened the door: the cat was seen stretched upon the ground, apparently lifeless. As Forester looked nearer at the poor animal he saw a twitching motion in one of its hind legs; Dr. Campbell said that it was the convulsion of death. Forester was just going to lift up his cat when his friend Henry stopped his hand, telling him that he would burn himself if he touched it. The hair and flesh of the cat on one side were burned away quite to the bone. Henry pointed to the broken bottle, which, he said, had contained vitriolic acid.

Henry in vain attempted to discover by whom the bottle of vitriolic acid had been taken out of its place. Suspicion naturally fell upon Forester, who, by his own account, was the last person in the room before the presses had been locked for the night. Forester, in warm terms, asserted that he knew nothing of the matter. Dr. Campbell coolly observed that Forester ought not to be surprised at being suspected upon this occasion; because everybody had the greatest reason to suspect the person whom they had detected in one *practical joke* of planning another.

"Joke!" said Forester, looking down upon his lifeless favourite: "do you think me capable of such cruelty? Do you doubt my truth?" exclaimed Forester, haughtily. "You are unjust. Turn me out of your house this instant. I do not desire your protection if I have forfeited your esteem."

"Go to bed for to-night in my house," said Dr. Campbell; "moderate your enthusiasm, and reflect coolly upon what has passed."

Dr. Campbell, as Forester indignantly withdrew, said, with a benevolent smile, as he looked after him, "He wants nothing but a little common sense. Henry, you must give him a little of yours."

In the morning Forester first went to inquire how the dancing-master had slept; and then knocked impatiently at Dr. Campbell's door.

"My father is not awake," said Henry; but Forester marched directly up to the side of the bed, and drawing back the curtain with no gentle hand, cried, with a loud voice, "Dr. Campbell, I am come to beg your pardon. I was angry when I said you were unjust."

"And I was asleep when you begged my pardon," said Dr. Campbell, rubbing his eyes.

"The dancing-master's ankle is a great deal better and I have buried the poor cat," pursued Forester: "and I hope now, doctor, you'll at least tell me that you do not really suspect me of any hand in her death."

"Pray let me go to sleep," said Dr. Campbell, "and *time* your explanations a little better."

THE GERANIUM.

The dancing-master gradually recovered from his sprain; and Forester spent all his pocket-money in buying a new violin for him, as his had been broken in his fall: his watch had likewise been broken against the stone steps. Though Forester looked upon a watch as a useless bauble, yet he determined to get this mended; and his friend Henry went with him for this purpose to a watchmaker's.

While Henry Campbell and Forester were consulting with the watchmaker upon the internal state of the bruised watch, Archibald Mackenzie, who followed them *for a lounge*, was looking over some new watches, and ardently wishing for the finest that he saw. As he was playing with this fine watch, the watchmaker begged that he would take care not to break it.

Archibald, in the insolent tone in which he was used to speak to a *tradesman*, replied, that if he did break it, he hoped he was able to pay for it. The watchmaker civilly answered, "he had no doubt of that, but that the watch was not his property; it was Sir Philip Gosling's, who would call for it, he expected, in a quarter of an hour."

At the name of Sir Philip Gosling Archibald quickly changed his tone: he had a great ambition to be of Sir Philip's acquaintance; for Sir Philip was a young man, who was to have a large fortune when he should come of age, and who, in the mean time, spent as much of it as possible with great *spirit* and little judgment. He had been sent to Edinburgh for his education; and he spent his time in training horses, laying bets, parading in the public walks, and ridiculing, or, in his own phrase, *quizzing* every sensible young man who applied to literature or science. Sir Philip, whenever he frequented any

of the professor's classes, took care to make it evident to everybody present that he did not come there to learn, and that he looked down with contempt upon all who were *obliged* to study: he was the first always to make any disturbance in the classes, or, in his elegant language, *to make a row*.

This was the youth of whose acquaintance Archibald Mackenzie was ambitious. He staid in the shop, in hopes that Sir Philip would arrive: he was not disappointed; Sir Philip came, and, with address which Lady Catherine would perhaps have admired, Archibald entered into conversation with the young baronet, if conversation that might be called which consisted of a species of fashionable dialect, devoid of sense, and destitute of any pretence to wit. To Forester this dialect was absolutely unintelligible: after he had listened to it with sober contempt for a few minutes, he pulled Henry away, saying, "Come, don't let us waste our time here; let us go to the brewery that you promised to show me."

Henry did not immediately yield to the rough pull of his indignant friend, for, at this instant, the door of a little back parlour behind the watchmaker's shop opened slowly, and a girl of about seven years old appeared, carrying, with difficulty, a flower-pot, in which there was a fine large geranium in full flower. Henry, who saw that the child was scarcely able to carry it, took it out of her hands, and asked her, "Where she would like to have it put?"

"Here, for to-day!" said the little girl, sorrowfully; "but to-morrow it goes away for ever!"

The little girl was sorry to part with this geranium, because "she had watched it all the winter," and said, "that she was very fond of it; but that she was willing to part with it, though it was just come into flower, because the apothecary had told her that it was the cause of her grandmother's having been taken ill. Her grandmother lodged," she said, "in *that* little room, and the room was very close, and she was taken ill in the night —so ill that she could hardly speak or stir; and when the apothecary came, he said," continued the little girl, "it was no wonder anybody was ill, who slept in such a little close room, with such a great geranium in it *to poison the air*. So my geranium must go!" concluded she with a sigh: "but as it is for grandmother, I shall never think of it again."

Henry Campbell and Forester were both struck with the modest simplicity of this child's countenance and manner, and they were pleased with the unaffected generosity with which she gave up her favourite geranium.

Forester noted this down in his mind, as a fresh instance in favour of his *exclusive* good opinion of the poor. This little girl looked poor, though she was decently dressed; she was so thin that her little cheek bones could plainly be seen; her face had not the round, rosy beauty of cheerful health: she was pale and sallow, and she looked in patient misery. Moved with compassion, Forester regretted that he had no money to give where it might have been so well bestowed. He was always *extravagant* in his generosity; he would often give five guineas where five shillings would have been enough, and by these means he reduced himself to the necessity sometimes of refusing assistance to deserving objects. On his journey from his father's house to Edinburgh, he lavished, in undistinguishing charity, a considerable sum of money; and all that he had remaining of this money he spent in purchasing the new violin for M. Pasgrave. Dr. Campbell absolutely refused to advance his ward any money till his next quarterly allowance should become due. Henry, who always perceived quickly what passed in the minds of others, guessed at Forester's thoughts by his countenance, and forebore to produce his own money, though he had it just ready in his hand: he knew that he could call again at the watchmaker's, and give what he pleased, without ostentation.

Upon questioning the little girl further concerning her grandmother's illness, Henry discovered that the old woman had sat up late at night knitting, and that, feeling herself extremely cold, she got a pan of charcoal into her room; that, soon afterward, she felt uncommonly drowsy; and when her little granddaughter spoke to her, and asked her why she did not come to bed? she made no answer: a few minutes after this she dropped from her chair. The child was extremely frightened, and though she felt it very difficult to rouse herself, she said she got up as fast as she could, opened the door, and called to the watchmaker's wife, who luckily had been at work late, and was now raking the kitchen fire. With her assistance the old woman was brought into the air, and presently returned to her senses: the pan of charcoal had been taken away before the apothecary came

in the morning; as he was in a great hurry when he called, he made but few inquiries, and consequently condemned the geranium without sufficient evidence. As he left the house, he carelessly said, "My wife would like that geranium, I think." And the poor old woman, who had but a very small fee to offer, was eager to give any thing that seemed to please the *doctor*.

Forester, when he heard this story, burst into a contemptuous exclamation against the meanness of this and of all other apothecaries. Henry informed the little girl that the charcoal had been the cause of her grandmother's illness, and advised them never, upon any account, to keep a pan of charcoal again in her bedchamber; he told her that many people had been killed by this practice. "Then," cried the little girl, joyfully, "if it was the charcoal, and not the geranium, that made grandmother ill, I may keep my beautiful geranium:" and she ran immediately to gather some of the flowers, which she offered to Henry and to Forester. Forester, who was still absorbed in the contemplation of the apothecary's meanness, took the flowers, without perceiving that he took them, and pulled them to pieces as he went on thinking. Henry, when the little girl held the geraniums up to him, observed that the back of her hand was bruised and black; he asked her how she had hurt herself, and she replied innocently, "that she had not hurt *herself*, but that her schoolmistress was a very *strict* woman." Forester, roused from his revery, desired to hear what the little girl meant by a *strict* woman, and she explained herself more fully: she said, that, as a favour, her grandmother had obtained leave from some great lady to send her to a charity-school: that she went there every day to learn to read and work, but that the mistress of the charity-school used her scholars very severely, and often kept them for hours, after they had done their own *tasks*, to spin for her; and that she beat them if they did not spin as much as she expected. The little girl's grandmother then said that she knew all this, but that she did not dare to complain, because the schoolmistress was under the patronage of some of "the grandest ladies in Edinburgh," and that, as she could not afford to pay for her little lass's schooling, she was forced to have her taught as well as she could *for nothing*.

Forester, fired with indignation at this history of injustice, resolved, at all events, to stand forth immediately

in the child's defence; but, without staying to consider how the wrong could be redressed, he thought only of the quickest, or, as he said, the most manly means of doing the business: he declared, that if the little girl would show him the way to the school, he would go that instant and speak to the woman in the midst of all her scholars. Henry in vain represented that this would not be a prudent mode of proceeding.

Forester disdained prudence, and, trusting securely to the power of his own eloquence, he set out with the child, who seemed rather afraid to come to open war with her tyrant. Henry was obliged to return home to his father, who had usually business for him to do about this time. The little girl had staid at home on account of her grandmother's illness, but all the other scholars were hard at work, spinning in a close room, when Forester arrived.

He marched directly into the school-room. The wheels stopped at once on his appearance, and the schoolmistress, a raw-boned, intrepid-looking woman, eyed him with amazement; he broke silence in the following words:—

"Vile woman, your injustice is come to light! How can you dare to tyrannize over these poor children? Is it because they are poor? Take my advice, children, resist this tyrant, put by your wheels, and spin for her no more."

The children did not move, and the schoolmistress poured out a torrent of abuse in broad Scotch, which to the English ear of Forester was unintelligible. At length she made him comprehend her principal questions —Who he was? and by whose authority he interfered between her and her scholars? "By nobody's authority," was Forester's answer; "I want no authority to speak in the cause of injured innocence." No sooner had the woman heard these words than she called to her husband, who was writing in an adjoining room: without further ceremony, they both seized upon our hero, and turned him out of the house.

The woman revenged herself without mercy upon the little girl whom Forester had attempted to defend, and dismissed her, with advice never more to complain of being obliged to spin for her mistress.

Mortified by the ill success of his enterprise, Forester returned home, attributing the failure of his eloquence chiefly to his ignorance of the Scotch dialect.

THE CANARY-BIRD.

At his return, Forester heard that all Dr. Campbell's family were going that evening to visit a gentleman who had an excellent cabinet of minerals. He had some desire to see the fossils; but when he came to the gentleman's house, he soon found himself disturbed at the praises bestowed by some ladies in company upon a little canary-bird which belonged to the mistress of the house. He began to kick his feet together, to hang first one arm and then the other, over the back of his chair, with the obvious expression of impatience and contempt in his countenance. Henry Campbell, in the mean time, said, without any embarrassment, just what he thought about the bird. Archibald Mackenzie, with artificial admiration, said a vast deal more than he thought, in hopes of effectually recommending himself to the lady of the house. The lady told him the history of three birds, which had successively inhabited the cage before the present occupier. "They all died," continued she, "in a most *extraordinary* manner, one after another, in a short space of time, in convulsions."

"Don't listen," whispered Forester, pulling Henry away from the crowd who surrounded the bird-cage; "how can you listen, like that polite hypocrite, to this foolish woman's history of her *extraordinary* favourites? Come down stairs with me. I want to tell you my adventure with the schoolmistress; we can take a turn in the hall and come back before the cabinet of minerals is opened, and before these women have finished the ceremony of tea—come."

"I'll come presently," said Henry; "I really want to hear this."

Henry Campbell was not listening to the history of the lady's favourite birds like a polite hypocrite, but like a good-natured sensible person; the circumstances recalled to his memory the conversation that we formerly mentioned, which began about pickled cucumbers, and ended with Dr. Campbell's giving an account of the effects of some poisons. In consequence of this conversation, Henry's attention had been turned to the subject, and he had read several essays, which had informed him of many curious facts. He recollected, in particular, to

have met with the account* of a bird, who had been poisoned, and whose case bore a strong resemblance to the present. He begged leave to examine the cage, in order to discover whether there were any lead about it, with which the birds could have poisoned themselves. No lead was to be found: he next examined whether there were any white or green paint about it; he inquired whence the water came which the birds had drunk; and he examined the trough which held their seeds. The lady, while he was pursuing these inquiries, said she was sure that the birds could not have died either for want of air or exercise, for that she often left the cage open on purpose, that they might fly about the room. Henry immediately looked round the room, and at length he observed in an inkstand which stood upon a writing-table a number of wafers, which were many of them chipped round the edges; upon sweeping out the bird-cage, he found a few very small bits of wafer mixed with the seeds and dust; he was now persuaded that the birds had eaten the wafers, and that they had been poisoned by the red lead which they contained; he was confirmed in this opinion by being told that the wafers had lately been missed very frequently, and it had been imagined that they had been used by the servants. Henry begged the lady would try an experiment, which might probably save the life of her new favourite; the lady, though she had never before tried an experiment, was easily prevailed upon. She promised Henry that she would lock up the wafers; and he prophesied that her bird would not, like his predecessors, come to an untimely end. Archibald Mackenzie was vexed to observe that knowledge had in this instance *succeeded* better, even with a lady, than flattery. As for Forester, he would certainly have admired his friend Henry's ingenuity, if he had been attending to what had passed; but he had taken a book, and had seated himself in an arm-chair, which had been placed on purpose for an old gentleman in company, and was deep in the history of a man who had been cast away, some hundred years ago, upon a desert island.

He condescended, however, to put down his book when the fossils were produced: and, as if he had just awakened from a dream, rubbed his eyes, stretched himself, and joined the rest of the company. The malicious

* Falconer on the Poison of Lead and Copper.

Archibald, who observed that Forester had seated himself, through absence of mind, in a place which prevented some of the ladies from seeing the fossils, instantly made a parade of his own politeness, to contrast himself advantageously with the rude negligence of his companion; but Archibald's politeness was always particularly directed to the persons in company whom he thought of the most importance. "You can't see there," said Forester, suddenly rousing himself, and observing that Dr. Campbell's daughter, Miss Flora Campbell, was standing behind him; "had you not better sit down in this chair? I don't want it, because I can see over your head; sit down." Archibald smiled at Forester's simplicity in paying his awkward compliment to the young lady, who had, according to his mode of estimating, the least pretensions to notice of any one present. Flora Campbell was neither rich nor beautiful, but she had a happy mixture in her manners of Scottish sprightliness and English reserve. She had an eager desire to improve herself, while a nice sense of propriety taught her never to intrude upon general notice, or to recede from conversation with airs of counterfeit humility. Forester admired her abilities, because he imagined that he was the only person who had ever discovered them; as to her manners, he never observed these, but, even while he ridiculed politeness, he was anxious to find out what she thought polite. After he had told her all that he knew concerning the fossils, as they were produced from the cabinet, and he was far from ignorant, he at length perceived that she knew full as much of natural history as he did, and he was surprised that a young lady should know so much, and should not be conceited. Flora, however, soon sank many degrees in his opinion; for, after the cabinet of mineralogy was shut, some of the company talked of a ball which was to be given in a few days, and Flora, with innocent gayety, said to Forester, "Have you learned to dance a Scotch reel since you came to Scotland?"—"*I!*" cried Forester, with contempt; "do you think it the height of human perfection to dance a Scotch reel?—then that fine young laird Mr. Archibald Mackenzie will suit you much better than I shall."

And Forester returned to his arm-chair and his desert island.

THE KEY.

It was unfortunate that Forester retired from company in such abrupt displeasure at Flora Campbell's question; for had he borne the idea of a Scotch reel more like a philosopher, he would have heard of something interesting relative to the intended ball, if any thing relative to a ball could be interesting to him. It was a charity-ball, for the benefit of the mistress of the very charity-school* to which the little girl with the bruised hand belonged. "Do you know," said Henry to Forester, when they returned home, "that I have great hopes we shall be able to get justice done to the poor children. I hope the tyrannical schoolmistress may yet be punished. The lady with whom we drank tea yesterday is one of the patronesses of the charity-school."

"Lady patronesses!" cried Forester; "we need not expect justice from a lady patroness, depend upon it, especially at a ball; her head will be full of feathers, or some such things. I prophesy you will not succeed better than I have."

The desponding prophecies of Forester did not deter Henry from pursuing a scheme which he had formed. The lady who was the mistress of the canary-bird came in a few days to visit his mother, and she told him that his experiment had succeeded, that she had regularly locked up the wafers, and that her favourite bird was in perfect health. "And what fee, doctor," said she, smiling, "shall I give you for saving his life?"

"I will tell you in a few minutes," replied Henry; and in a few minutes the little girl and her geranium were sent for, and appeared. Henry told the lady all the circumstances of her story with so much feeling, and at the same time with so much propriety, that she became interested in the cause: she declared that she would do every thing in her power to prevail upon the other ladies to examine into the conduct of the schoolmistress, and to have her dismissed immediately, if it should appear that she had behaved improperly.

Forester, who was present at this declaration, was much astonished that a lady whom he had seen caress-

* There is no charity-school of this description in Edinburgh; this cannot, therefore, be mistaken for private satire.

ing a canary-bird could speak with so much decision and good sense. Henry obtained his fee: he asked and received permission to place the geranium in the middle of the supper-table at the ball; and he begged that the lady would take an opportunity at supper to mention the circumstances which he had related to her; but this she declined, and politely said that she was sure Henry would tell the story much better than she could.

"Come out and walk with me," said Forester to Henry, as soon as the lady was gone. Henry frequently left his occupations with great good-nature to accompany our hero in his rambles, and he usually followed the subjects of conversation which Forester started. He saw, by the gravity of his countenance, that he had something of importance revolving in his mind. After he had proceeded in silence for some time along the walk, under the high rock called Arthur's Seat, he suddenly stopped, and turning to Henry, exclaimed, "I esteem you; do not make me despise you!"

"I hope I never shall," said Henry, a little surprised by his friend's manner: "what is the matter?"

"Leave balls, and lady patronesses, and petty artifices, and supple address to such people as Archibald Mackenzie," pursued Forester, with enthusiasm:—

> "Who noble ends by noble means pursues—"
> "Will scorn canary-birds, and *cobble shoes*,"

replied Henry, laughing: "I see no meanness in my conduct: I do not know what it is you disapprove."

"I do not approve," said Forester, "of your having recourse to *mean address* to obtain justice."

Henry requested to know what his severe friend meant by *address;* but this was not easily explained. Forester, in his definition of *mean address*, included all that attention to the feelings of others, all those honest arts of pleasing, which make society agreeable. Henry endeavoured to convince him that it was possible for a person to wish to please, nay, even to succeed in that wish, without being insincere. Their argument and their walk continued, till Henry, who, though very active, was not quite so robust as his friend, was completely tired, especially as he perceived that Forester's opinions remained unshaken.

"How effeminate you *gentlemen* are!" cried Forester: "see what it is to be brought up in the lap of luxury.

Why I am not at all tired; I could walk a dozen miles farther, without being in the least fatigued!"

Henry thought it a very good thing to be able to walk a number of miles without being fatigued, but he did not consider it as the highest perfection of human nature. In his friend's present mood, nothing less could content him, and Forester went on to demonstrate to the weary Henry, that all fortitude, all courage, and all the manly virtues were inseparably connected with *pedestrian indefatigability*. Henry, with good-natured presence of mind, which perhaps his friend would have called *mean address*, diverted our hero's rising indignation by proposing that they should both go and look at the large brewery, which was in their way home, and with which Forester would, he thought, be entertained.

The brewery fortunately turned the course of Forester's thoughts, and, instead of quarrelling with his friend for being tired, he condescended to postpone all further debate. Forester had, from his childhood, a habit of twirling a key whenever he was thinking intently: the key had been produced, and had been twirling upon its accustomed thumb during the argument upon address; and it was still in Forester's hand when they went into the brewery. As he looked and listened, the key was essential to his power of attending; at length, as he stopped to view a large brewing vat, the key unluckily slipped from his thumb, and fell to the bottom of the vat; it was so deep, that the tinkling sound of the key, as it touched the bottom, was scarcely heard. A young man who belonged to the brewery immediately descended by a ladder into the vat to get the key, but scarcely had he reached the bottom, when he fell down senseless. Henry Campbell was speaking to one of the clerks of the brewery when this accident happened: a man came running to them with the news, "The vat has not been cleaned—it's full of bad air."—"Draw him up, let down a hook and cords for him instantly, or he's a dead man," cried Henry, and he instantly ran to the place. What was his terror when he beheld Forester descending the ladder! He called to him to stop; he assured him that the man could be saved without his hazarding his life; but Forester persisted: he had one end of a cord in his hand, which he said he could fasten in an instant round the man's body. There was a sky-light nearly over the vat, so that the light fell directly upon the bottom.

Henry saw his friend reach the last rung of the ladder. As Forester stooped to put the rope round the shoulders of the man, who lay insensible at the bottom of the vat, a sudden air of idiocy came over his animated countenance; his limbs seemed no longer to obey his will; his arms dropped, and he fell insensible.

The spectators, who were looking down from above, were so much terrified that they could not decide to do any thing: some cried, "It's all over with him! Why would he go down?" Others ran to procure a hook—others called to him to take up the rope again, if he possibly could: but Forester could not hear or understand them. Henry Campbell was the only person who, in this scene of danger and confusion, had sufficient presence of mind to be of service.

Near the large vat into which Forester had descended there was a cistern of cold water. Henry seized a bucket which was floating in the cistern, filled it with water, and emptied the water into the vat, dashing it against the sides, to disperse the water, and to displace the mephitic air.* He called to the people who surrounded him for assistance; the water expelled the air; and, when it was safe to descend, Henry instantly went down the ladder himself, and fastened the cord round Forester, who was quite helpless.

"Draw him up!" said Henry. They drew him up. Henry fastened another cord round the body of the other man who lay at the bottom of the vessel, and he was taken up in the same manner. Forester soon returned to his senses when he was carried into the air; it was with more difficulty that the other man, whose animation had been longer suspended, was recovered; at length, however, by proper applications, his lungs played freely, he stretched himself, looked round upon the people who were about him with an air of astonishment, and was some time before he could recollect what had happened to him. Forester, as soon as he had recovered the use of his understanding, was in extreme anxiety to know whether the poor man who went down for his key had been saved. His gratitude to Henry, when he heard all that had passed, was expressed in the most enthusiastic manner.

"I acted like a madman, and you like a man of sense,"

* Carbonic acid gas.

said Forester. "You always know how to do good: I do mischief whenever I attempt to do good. But now don't expect, Henry, that I should give up any of my opinions to you because you have saved my life. I shall always argue with you just as I did before. Remember, I despise *address*. I don't yield a single point to you. Gratitude shall never make me a sycophant."

THE FLOWER-POT

Eager to prove that he was not a sycophant, Forester, when he returned home with his friend Henry, took every possible occasion to contradict him, with even more than his customary rigidity; nay, he went further still to vindicate his sincerity.

Flora Campbell had never entirely recovered our hero's esteem since she had unwittingly expressed her love for Scotch reels; but she was happily unconscious of the crime she had committed, and was wholly intent upon pleasing her father and mother, her brother Henry, and herself. She had a constant flow of good spirits, and the charming domestic talent of making every trifle a source of amusement to herself and others: she was sprightly, without being frivolous; and the uniform sweetness of her temper showed that she was not in the least in want of flattery or dissipation to support her gayety. But Forester, as the friend of her brother, thought it incumbent upon him to discover faults in her which no one else could discover, and to assist in her education, though she was only one year younger than himself. She had amused herself the morning that Forester and her brother were at the brewery with painting a pasteboard covering for the flower-pot which held the poor little girl's geranium. Flora had heard from her brother of his intention to place it in the middle of the supper-table at the ball; and she flattered herself that he would like to see it ornamented by her hands at his return. She produced it after dinner. Henry thanked her, and her father and mother were pleased to see her eagerness to oblige her brother. The cynical Forester alone refused his sympathy. He looked at the flower-pot with marked disdain. Archibald, who delighted to contrast himself with the unpolished Forester, and who remarked that Flora and her brother were both somewhat surprised at

his unsociable silence, slyly said, "There's something in this flower-pot, Miss Campbell, which does not suit Mr. Forester's correct taste; I wish he would allow us to profit by his criticisms."

Forester vouchsafed not a reply.

"Don't you like it, Forester?" said Henry.

"No, he does not like it," said Flora, smiling; "don't force him to say that he does."

"Force me to say I like what I don't like!" repeated Forester; "no, I defy anybody to do that."

"But why," said Dr. Campbell, laughing, "why such a waste of energy and magnanimity about a trifle? If you were upon your trial for life or death, Mr. Forester, you could not look more resolutely guarded,—more as if you had 'worked up each corporal agent' to the terrible feat!"

"Sir," said Forester, who bore the laugh that was raised against him with the air of a martyr, "I can bear even your ridicule in the cause of truth." The laugh continued at the solemnity with which he pronounced these words. "I think," pursued Forester, "that those who do not respect truth in trifles will never respect it in matters of consequence."

Archibald Mackenzie laughed more loudly, and with affectation, at this speech: Henry and Dr. Campbell's laughter instantly ceased.

"Do not mistake us," said Dr. Campbell; "we did not laugh at your principles, we only laughed at your manner."

"And are not principles of rather more consequence than manners?"

"Of infinitely more consequence," said Dr. Campbell: "but why to excellent principles may we not add agreeable manners? Why should not truth be amiable as well as respectable? You, who have such enlarged views for the good of the whole human race, are, I make no doubt, desirous that your fellow-creatures should love truth as well as you love it yourself."

"Certainly, I wish they did," said Forester.

"And have your observations upon the feelings of others, and upon your own, led you to conclude that we are most apt to like those things which always give us pain? And do you, upon this principle, wish to make truth as painful as possible, in order to increase our love for it?"

"I don't wish to make truth painful," said Forester; "but, at the same time, it is not my fault if people can't bear pain. I think people who can't bear pain, both of body and mind, cannot be good for any thing; for, in the first place, they will always," said Forester, glancing his eye at Flora and her flower-pot, "they will always prefer flattery to truth, as all weak people do."

At this sarcastic reflection, which seemed to be aimed at the sex, Lady Catherine, Mrs. Campbell, and all the ladies present, except Flora, began to speak at once in their own vindication.

As soon as there was any prospect of peace Dr. Campbell resumed his argument, in the calmest voice imaginable.

"But, Mr. Forester, without troubling ourselves for the present with the affairs of the ladies, or of weak people, may I ask what degree of unnecessary pain you think it the duty of a strong person, a moral Samson, to bear?"

"Unnecessary pain! I do not think it is anybody's duty to bear *unnecessary* pain."

"Nor to make others bear it?"

"Nor to make others bear it."

"Then we need argue no further. I congratulate you, Mr. Forester, upon your becoming so soon a proselyte to politeness."

"To politeness!" said Forester, starting back.

"Yes, my good sir; real politeness only teaches us to save others from *unnecessary pain;* and *this* you have just allowed to be your wish.—And now for the grand affair of Flora's flower-pot. You are not bound by politeness to tell any falsehoods; weak as she is, and a woman, I hope she can bear to hear the painful truth upon such an important occasion."

"Why," said Forester, who at last suffered his features to relax into a smile, "the truth then is, that I don't know whether the flower-pot be pretty or ugly; but I was determined not to say it was pretty."

"But why," said Henry, "did you look so heroically severe about the matter?"

"The reason I looked grave," said Forester, "was, because I was afraid your sister Flora would be spoiled by all the foolish compliments that were paid to her and her flower-pot."

"You are very considerate; and Flora, I am sure, is

much obliged to you," said Dr. Campbell, smiling, "for being so clear-sighted to the dangers of female vanity. You would not then, with a safe conscience, trust the completion of her education to her mother, or to myself?"

"I am sure, sir," said Forester, who now, for the first time, seemed sensible that he had not spoken with perfect propriety, "I would not interfere impertinently for the world. You are the best judges; only I thought parents were apt to be partial. Henry has saved my life, and I am interested for every thing that belongs to him. So I hope, if I said any thing rude, you will attribute it to a good motive. I wish the flower-pot had never made its appearance, for it has made me appear very impertinent."

Flora laughed with so much good-humour at this odd method of expressing his contrition, that even Forester acknowledged the influence of engaging manners and sweetness of temper. He lifted up the flower-pot, so as completely to screen his face, and, while he appeared to be examining it, he said, in a low voice, to Henry, "She is above the foibles of her sex."

"Oh, Mr. Forester, take care!" cried Flora.

"Of what?" said Forester, starting.

"It is too late now," said Flora.

And it was too late:—Forester, in his awkward manner of lifting the flower-pot and its painted case, had put his thumbs into the mould, with which the flower-pot had been newly filled. It was quite soft and wet. Flora, when she called to him, saw the two black thumbs just ready to stamp themselves upon her work, and her warning only accelerated its fate; for the instant she spoke, the thumbs closed upon the painted covering, and Forester was the last to perceive the mischief that he had done.

There was no possibility of effacing the stains, nor was there time to repair the damage, for the ball was to commence in a few hours, and Flora was obliged to send her disfigured work, without having had the satisfaction of hearing the ejaculation which Forester pronounced in her praise behind the flower-pot.

THE BALL.

Henry seized the moment when Forester was softened by the mixed effect of Dr. Campbell's raillery and Flora's good-humour, to persuade him that it would be perfectly consistent with sound philosophy to dress himself for a ball, nay, even to dance a country-dance. The word *reel*, to which Forester had taken a dislike, Henry prudently forbore to mention; and Flora, observing and artfully imitating her brother's prudence, substituted the word *hays* instead of *reels* in her conversation. When all the party were ready to go to the ball, and the carriages at the door, Forester was in Dr. Campbell's study, reading the natural history of the elephant.

"Come," said Henry, who had been searching for him all over the house, "we are waiting for you; I'm glad to see you dressed—come!"

"I wish you would leave me behind," said Forester, who seemed to have relapsed into his former unsociable humour, from having been left half an hour in his beloved solitude; nor would Henry probably have prevailed, if he had not pointed to the print of the elephant.* "That mighty animal, you see, is so docile that he lets himself be guided by a young boy," said Henry; "and so must you."

As he spoke he pulled Forester gently, who thought he could not show less docility than his favourite animal. When they entered the ball-room, Archibald Mackenzie asked Flora to dance, while Forester was considering where he should put his hat. "Are you going to dance without me? I thought I had asked you to dance with me. I intended it all the time we were coming in the coach."

Flora thanked him for his kind intentions; while Archibald, with a look of triumph, hurried his partner away, and the dance began. Forester saw this transaction in the most serious light, and it afforded him subject for meditation till at least half a dozen country-dances had been finished. In vain the Berwick Jockey, the Highland Laddie, and the Flowers of Edinburgh were played; "they suited not the gloomy habit" of his soul. He fixed himself behind a pillar, proof against music, mirth, and sympathy: he looked upon the dancers with a

* Cabinet of Quadrupeds.

cynical eye. At length he found an amusement that gratified his present splenetic humour; he applied both his hands to his ears, effectually to stop out the sound of the music, that he might enjoy the ridiculous spectacle of a number of people capering about without any apparent motive. Forester's attitude caught the attention of some of the company; indeed it was strikingly awkward. His elbows stuck out from his ears, and his head was sunk beneath his shoulders. Archibald Mackenzie was delighted beyond measure at his figure, and pointed him out to his acquaintance with all possible expedition. The laugh and the whisper circulated with rapidity. Henry, who was dancing, did not perceive what was going on till his partner said to him, "Pray, who is that strange mortal?"

"My friend," cried Henry: "will you excuse me for one instant?" And he ran up to Forester, and roused him from his singular attitude. "He is," continued Henry, as he returned to his partner, "an excellent young man, and he has superior abilities; we must not quarrel with him for trifles."

With what different eyes different people behold the same objects! While Forester had been stopping his ears, Dr. Campbell, who had more of the nature of the laughing than of the weeping philosopher, had found much benevolent pleasure in contemplating the festive scene. Not that any folly or ridicule escaped his keen penetration; but he saw every thing with an indulgent eye; and, if he laughed, laughed in such a manner that even those who were the objects of his pleasantry could scarcely have forborne to sympathize in his mirth. Folly, he thought, could be as effectually corrected by the tickling of a feather as by the lash of the satirist. When Lady Margaret M'Gregor and Lady Mary Macintosh, for instance, had almost forced their unhappy partners into a quarrel to support their respective claims to precedency, Dr. Campbell, who was appealed to as the relation of both the furious fair ones, decided the difference expeditiously, and much to the amusement of the company, by observing, that, as the pretensions of each of the ladies were incontrovertible, and precisely balanced, there was but one possible method of adjusting their precedency—by their age. He was convinced, he said, that the youngest lady would with pleasure yield precedency to the elder. The contest was now

which should stand the lowest, instead of which should stand the highest, in the dance: and when the proofs of seniority could not be settled, the fair ones drew lots for their places and submitted that to chance which could not be determined by prudence.

Forester stood beside Dr. Campbell while all this passed, and wasted a considerable portion of virtuous indignation upon the occasion. "And look at that absurd creature!" exclaimed Forester, pointing out to Dr. Campbell a girl who was footing and pounding for fame at a prodigious rate. Dr. Campbell turned from the pounding lady to observe his own daughter Flora, and a smile of delight came over his countenance: for "*parents are apt to be partial*"—especially those who have such daughters as Flora. Her light figure and graceful agility attracted the attention even of many impartial spectators; but she was not intent upon admiration: she seemed to be dancing in the gayety of her heart; and that was a species of gayety in which every one sympathized, because it was natural, and of which every one approved, because it was innocent. There was a certain delicacy mixed with her sportive humour, which seemed to govern, without restraining, the tide of her spirits. Her father's eye was following her as she danced to a lively Scotch tune, when Forester pulled Dr. Campbell's cane, on which he was leaning, and exclaimed, "Doctor, I've just thought of an excellent plan for a tragedy!"

"A tragedy!" repeated Dr. Campbell, with unfeigned surprise; "are you sure you don't mean a comedy?"

Forester persisted that he meant a tragedy, and was proceeding to open the plot.—"Don't force me to your tragedy now," said Dr. Campbell, "or it will infallibly be condemned. I cannot say that I have my *buskin* on; and I advise you to take yours off. Look, is that the tragic muse?"

Forester was astonished to find that so great a man as Dr. Campbell had so little the power of abstraction; and he retired to muse upon the opening of his tragedy in a recess under the music gallery. But here he was not suffered long to remain undisturbed; for near this spot Sir Philip Gosling presently stationed himself; Archibald Mackenzie, who left off dancing as soon as Sir Philip entered the room, came to the half-intoxicated baronet; and they, with some other young men worthy of their acquaintance, began so loud a contest concern-

ing the number of bottles of claret which a man might, could, or should drink at a sitting, that even Forester's powers of abstraction failed, and his tragic muse took her flight.

"Supper! supper! thank God!" exclaimed Sir Philip, as supper was now announced. "I'd never set my foot in a ball-room," added he, with several suitable oaths, "if it was not for the supper."

"Is that a rational being?" cried Forester to Dr. Campbell, after Sir Philip had passed them.

"Speak a little lower," said Dr. Campbell, "or he will infallibly prove his title to rationality by shooting you, or by making you shoot him, through the head."

"But, sir," said Forester, holding Dr. Campbell fast, while all the rest of the company were going down to supper, "how can you bear such a number of foolish, disagreeable people with patience?"

"What would you have me do?" said Dr. Campbell. "Would you have me get up and preach in the middle of a ball-room? Is it not as well, since we are here, to amuse ourselves with whatever can afford us any amusement, and to keep in good-humour with all the world, especially with ourselves?—and had we not better follow the crowd to supper?"

Forester went down stairs; but as he crossed an antechamber which led to the supper-room, he exclaimed, "If I were a legislator, I would prohibit balls."

"And if you were a legislator," said Dr. Campbell, pointing to a tea-kettle which was on the fire in the antechamber, and from the spout of which a gray cloud of vapour issued—"if you were a legislator, would not you have stoppers wedged tight into the spouts of all tea-kettles in your dominions?"

"No, sir," said Forester; "they would burst."

"And do you think that folly would not burst, and do more mischief than a tea-kettle in the explosion, if you confined it so tight?"

Forester would willingly have staid in the antechamber to begin a critical dissection of this allusion; but Dr. Campbell carried him forwards into the supper-room. Flora had kept a seat for her father; and Henry met them at the door.

"I was just coming to see for you, sir," said he to his father. "Flora began to think you were lost."

"No," said Dr. Campbell, "I was only detained by a

would-be Cato, who wanted me to quarrel with the whole world, instead of eating my supper. What would you advise me to eat, Flora?" said he, seating himself beside her.

"Some of this trifle, papa;" and, as she lightly removed the flowers with which it was ornamented, her father said, "Yes, give me some trifle, Flora. Some characters are like that trifle—flowers and light froth at the top, and solid, good sweetmeat beneath."

Forester immediately stretched out his plate for some trifle. "But I don't see any use in the flowers, sir," said he.

"Nor any beauty," said Dr. Campbell.

Forester picked the *troublesome* flowers out of his trifle, and ate a quantity of it sufficient for a stoic. Towards the end of the supper, he took some notice of Henry, who had made several ineffectual efforts to amuse him by such slight strokes of wit as seemed to suit the time and place. Time and place were never taken into Forester's consideration: he was secretly displeased with his friend Henry for having danced all the evening instead of sitting still; and he looked at Henry's partner with a scrutinizing eye. "So," said he, at last, "I observe I have not been thought worthy of your conversation to-night: this is what *gentlemen, polite gentlemen*, who dance *reels*, call friendship!"

"If I had thought that you would have taken it ill I should dance reels," said Henry, laughing, "I would have made the sacrifice of a reel at the altar of friendship; but we don't come to a ball to make sacrifices to friendship, but to divert ourselves."

"If we can," said Forester, sarcastically: here he was prevented from reproaching his friend any longer, for a party of gentlemen began to sing catches, at the desire of the rest of company.

Forester was now intent upon criticising the nonsensical words that were sung; and he was composing an essay upon the power of the ancient bards, and the effect of national music, when Flora's voice interrupted him: "Brother," said she, "I have won my wager." The wager was, that Forester would not during supper observe the geranium that was placed in the middle of the table.

As soon as the company was satisfied, both with their supper and their songs, Henry, whose mind was always

present, seized the moment when there was silence to turn the attention of the company towards the object upon which his own thoughts were intent. The lady patroness the mistress of the canary-bird had performed her promise: she had spoken to several of her acquaintance concerning the tyrannical schoolmistress; and now, fixing the attention of the company upon the geranium, she appealed to Henry Campbell, and begged him to explain its history. A number of eager eyes turned upon him instantly; and Forester felt that if he had been called upon in such a manner he could not have uttered a syllable. He now felt the great advantage of being able to speak, without hesitation or embarrassment, before numbers. When Henry related the poor little girl's story, his language and manner were so unaffected and agreeable that he interested every one who heard him in his cause. A subscription was immediately raised; everybody was eager to contribute something to the child who had been so ready, for her old grandmother's sake, to part with her favourite geranium. The lady who superintended the charity-school agreed to breakfast the next morning at Dr. Campbell's, and to go from his house to the school precisely at the hour when the schoolmistress usually set her unfortunate scholars to their extra task of spinning.

Forester was astonished at all this; he did not consider that negligence and inhumanity are widely different. The lady patronesses had, perhaps, been rather negligent in contenting themselves with seeing the charity-children *show well* in procession to church, and they had not sufficiently inquired into the conduct of the schoolmistress; but as soon as the facts were properly stated, the ladies were eager to exert themselves, and candidly acknowledged that they had been to blame in trusting so much to the reports of the superficial visiters, who had always declared that the school was going on perfectly well.

"More people who are in the wrong," said Dr. Campbell to Forester, "would be corrected, if some people who are in the right had a little candour and patience joined with their other virtues."

As the company rose from the supper-table, several young ladies gathered round the geranium to admire Flora's pretty flower-pot. The black stains, however, struck every eye. Forester was standing by, rather

embarrassed. Flora, with her usual good-nature, refrained from all explanation, though the exclamations of "How was that done?"—"Who could have done that?" were frequently repeated.

"It was an accident," said Flora; and, to change the conversation, she praised the beauty of the geranium; she gathered one of the fragrant leaves, but as she was going to put it among the flowers in her bosom, she observed she had dropped her moss-rose. It was a rarity at this time of year: it was a rose which Henry Campbell had raised in a conservatory of his own construction.

"Oh! my brother's beautiful rose!" exclaimed Flora.

Forester, who had been much pleased by her good-nature about the stains on the flower-pot, now, contrary to his habits, sympathized with her concern for the loss of her brother's moss-rose. He exerted himself so far as to search under the benches and under the supper-table. He was fortunate enough to find it; and, eager to restore the prize, he, with more than his usual gallantry, but not with less than his customary awkwardness, crept from under the table, and, stretching half his body over a bench, pushed his arm between two young ladies into the midst of the group which surrounded Flora. As his arm extended his wrist appeared, and at the sight of that wrist all the young ladies shrank back with unequivocal tokens of disgust. They whispered—they tittered; and many expressive looks were lost upon our hero, who still resolutely held out the hand upon which every eye was fixed. "Here's your rose! Is not this the rose?" said he, still advancing the dreaded hand to Flora, whose hesitation and blushes surprised him. Mackenzie burst into a loud laugh; and in a whisper, which all the ladies could hear, told Forester, that "Miss Campbell was afraid to take the rose out of his hands, lest she should catch from him what he had caught from the carter who had brought him to Edinburgh, or from some of his companions at the cobbler's."

Forester flung the rose he knew not where, sprang over the bench, rushed between Flora and another lady, made towards the door in a straight line, pushing every thing before him, till a passage was made for him by the astonished crowd, who stood out of his way as if he had been a mad dog.

"Forester!" cried Henry and Dr. Campbell, who were

standing upon the steps before the door, speaking about the carriages; "What's the matter? Where are you going? The carriage is coming to the door."

"I had rather walk—don't speak to me," said Forester; "I've been insulted: I am in a passion, but I can command myself. I did not knock him down. Pray let me pass!"

Our hero broke from Dr. Campbell and Henry with the strength of an enraged animal from his keepers; and he must have found his way home by instinct, for he ran on without considering how he went. He snatched the light from the servant who opened the door at Dr. Campbell's—hurried to his own apartment—locked, double locked, and bolted the door—flung himself into a chair, and taking breath, exclaimed, "Thank God! I've done no mischief. Thank God! I didn't knock him down. Thank God! he is out of my sight, and I am cool now—quite cool: let me recollect it all."

Upon the coolest recollection, Forester could not reconcile his pride to his present circumstances. "Archibald spoke the truth—why am I angry? why *was* I angry, I mean?" He reasoned much with himself upon the nature of true and false shame: he represented to himself that the disorder which disfigured his hands was thought shameful only because it was *vulgar*; that what was vulgar was not therefore immoral; that the young tittering ladies who shrank back from him were not supreme judges of right and wrong; that he ought to despise their opinions, and he despised them with all his might for two or three hours, as he walked up and down his room with unremitting energy. At length our peripatetic philosopher threw himself upon his bed, determined that his repose should not be disturbed by such trifles: he had by this time worked himself up to such a pitch of magnanimity, that he thought he could with composure meet the disapproving eyes of millions of his fellow-creatures; but he was alone when he formed this erroneous estimate of the strength of the human mind. Wearied with passion and reason, he fell asleep, dreamed that he was continually presenting flowers which nobody would accept; awaked at the imaginary repetition of Archibald's laugh, composed himself again to sleep, and dreamed that he was in a glover's shop, trying on gloves, and that among a hundred pair which he pulled on, he could not find one that would fit him.

Just as he tore the last pair in his hurry he awaked, shook off his foolish dream, saw the sun rising between two chimneys many feet below his windows; recollected that in a short time he should be summoned to breakfast; that all the lady-patronesses were to be at this breakfast; that he could not breakfast in gloves; that Archibald would perhaps again laugh, and Flora perhaps again shrink back. He reproached himself for his weakness in foreseeing and dreading this scene: his aversion to lady-patronesses and to balls was never at a more formidable height; he sighed for liberty and independence, which he persuaded himself were not to be had in his present situation. In one of his long walks he remembered to have seen, at some miles' distance from the town of Edinburgh, a gardener and his boy, who were singing at their work. These men appeared to Forester to be yet happier than the cobbler who formerly was the object of his admiration; and he was persuaded that he should be much happier at the gardener's cottage than he could ever be at Dr. Campbell's house.

"I am not fit," said he to himself, "to live among *idle gentlemen* and *ladies*; I should be happy if I were a useful member of society; a gardener is a useful member of society, and I will be a gardener, and live with gardeners."

Forester threw off the clothes which he had worn the preceding night at the fatal ball, dressed himself in his old coat, tied up a small bundle of linen, and took the road to the gardener's.

BREAKFAST.

When Henry found that Forester was not in his room in the morning, he concluded that he had rambled out towards Salisbury Craigs, whither he talked the preceding day of going to botanize.

"I am surprised," said Dr. Campbell, "that the young gentleman is out so early, for I have a notion that he has not had much sleep since we parted, unless he walks in his sleep, for he has been walking over my poor head half the night."

Breakfast went on—no Forester appeared. Lady Catherine began to fear that he had broken his neck upon Salisbury Craigs, and related all the falls she had

ever had, or had ever been near having, in carriages, on horseback, or otherwise. She then entered into the geography of Salisbury Craigs, and began to dispute upon the probability of his having fallen to the east or to the west.

"My dear Lady Catherine," said Dr. Campbell, "we are not sure that he has been upon Salisbury Craigs; whether he have fallen to the east or to the west, we cannot, therefore, conveniently settle."

But Lady Catherine, whose prudential imagination travelled fast, went on to inquire of Dr. Campbell, to whom the great Forester estate would go in case of any accident having happened or happening to the young gentleman before he should come of age.

Dr. Campbell was preparing to give her ladyship satisfaction upon this point, when a servant put a letter into his hands. Henry looked in great anxiety. Dr. Campbell glanced his eye over the letter, put it into his pocket, and desired the servant to show the person who brought the letter into his study.

"It's only a little boy," said Archibald; "I saw him as I passed through the hall."

"Cannot a little boy go into my study?" said Dr. Campbell, coolly.

Archibald's curiosity was strongly excited, and he slipped out of the room a few minutes afterward, resolved to speak to the boy, and to discover the purpose of his embassy. But Dr. Campbell was behind him before he was aware of his approach, and just as Archibald began to cross-examine the boy in these words, "So you came from a young man who is about my size!" Dr. Campbell put both his hands upon his shoulders, saying, "He came from a young man who does not in the least resemble you, believe me, Mr. Archibald Mackenzie."

Archibald started, turned round, and was so abashed by the civilly contemptuous look with which Dr. Campbell pronounced these words, that he retired from the study without even attempting any of his usual equivocating apologies for his intrusion. Dr. Campbell now read Forester's letter. It was as follows:—

"Dear Sir,

"Though I have quitted your house thus abruptly, I am not insensible of your kindness. For the step I have taken, I can offer no apology merely to my guardian;

but you have treated me, Dr. Campbell, as your friend, and I shall lay my whole soul open to you.

"Notwithstanding your kindness,—notwithstanding the friendship of your son Henry, whose excellent qualities I know how to value, I most ingenuously own to you that I have been far from happy in your house. I feel that I cannot be at ease in the vortex of dissipation; and the more I see of the higher ranks of society, the more I regret that I was *born a gentleman*. Neither my birth nor my fortune shall, however, restrain me from pursuing that line of life which, I am persuaded, leads to virtue and tranquillity. Let those who have no virtuous indignation obey the voice of fashion, and at her commands let her slaves eat the bread of idleness till it palls upon the sense! I reproach myself with having yielded, as I have done of late, my opinions to the persuasions of friendship; my mind has become enervated, and I must fly from the fatal contagion. Thank Heaven, I have yet the power to fly: I have yet sufficient force to break my chains. I am not yet reduced to the mental degeneracy of the base monarch, who hugged his fetters because they were of gold.

"I am conscious of powers that fit me for something better than to waste my existence in a ball-room; and I will not sacrifice my liberty to the absurd ceremonies of daily dissipation. I, that have been the laughing-stock of the mean and frivolous, have yet sufficient manly pride unextinguished in my breast to assert my claim to your esteem: to assert that I never have committed, or shall designedly commit, any action unworthy of the friend of your son.

"I do not write to Henry, lest I should any way involve him in my misfortunes: he is formed to shine in the *polite* world, and his connexion with me might tarnish the lustre of his character in the eyes of the '*nice judging fair*.' I hope, however, that he will not utterly discard me from his heart, though I cannot dance a reel. I beg that he will break open the lock of the trunk that is in my room, and take out of it my Goldsmith's Animated Nature, which he seemed to like.

"In my table-drawer there are my Martyn's Letters on Botany, in which you will find a number of plants that I have dried for Flora—*Miss* Flora Campbell, I should say. After what passed last night, I can scarcely *hope* they will be accepted. I would rather have them

burned than refused; therefore please to burn them, and say nothing more upon the subject. Dear Sir, do not judge harshly of me; I have had a severe conflict with myself before I could resolve to leave you. But I would rather that you should judge of me with severity than that you should extend to me the same species of indulgence with which you last night viewed the half-intoxicated baronet.

"I can bear any thing but contempt.

"Yours, &c.

"P.S. I trust that you will not question the bearer; he knows where I am; I therefore put you on your guard. I mean to earn my own bread as a gardener; I have always preferred the agricultural to the commercial system."

To this letter, in which the mixture of sense and extravagance did not much surprise Dr. Campbell, he returned the following answer:—

"My dear cobbler, gardener, orator, or by whatever other name you choose to be addressed, I am too old to be surprised at any thing, otherwise I might have been rather surprised at some things in your eloquent letter. You tell me that you have the power to fly, and that you do not hug your chains, though they are of gold! Are you an alderman, or Dedalus? or are these only figures of speech? You inform me, that you cannot live in the vortex of dissipation, or eat the bread of idleness, and that you are determined to be a gardener. These things seem to have no necessary connexion with each other. Why you should reproach yourself so bitterly for having spent one evening of your life in a ball-room, which I suppose is what you allude to when you speak of a vortex of dissipation, I am at a loss to discover. And why you cannot, with so much honest pride yet unextinguished in your breast, find any occupation more worthy of your talents, and as useful to society as that of a gardener, I own puzzles me a little. Consider these things coolly; return to dinner, and we will compare at our leisure the advantages of the mercantile and the agricultural system. I forbear to question your messenger, as you desire; and I shall not show your letter to Henry till after we have dined. I hope by that

time you will insist upon my burning it; which, at your request, I shall do with pleasure, although it contains several good sentences. As I am not yet sure you have *departed this life*, I shall not enter upon my office of executor; I shall not break open the lock of your trunk (of which I hope you will some time, when your mind is less exalted, find the key), nor shall I stir in the difficult case of Flora's legacy. When next you write your will, let me, for the sake of your executor, advise you to be more precise in your directions; for what can be done if you order him to give and burn the same thing in the same sentence? As you have, among your other misfortunes, the misfortune to be born heir to five or six thousand a year, you should learn a little how to manage your own affairs, lest you should, among your *poor* or *rich* companions, meet with some who are not quite so honest as yourself.

"If, instead of returning to dine with us, you should persist in your gardening scheme, I shall have less esteem for your good sense, but I shall forbear to reproach you. I shall leave you to learn by your own experience, if it be not in my power to give you the advantages of mine gratis. But, at the same time, I shall discover where you are, and shall inform myself exactly of all your proceedings. This, as your guardian, is my duty. I should further warn you, that I shall not, while you choose to live in a rank below your own, supply you with your customary yearly allowance. Two hundred guineas a year would be an extravagant allowance in your present circumstances. I do not mention money with any idea of influencing your generous mind by mercenary motives; but it is necessary that you should not deceive yourself by inadequate experiments: you cannot be rich and poor at the same time. I gave you the day before yesterday five ten-pound notes for your last quarterly allowance; I suppose you have taken these with you, therefore you cannot be in any immediate distress for money. I am sorry, I own, that you are so well provided, because a man who has fifty guineas in his pocket-book cannot distinctly feel what it is to be compelled to earn his own bread.

"Do not, my dear ward, think me harsh; my friendship for you gives me courage to inflict present pain with a view to your future advantage. You must not expect to see any thing of your friend Henry until you

return to us. I shall, as his father and your guardian, request that he will trust implicitly to my prudence upon this occasion; that he will make no inquiries concerning you; and that he will abstain from all connexion with you while you absent yourself from your friends. You cannot live among the vulgar (by the vulgar I mean the ill-educated, the ignorant, those who have neither noble sentiments nor agreeable manners), and at the same time enjoy the pleasures of cultivated society. I shall wait, not without anxiety, till your choice be decided.

"Believe me to be
"Your sincere friend and guardian,
"H. CAMPBELL."

As soon as Dr. Campbell had despatched this letter he returned to the company. The ladies, after breakfast, proceeded to the charity-school; but Henry was so anxious to learn what was become of his friend Forester, that he could scarcely enjoy the effects of his own benevolent exertions. It was with difficulty, such as he had never before experienced, that Dr. Campbell obtained from him the promise to suspend all intercourse with Forester. Henry's first impulse when he read the letter, which his father now found it prudent to show him, was to search for his friend instantly. "I am sure," said he, "I shall be able to find him out; and, if I can but see him and speak to him, I know I could prevail upon him to return to us."

"Yes," said Dr. Campbell, "perhaps you might persuade him to return; but that is not the object: unless his understanding be convinced, what should we gain?"

"It should be convinced. I *could* convince him," cried Henry.

"I have, my dear son," said Dr. Campbell, smiling, "the highest opinion of your logic and eloquence; but are your reasoning powers stronger to-day than they were yesterday? Have you any new arguments to produce? I thought you had exhausted your whole store without effect."

Henry paused.

"Believe me," continued his father, lowering his voice, "I am not insensible to your friend's good, and, I will say, *great* qualities; I do not leave him to suffer evils without feeling as much perhaps as you can do; but I am convinced that the solidity of his character and the

happiness of his whole life will depend upon the impression that is now made upon his mind by *realities*. He will see society as it is. He has abilities and generosity of mind which will make him a first-rate character, if his friends do not spoil him out of false kindness."

Henry, at these words, held out his hand to his father, and gave him the promise which he desired.

"But," added he, "I still have hopes from your letter,—I should not be surprised to see Forester at dinner to-day."

"I should," said Dr. Campbell.

Dr. Campbell, alas! was right. Henry looked eagerly towards the door every time it opened when they were at dinner; but he was continually disappointed. Flora, whose gayety usually enlivened the evenings, and agreeably relieved her father and brother after their morning studies, was now silent.

While Lady Catherine's volubility overpowered even the philosophy of Dr. Campbell, she wondered—she never ceased wondering—that Mr. Forester did not appear; and that the doctor and Mrs. Campbell, and Henry and Flora were not more alarmed. She proposed sending twenty different messengers after him. She was now convinced that he had not fallen from Salisbury Craigs, because Dr. Campbell assured her ladyship that he had a letter from him in his pocket, and that he was safe; but she thought that there was imminent danger of his enlisting in a frolic, or, perhaps, marrying some cobbler's daughter in a pet. She turned to Archibald Mackenzie, and exclaimed, "He was at a cobbler's! it could not be merely to mend his shoes. What sort of a lassy is the cobbler's daughter? or has the cobbler a daughter?"

"She is hump-backed, luckily," said Dr. Campbell, coolly.

"That does not signify," said Lady Catherine; "I'm convinced she is at the bottom of the whole mystery; for I once heard Mr. Forester say—and I'm sure you must recollect it, Flora, my dear, for he looked at you at the time—I once heard him say that personal beauty was no merit, and that ugly people ought to be liked—or some such thing—out of humanity. Now, out of humanity, with his odd notions, it's ten to one, Dr. Campbell, he marries this cobbler's hump-backed daugh-

ter. I'm sure, if I was his guardian, I could not rest an instant with such a thought in my head."

"Nor I," said Dr. Campbell, quietly; and in spite of her ladyship's astonishment, remonstrances, and conjectures, he maintained his resolute composure.

THE GARDENER.

The gardener who had struck Forester's fancy was a square, thick, obstinate-eyed, hard-working, ignorant, elderly man, whose soul was intent upon his petty daily gains, and whose honesty was of that "coarse-spun, vulgar sort"* which alone can be expected from men of uncultivated minds. Mr. M'Evoy, for that was the gardener's name, was both good-natured and selfish; his views and ideas all centred in his own family; and his affection was accumulated and reserved for two individuals,—his son and his daughter. The son was not so industrious as the father; he was ambitious of seeing something of the world, and he consorted with all the young 'prentices in Edinburgh who would condescend to forget that he was a country boy, and to remember that he expected, when his father should die, *to be rich.* Mr. M'Evoy's daughter was an ugly, cross-looking girl, who spent all the money that she could either earn or save upon ribands and fine gowns, with which she fancied she could supply all the defects of her person.

This powerful motive for her economy operated incessantly upon her mind, and she squeezed all that could possibly be squeezed for her private use from the frugal household. The boy whose place Forester thought himself so fortunate to supply had left the gardener because he could not bear to work and be scolded without eating or drinking.

The gardener willingly complied with our hero's first request; he gave him a spade, and he set him to work. Forester dug with all the energy of an enthusiast, and dined like a philosopher upon long kail: but long kail did not charm him so much the second day as it had done the first; and the third day it was yet less to his taste; besides, he began to notice the difference between oaten and wheaten bread. He however recollected that

* Mrs. Barbauld's "Essay on the Inconsistency of Human Wishes."

Cyrus lived, when he was a lad, upon water-cresses,—the black broth of the Spartans he likewise remembered, and he would not complain. He thought that he should soon accustom himself to his scanty homely fare. A number of the disagreeable circumstances of poverty he had not estimated when he entered upon his new way of life; and though at Dr. Campbell's table he had often said to himself, "I could do very well without all these things," yet, till he had actually tried the experiment, he had not *clear* ideas upon the subject. He missed a number of little pleasures and conveniences which he had scarcely noticed while they had every day presented themselves as matters of course. The occupation of digging was laborious, but it afforded no exercise to his mind, and he felt most severely the want of Henry's agreeable conversation; he had no one to whom he could now talk of the water-cresses of Cyrus, or the black broth of the Spartans; he had no one with whom he could dispute concerning the Stoic or the Epicurean doctrines, the mercantile or the agricultural system. Many objections to the agricultural system which had escaped him occurred now to his mind; and his compassion for the worms, whom he was obliged to cut in pieces continually with his spade, acted every hour more forcibly upon his benevolent heart. He once attempted to explain his feelings for the worms to the gardener, who stared at him with all the insolence of ignorance, and bade him mind his work with a tone of authority which ill suited Forester's feelings and love of independence.

"Is ignorance thus to command knowledge? Is reason thus to be silenced by boorish stupidity?" said Forester to himself, as he recollected the patience and candour with which Dr. Campbell and Henry used to converse with him. He began to think that in cultivated society he had enjoyed more liberty of mind, more freedom of opinion, than he could taste in the company of an illiterate gardener. The gardener's son, though his name was Colin, had no Arcadian simplicity, nothing which could please the classic taste of Forester, or which could recall to his mind the Eclogues of Virgil, or the Golden Age; the Gentle Shepherd, or the Ayrshire Ploughman. Colin's favourite holyday diversion was playing at *goff:* this game, which is played with a bat loaded with lead, and with a ball which is harder than

a cricket-ball, requires much strength and dexterity. Forester used sometimes to accompany the gardener's son to the *Links*,* where numbers of people of different descriptions are frequently seen practising this diversion. Our hero was ambitious of excelling at the game of *goff*; and, as he was not particularly adroit, he exposed himself, in his first attempts, to the derision of the spectators, and he likewise received several severe blows. Colin laughed at him without mercy; and Forester could not help comparing the rude expressions of his new companion's untutored vanity with the unassuming manners and unaffected modesty of Henry Campbell. Forester soon took an aversion to the game of *goff*, and recollected Scotch reels with less contempt.

One evening, after having finished his task of digging (for digging was now become a task), he was going to take a walk to Duddingstone lake; when Colin, who was at the same instant setting out for the Links, roughly insisted upon Forester's accompanying him. Our hero, who was never much disposed to yield to the taste of others, positively refused the gardener's son, with some imprudent expressions of contempt. From this moment Colin became his enemy, and, by a thousand malicious devices, contrived to show his vulgar hatred.

Forester now, to his great surprise, discovered that hatred could exist in a cottage. Female vanity, he likewise presently perceived, was not confined to the precincts of a ball-room; he found that Miss M'Evoy spent every leisure moment in the contemplation of her own coarse image in a fractured looking-glass. He once ventured to express his disapprobation of a many-coloured plaid in which Miss M'Evoy had arrayed herself for *a dance*; and the fury of her looks, and the loud-toned vulgarity of her conceit, were strongly contrasted with the recollection of Flora Campbell's gentle manners and sweetness of temper. The painted flower-pot was present to his imagination, and he turned from the lady who stood before him with an air of disgust which he had neither the wish nor the power to conceal. The consequences of offending this high-spirited damsel our hero had not sufficiently considered: the brother and sister, who seldom agreed in any thing else, now agreed,

* A lea or common near Edinburgh.

though from different motives, in an eager desire to torment Forester. Whenever he entered the cottage, either to rest himself or to partake of those "savoury messes, which the *neat-handed* Phillis dresses," he was received with sullen silence, or with taunting reproach. The old gardener, stupid as he was, Forester thought an agreeable companion compared with his insolent son and his vixen daughter. The happiest hours of the day to our hero were those which he spent at his work; his affections, repressed and disappointed, became a source of misery to him.

"Is there nothing in the world to which I can attach myself?" said Forester, as he one day leaned upon his spade in a melancholy mood. "Must I spend my life in the midst of absurd altercations? Is it for this that I have a heart and an understanding? No one here comprehends one word I say—I am an object of contempt and hatred, while my soul is formed for the most benevolent feelings, and capable of the most extensive views. And of what service am I to my fellow-creatures? Even this stupid gardener, even a common labourer, is as useful to society as I am! Compared with Henry Campbell what am I? Oh, Henry!—Flora!—could you see me at this instant you would—pity me!"

But the fear of being an object of pity wakened Forester's pride; and though he felt that he was unhappy, he could not bear to acknowledge that he had mistaken the road to happiness. His imaginary picture of rural felicity was not, to be sure, realized; but he resolved to bear his disappointment with fortitude, to fulfil his engagements with his master the gardener, and then to seek some other more eligible situation. In the mean time his benevolence tried to expand itself upon the only individual in this family who treated him tolerably well: he grew fond of the old gardener, because there was nothing else near him to which he could attach himself, not even a dog or a cat. The old man, whose temper was not quite so enthusiastical as Forester's, looked upon him as an industrious simple young man, above the usual class of servants, and rather wished to keep him in his service, because he gave him less than the current wages. Forester, after his late reflections upon digging, began to think that, by applying his understanding to the business of gardening, he might perhaps make some dis

coveries which should excite his master's everlasting gratitude, and immortalize his own name. He pledged a shirt and a pair of stockings at a poor bookseller's stall for some volumes upon gardening; and these, in spite of the ridicule of Colin and Miss M'Evoy, he studied usually at his meals. He at length met with an account of some experiments upon fruit-trees, which he thought would infallibly make the gardener's fortune.

"Did you not tell me," said Forester to the gardener, "that cherries were sometimes sold very high in Edinburgh?"

"Five a penny," said the gardener; and he wished, from the bottom of his heart, that he had a thousand cherry-trees, but he possessed only one.

He was considerably alarmed when Forester proposed to him, as the certain means of making his fortune, to strip the bark off this cherry-tree, assuring him that a similar experiment had been tried and had succeeded; that his cherry-tree would bear twice as many cherries if he would only strip the bark from it. "Let me try one branch for an experiment,—I *will try* one branch."

But the gardener peremptorily forbade all experiments; and, shutting Forester's book, bade him leave such nonsense and mind his business.

Provoked by this instance of tyrannical ignorance, Forester forgot his character of a *servant boy*, and at length called his master an obstinate fool.

No sooner were these words uttered than the gardener emptied the remains of his watering-pot coolly in Forester's face; and, first paying him his wages, dismissed him from his service.

Miss M'Evoy, who was at work, seated at the door, made room most joyfully for Forester to pass, and observed that she had long since prophesied he would not *do* for them.

Forester was now convinced that it was impossible to reform a positive old gardener, to make him try new experiments upon cherry-trees, or to interest him for the progress of science. He deplored the perversity of human nature, and he began, when he reflected upon the characters of Miss M'Evoy and her brother, to believe that they were beings distinct from the rest of their species; he was, at all events, glad to have parted with such odious companions. On his road to Edinburgh he had time for various reflections.

"Thirty shillings, then, with hard bodily labour, I have earned for one month's service!" said Forester to himself. "Well, I will keep to my resolution. I will live upon the money I earn, and upon that alone; I will not have recourse to my bank notes till the last extremity." He took out his pocket-book, however, and looked at them, to see that they were safe. "How wretched," thought he, "must be that being who is obliged to purchase, in his utmost need, the assistance of his fellow-creatures with such vile trash as this! I have been unfortunate in my first experiment; but all men are not like this selfish gardener and his brutal son,—incapable of disinterested friendship."

Here Forester was interrupted in his meditations by a young man, who accosted him with "Sir, if I don't mistake, I believe I have a key of yours."

Forester looked up at the young man's face, and recollected him to be the person who had nearly lost his life in descending for his key into the brewing-vat.

"I knew you again, sir," continued the brewer's clerk, "by your twirling those scissors upon your finger, just as you were doing that day at the brewery."

Forester was not conscious till this moment that he had a pair of scissors in his hand; while the gardener was paying him his wages, to relieve his *mauvaise honte*, our hero took up Miss M'Evoy's scissors, which lay upon the table, and twirled them upon his fingers, as he used to do with a key. He was rather ashamed to perceive that he had not yet cured himself of such a silly habit. "I thought the lesson I got at the brewery," said he, "would have cured me for ever of this foolish trick; but the diminutive chains of habit,* as somebody says, are scarcely ever heavy enough to be felt till they are too strong to be broken."

"*Sir!*" said the astonished clerk.

"O, I beg your pardon," said our hero, who now perceived by his countenance that his observation on the peculiar nature of the chains of habit was utterly unintelligible to him; "pray, sir, can you tell me what o'clock it is?"

"Half-after-four—I am—sir," said the clerk, producing his watch, with the air of a man who thought a watch a matter of some importance. "Hum! He can't be a

* Dr. Johnson's Vision of Theodore.

gentleman; he has no watch!" argued he with himself; and he looked at Forester's rough apparel with astonishment. Forester had turned back, that he might return Miss M'Evoy her scissors. The brewer's clerk was going in the same direction to collect some money for his master. As they walked on, the young man talked to our hero with good-nature, but with a species of familiarity which was strikingly different from the respectful manner in which he formerly addressed Forester, when he had seen him in a better coat, and in the company of a young gentleman.

"You have left Dr. Campbell's then?" said he, looking with curiosity. Forester replied that he had left Dr. Campbell's, because he preferred earning his own bread to living an idle life among gentlemen and ladies.

The clerk, at this speech, looked earnestly in Forester's face, and began to suspect that he was deranged in his mind.

As the gravity of our hero's looks and the sobriety of his demeanour did not give any strong indications of insanity, the clerk, after a few minutes' consideration, inclined to believe that Forester concealed the truth from him: that probably he was some dependant of Dr. Campbell's family; that he had displeased his friends, and had been discarded in disgrace. He was confirmed in these suppositions by Forester's telling him, that he had just left the service of a gardener; that he did not know where to find a lodging for the night; and that he was in want of some employment, by which he might support himself independently.

The clerk, who remembered with gratitude the intrepidity with which Forester had hazarded his life to save him the morning that he was at the brewery, and who had also some compassion for a young gentleman reduced to poverty, told him that if he could write a good hand, knew any thing of accounts, and could get a character for *punctuality* (meaning to include honesty in this word) from any creditable people, he did not doubt that his master, who had large concerns, might find employment for him as an under-clerk. Forester's pride was not agreeably soothed by the manner of this proposal, but he was glad to hear of a *situation*, to use the clerk's genteel expression; and he moreover thought that he should now have an opportunity of comparing the commercial and agricultural systems.

The clerk hinted that he supposed Forester would choose to "make himself smart" before he called to offer himself at the brewery, and advised him to call about six, as by that time in the evening his master was generally at leisure.

A dinner at a public-house (for our hero did not know where else to dine), and the further expense of a new pair of shoes, and some other articles of dress, almost exhausted his month's wages: he was very unwilling to make any of these purchases, but the clerk assured him that they were indispensable; and, indeed, at last his appearance was scarcely upon a par with that of his friendly adviser.

THE BET.

Before we follow Forester to the brewery, we must request the attention of our readers to the history of a bet of Mr. Archibald Mackenzie's.

We have already noticed the rise and progress of this young gentleman's acquaintance with Sir Philip Gosling. Archibald,

> "Whose ev'ry frolic had some end in view,
> Ne'er play'd the fool but play'd the rascal too."*

cultivated assiduously the friendship of this weak, dissipated, vain young baronet, in hopes that he might in process of time make some advantage of his folly. Sir Philip had an unfortunately high opinion of his own judgment; an opinion which he sometimes found it difficult to inculcate upon the minds of others, till he hit upon the compendious method of laying high wagers in support of all his assertions. Few people chose to venture a hundred guineas upon the turn of a straw. Sir Philip, in all such contests, came off victorious; and he plumed himself much upon the success of his purse. Archibald affected the greatest deference for Sir Philip's judgment; and as he observed that the baronet piqued himself upon his skill as a jockey, he flattered him indefatigably upon this subject. He accompanied Sir Philip continually in his long visits to the livery-stables; and he made himself familiarly acquainted with the

* Anonymous.

keeper of the livery-stables, and even with the hostlers. So low can interested pride descend! All this pains Archibald took, and more—for a very small object. He had set his fancy upon Sawney, one of his friend's horses; and he had no doubt but that he should either induce Sir Philip to make him a present of this horse, or that he should jockey him out of it, by some well-timed bet.

In counting upon the baronet's generosity Archibald was mistaken. Sir Philip had that species of *good-nature* which can lend, but not that which can give. He offered to lend the horse to Archibald most willingly; but the idea of giving it was far distant from his imagination. Archibald, who at length despaired of his friend's generosity, had recourse to his other scheme of the wager. After having judiciously lost a few guineas to Sir Philip in wagers, to confirm him in his extravagant opinion of his own judgment, Archibald, one evening, when the fumes of wine and vanity, operating together, had somewhat exalted the man of judgment's imagination, urged him by artful, hesitating contradiction, to assert the most incredible things of one of his horses, to whom he had given the name of Favourite. Archibald knew, from the *best authority*—from the master of the livery-stables, who was an experienced jockey—that Favourite was by no means a match for Sawney; he therefore waited quietly till Sir Philip Gosling laid a very considerable wager upon the head of his "Favourite." Archibald immediately declared he could not, in conscience—that he could not, for the honour of Scotland, give up his friend Sawney.

"Sawney!" cried Sir Philip; "I'll bet fifty guineas that Favourite beats him hollow at a walk, trot, or gallop, whichever you please."

Archibald artfully affected to be startled at this defiance; and, seemingly desirous to draw back, pleaded his inability to measure purses with such a rich man as Sir Philip.

"Nay, my boy," replied Sir Philip, "that excuse sha'n't stand you in stead. You have a pretty little pony there, that Lady Catherine has just given you; if you won't lay me fifty guineas, will you risk your pony against my judgment?"

Archibald had now brought his friend exactly to the point at which he had been long aiming. Sir Philip

staked his handsome horse Sawney against Archibald's sorry pony, upon this wager, that Favourite should, at the first trials, beat Sawney at a walk, a trot, and a gallop.

Warmed with wine, and confident in his own judgment, the weak baronet insisted upon having the bet immediately decided. The gentlemen ordered out their horses, and the wager was to be determined upon the sands of Leith.

Sir Philip Gosling, to his utter astonishment, found himself for once mistaken in his judgment. The treacherous Archibald coolly suffered him to exhale his passion in unavailing oaths, and at length rejoiced to hear him consoling himself with the boast that this was the first wager upon horse-flesh that he had ever lost in his life. The master of the livery-stables stared with well-affected incredulity, when Sir Philip, upon his return from the sands of Leith, informed him that Favourite had been beat hollow by Sawney; and Archibald, by his additional testimony, could scarcely convince him of the fact till he put two guineas into his hand, when he recommended *his* new horse Sawney to his particular care. Sir Philip, who was not gifted with quick observation, did not take notice of this last convincing argument. While this passed, he was talking eagerly to the hostler, who confirmed him in his opinion, which he still repeated as loud as ever, "that Favourite ought to have won." This point Archibald prudently avoided to contest; and he thus succeeded in duping and flattering his friend at once.

"Sawney for ever!" cried Archibald, as soon as Sir Philip had left the stables. "Sawney for ever!" repeated the hostler, and reminded Mackenzie that he had promised him half a guinea. Archibald had no money in his pocket; but he assured the hostler that he would remember him the next day. The next day, however, Archibald, who was expert in parsimonious expedients, considered that he had better delay giving the hostler his half-guinea till it had been earned by his care of Sawney.

It is the usual error of cunning people to take it for granted that others are fools. This hostler happened to be a match for our young laird in cunning; and as soon as he perceived that it was Archibald's intention to cheat him of the interest of his half-guinea, he determined to

revenge himself in his *care* of Sawney. We shall hereafter see the success of his devices.

THE SADDLE AND BRIDLE.

Scarcely had Archibald Mackenzie been two days in possession of the long-wished-for object of his mean soul, when he became dissatisfied with his own saddle and bridle, which certainly did not, as Sir Philip observed, suit his new horse. The struggles in Archibald's mind, between his taste for expense and his habits of saving, were often rather painful to him. He had received from Lady Catherine a ten-guinea note when he first came to Dr. Campbell's; and he had withstood many temptations to change it. One morning (the day that he had accompanied Henry and Forester to the watchmaker's) he was so strongly charmed by the sight of a watch-chain and seals, that he actually took his bank-note out of his scrutoire at his return home, put it into his pocket when he dressed for dinner, and resolved to call that evening at the watchmaker's, to indulge his fancy by purchasing the watch-chain, and to gratify his family pride by getting his coat-of-arms splendidly engraven upon the seal. He called at the watchmaker's, in company with Sir Philip Gosling, but he could not agree with him respecting the price of the chain and seals; and Archibald consoled himself with the reflection that his bank-note would still remain. He held the note in his hand while he higgled about the price of the watch-chain.

"Oh, d—n the expense!" cried Sir Philip.

"Oh, I mind ten guineas as little as any man," said Archibald, thrusting the bank-note, in imitation of the baronet, with affected carelessness, into his waistcoat pocket. He was engaged that night to go to the play with Sir Philip, and he was much hurried in dressing. His servant observed that his waistcoat was stained, and looked out another for him.

Now this man sometimes took the liberty of wearing his master's clothes; and, when Archibald went to the play, the servant dressed himself in the stained waistcoat, to appear at a ball which was given that night in the neighbourhood, by some "gentleman's gentleman." The waistcoat was rather too tight for the servant: he tore it; and, instead of sending it to the washerwoman's

to have the stain washed out, as his master had desired, he was now obliged to send it to the tailor's to have it mended.

Archibald's sudden wish for a new saddle and bridle for Sawney could not be gratified without changing the bank-note; and, forgetting that he had left it in the pocket of his waistcoat the night that he went to the play, he searched for it in the scrutoire, in which he was accustomed to keep his treasures. He was greatly disturbed when the note was not to be found in the scrutoire; he searched over and over again; not a pigeon-hole, not a drawer remained to be examined. He tried to recollect when he had last seen it, and at length remembered that he put it into his waistcoat pocket when he went to the watchmaker's; that he had taken it out to look at while he was in the shop; but whether he had brought it home safely or not he could not precisely ascertain. His doubts upon this subject, however, he cautiously concealed, resolved, if possible, to make somebody or other answerable for his loss. He summoned his servant, told him that he had left a ten-guinea bank-note in his waistcoat pocket the night that he went to the play; and that as the waistcoat was given into his charge, he must be answerable for the note. The servant boldly protested that he neither could nor would be at the loss of a note which he had never seen.

Archibald now softened his tone; for he saw that he had no chance of bullying the servant. "I desired you to send it to the washerwoman's," said he.

"And so I did, sir," said the man.

This was true, but not the whole truth. He had previously sent the waistcoat to the tailor's to have the rent repaired which it received the night he wore it at the ball. These circumstances the servant thought proper to suppress; and he was very ready to agree with his master in accusing the poor washerwoman of having stolen the note. The washerwoman was extremely industrious, and perfectly honest; she had a large family, that depended upon her labour and upon her character for support. She was astonished and shocked at the charge that was brought against her; and declared, that, if she were able, she would rather pay the whole money at once than suffer any suspicion to go abroad against her. Archibald rejoiced to find her in this disposition; and he assured her that the only method to avoid disgrace, a lawsuit,

and ruin was instantly to pay, or to promise to pay, the money. It was out of her power to pay it; and she would not promise what she knew she could not perform.

Archibald redoubled his threats; the servant stood by his master. The poor woman burst into tears, but she steadily declared that she was innocent; and no promise could be extorted from her, even in the midst of her terror. Though she had horrible, perhaps not absolutely visionary, ideas of the dangers of a lawsuit, yet she had some confidence in the certainty that justice was on her side. Archibald said that she might *talk* about justice as much as she pleased, but that she must prepare to submit to *the law*. The woman trembled at the sound of these words; but, though ignorant, she was no fool, and she had a friend in Dr. Campbell's family, to whom she resolved to apply in her distress. Henry Campbell had visited her little boy when he was ill, and had made him some small present; and though she did not mean to encroach upon Henry's good-nature, she thought that he had so much *learning*, that he certainly could, without its costing her any thing, put her in the right way to avoid the *law*, with which she had been threatened by Archibald Mackenzie and his servant.

Henry heard the story with indignation, such as Forester would have felt in similar circumstances; but prudence tempered his enthusiastic feelings; and prudence renders us able to assist others, while enthusiasm frequently defeats its own purposes, and injures those whom it wildly attempts to serve. Henry, knowing the character of Archibald, governed himself accordingly; he made no appeal to his feelings; for he saw that the person must be deficient in humanity who could have threatened a defenceless woman with such severity; he did not speak of justice to the tyrannical laird, but spoke of *law*. He told Archibald, that being thoroughly convinced of the woman's innocence, he had drawn up a statement of her case, which she, in compliance with his advice, was ready to lay before an advocate, naming the first counsel in Edinburgh.

The young laird repeated, with a mixture of apprehension and suspicion, "Drawn up a case! No; you can't know how to draw up cases; you are not a lawyer—you only say this to bully me."

Henry replied, that he was no lawyer; that he could,

notwithstanding, state plain facts in such a manner, he hoped, as to make a case intelligible to any sensible lawyer; that he meant to show what he had written to his father.

"You'll show it to me first, won't you?" said Archibald, who wished to gain time for consideration.

Henry put the paper which he had drawn up into his hands, and waited with a determined countenance beside him, while he perused the case. Archibald saw that Henry had abilities and steadiness to go through with the business; the facts were so plainly and forcibly stated that his hopes even from law began to falter. He therefore talked about humanity—said he pitied the poor woman; could not bear to think of distressing her; but that, at the same time, he had urgent occasion for money; that if he could even recover five guineas of it, it would be something. He added, that he had debts which he could not, in honour, delay to discharge.

Now, Henry had five guineas, which he had reserved for the purchase of some additions to his cabinet of mineralogy, and he offered to lend this money to Archibald, to pay *the debts that he could not, in honour, delay to discharge*, upon express condition that he should say nothing more to the poor woman concerning the bank-note.

To this condition Archibald most willingly acceded; and as Henry, with generous alacrity, counted the five guineas into his hand, this mean, incorrigible being said to himself, "What fools these bookish young men are, after all! Though he can draw up cases so finely, I've taken him in at last; and I wish it was ten guineas, instead of five!"

Fatigued with the recital of the various petty artifices of this avaricious and dissipated young laird, we shall now relieve ourselves by turning from the history of meanness to that of enthusiasm. The faults of Forester we hope and wish to see corrected; but who can be interested for the selfish Archibald Mackenzie?

FORESTER A CLERK.

We left Forester, when he was just going to offer himself as clerk to a brewer. The brewer was a prudent man; and he sent one of his porters with a letter to Dr. Campbell, to inform him that a young lad, whom he had

formerly seen in company with Mr. Henry Campbell, and who, he understood, was the doctor's ward, had applied to him, and that he should be very happy to take him into his service, if his friends approved of it, and could properly recommend him. In consequence of Dr. Campbell's answer to the brewer's letter, Forester, who knew nothing of the application to his friends, obtained the vacant clerkship. He did not, however, long continue in his new *situation*. At first, he felt happy, when he found himself relieved from the vulgar petulance of Miss M'Evoy and her brother Colin: in comparison with their rude ill-humours, the clerks who were his companions appeared patterns of civility. By hard experience, Forester was taught to know that obliging manners in our companions add something to the happiness of our lives. "My mind to me a kingdom is," was once his common answer to all that his friend Henry could urge in favour of the pleasures of society; but he began now to suspect that, separated from social intercourse, his mind, however enlarged, would afford him but a dreary kingdom.

He flattered himself that he could make a friend of the clerk who had found his key: this young man's name was Richardson; he was good-natured, but ignorant; and neither his education nor his abilities distinguished him from any other clerk in similar circumstances. Forester invited him to walk to Arthur's Seat, after the *monotonous* business of the day was over, but the clerk preferred walking on holydays in Prince's-street; and, after several ineffectual attempts to engage him in moral and metaphysical arguments, our hero discovered the depth of his companion's ignorance with astonishment. Once, when he found that two of the clerks, to whom he had been talking of Cicero and Pliny, did not know any thing of these celebrated personages, he said, with a sigh,

> "But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
> Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol;
> Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
> And froze the genial current of their soul."

The word *penury*, in this stanza, the clerks at least understood, and it excited their "noble rage;" they hinted that it ill became a person who did not dress nearly as well as themselves to give himself such airs, and to taunt his betters with poverty; they said that they supposed, because he was an Englishman, as they perceived by his

accent, he thought he might insult Scotchmen as he pleased. It was vain for him to attempt any explanation; their pride and their prejudices combined against him; and, though their dislike to him was not so outrageous as that of the gardener, gentle Colin, yet it was quite sufficient to make him uneasy in his situation. Richardson was as steady as could reasonably be expected; but he showed so little desire to have "*the ample page, rich with the spoils of time*," unrolled to him, that he excited our young scholar's contempt. No friendships can be more unequal than those between ignorance and knowledge. We pass over the journal of our hero's hours which were spent in casting up and verifying accounts; this occupation, at length, he decided must be extremely injurious to the human understanding: "All the higher faculties of my soul," said he to himself, "are absolutely useless at this work, and I am reduced to a mere machine." But there were many other circumstances, in the *mercantile system*, which Forester had not foreseen, and which shocked him extremely. The continual attention to petty gain, the ittle artifices which a tradesman thinks himself justifiable in practising upon his customers, could not be endured by his ingenuous mind. One morning the brewery was in an uncommon bustle; the clerks were all in motion. Richardson told Forester that they expected a visit in a few hours from the gauger and the supervisor, and that they were preparing for their reception. When the nature of these preparations was explained to Forester; when he was made to understand that the business and duty of a brewer's clerk was to assist his master in evading certain clauses in certain acts of parliament; when he found that to trick a gauger was thought an excellent joke, he stood in silent moral astonishment. He knew about as much of the revenue laws as the clerks did of Cicero and Pliny; but his sturdy principles of integrity could not bend to any of the arguments, founded on expediency, which were brought by his companions in their own and their master's justification. He declared that he must speak to his master upon the subject immediately. His master was as busy as he could possibly be; and when Forester insisted upon seeing him, he desired that he would speak as quickly as he could, for that he expected the supervisor every instant. Our hero declared that he could not, consistently with his principles, assist in evading the laws of his country.

The brewer stared, and then laughed; assured him that he had as great a respect for the laws as other people; that he did nothing but what every person in his situation was obliged to do in their own defence. Forester resolutely persisted in his determination against all clandestine practices. The brewer cut the matter short, by saying he had not time to argue; but that he did not choose to keep a clerk who was not in his interests; that he supposed the next thing would be to betray him to his supervisor.

"I am no traitor!" exclaimed Forester; "I will not stay another instant with a master who suspects me."

The brewer suffered him to depart without reluctance; but what exasperated Forester the most was, the composure of his friend Richardson during this scene, who did not even offer to shake hands with him when he saw him going out of the house: for Richardson had a good place, and did not choose to quarrel with his master for a person whom he now verily believed to be, as he had originally suspected, insane.

"This is the world!—this is friendship!" said Forester to himself.

His generous and enthusiastic imagination supplied him with eloquent invectives against human nature, even while he ardently desired to serve his fellow-creatures. He wandered through the streets of Edinburgh, indulging himself alternately in misanthropic reflections and benevolent projects. One instant, he resolved to study the laws, that he might reform the revenue laws; the next moment, he recollected his own passion for a desert island; and he regretted that he could not be shipwrecked in Edinburgh.

The sound of a squeaking fiddle roused Forester from his revery; he looked up, and saw a thin, pale man fiddling to a set of dancing-dogs that he was exhibiting upon the flags for the amusement of a crowd of men, women, and children. It was a deplorable spectacle; the dogs appeared so wretched, in the midst of the merriment of the spectators, that Forester's compassion was moved, and he exclaimed,

"Enough, enough!—They are quite tired; here are some halfpence!"

The showman took the halfpence; but several fresh spectators were yet to see the sight; and, though the exhausted animals were but little inclined to perform their

antic feats, their master twitched the rope that was fastened round their necks so violently, that they were compelled to renew their melancholy dance.

Forester darted forward, stopped the fiddler's hand, and began an expostulation, not one word of which was understood by the person to whom it was addressed. A stout lad, who was very impatient at this interruption of his diversion, began to abuse Forester, and presently from words he proceeded to blows.

Forester, though a better orator, was by no means so able a boxer as his opponent. The battle was obstinately fought on both sides; but, at length, our young Quixote received what has no name in heroic language, but in the vulgar tongue is called a black eye; and, covered with blood and bruises, he was carried by some humane passenger into a neighbouring house. It was a printer and bookseller's shop. The bookseller treated him with humanity; and, after advising him not to be so hastily engaged to be the champion of dancing-dogs, inquired who he was, and whether he had any friends in Edinburgh to whom he could send.

This printer, from having been accustomed to converse with variety of people, was a good judge of the language of gentlemen; and, though there was nothing else in Forester's manners which could have betrayed him, he spoke in such good language that the bookseller was certain that he had received a liberal education.

Our hero declined telling his history; but the printer was so well pleased with his conversation that he readily agreed to give him employment; and as soon as he recovered from his bruises, Forester was eager to learn the art of printing.

"The art of printing," said he, "has emancipated mankind, and printers ought to be considered as the most respectable benefactors of the human race."

Always warm in his admiration of every new phantom that struck his imagination, he was now persuaded that printers' devils were angels, and that he should be supremely blessed in a printer's office.

"What employment so noble!" said he, as he first took the composing-stick in his hand—"what employment so noble as that of disseminating knowledge over the universe!"

FORESTER A PRINTER.

It was some time before our hero acquired dexterity in his new trade; his companions formed, with amazing celerity, whole sentences, while he was searching for letters which perpetually dropped from his awkward hands; but he was ashamed of his former versatility, and he resolved to be steady to his present way of life. His situation at this printer's was far better suited to him than that which he had quitted with so much disgust at the brewer's. He arose early; and by great industry overcame all the difficulties which at first so much alarmed him. He soon became the most useful journeyman in the office. His diligence and good behaviour recommended him to his master's employers. Whenever any work was brought, Forester was sent for. This occasioned him to be much in the shop, where he heard the conversation of many ingenious men who frequented it; and he spent his evenings in reading. His understanding had been of late uncultivated; but the fresh seeds that were now profusely scattered upon the vigorous soil took root and flourished.

Forester was just at that time of life when opinions are valued for being *new*; he heard varieties of the most contradictory assertions in morals, in science, in politics. It is a great advantage to a young man to hear opposite arguments,—to hear all that can be said upon every subject.

Forester no longer obstinately adhered to the set of notions which he had acquired from his education; he heard many whom he could not think his inferiors in abilities, debating questions which he formerly imagined scarcely admitted of philosophic doubt. His mind became more humble; but his confidence in his own powers, after having compared himself with numbers, if less arrogant, was more secure and rational: he no longer considered a man as a fool the moment he differed with him in opinion; but he was still a little inclined to estimate the abilities of authors by the party to which they belonged. This failing was increased rather than diminished by the company which he now kept.

Among the young students who frequented Mr.——'s, the bookseller, was Mr. Thomas ——, who, from his

habit of *blurting* out strange opinions in conversation, acquired the name of Tom Random. His head was confused between politics and poetry; his arguments were paradoxical, his diction florid, and his gesture something between the spouting action of a player and the threatening action of a pugilist.

Forester was caught by the oratory of this genius from the first day he heard him speak.

Tom Random asserted, that "this great globe, and all that it inhabits," must inevitably be doomed to destruction, unless certain ideas of his own, in the government of the world, were immediately adopted by universal acclamation.

It was not approbation, it was not esteem, which Forester felt for his new friend; it was for the first week blind, enthusiastic admiration—every thing that he had seen or heard before appeared to him trite and obsolete; every person who spoke temperate common sense he heard with indifference or contempt; and all who were not zealots in literature, or in politics, he considered as persons whose understandings were so narrow, or whose hearts were so depraved, as to render them "unfit to hear themselves convinced."

Those who read and converse have a double chance of correcting their errors.

Forester, most fortunately, about this time, happened to meet with a book which in some degree counteracted the inflammatory effects of Random's conversation, and which had a happy tendency to sober his enthusiasm, without lessening his propensity to useful exertions: this book was the Life of Dr. Franklin.

The idea that this great man began by being a *printer* interested our hero in his history; and while he followed him, step by step, through his instructive narrative, Forester sympathized in his feelings, and observed how necessary the smaller virtues of order, economy, industry, and patience were to Franklin's great character and splendid success. He began to hope that it would be possible to do good to his fellow-creatures without overturning all existing institutions.

About this time another fortunate coincidence happened in Forester's education. One evening, his friend Tom Random, who was printing a pamphlet, came, with a party of his companions, into Mr. —— the bookseller's

shop, enraged at the decision of a prize in a literary society to which they belonged.

All the young partisans who surrounded Mr. Random loudly declared that he had been treated with the most flagrant injustice; and the author himself was too angry to affect any modesty upon the occasion.

"Would you believe it?" said he to Forester,—"my essay has not been thought worthy of the prize! The medal has been given to the most wretched, tame, commonplace performance you ever saw. Every thing in this world is done by corruption, by party, by secret influence!"

At every pause the irritated author wiped his forehead, and Forester sympathized in his feelings.

In the midst of the author's exclamations, a messenger came with the manuscript of the prize essay, and with the orders of the society to have a certain number of copies printed off with all possible expedition.

Random snatched up the manuscript, and with all the fury of criticism began to read some of the passages which he disliked aloud.

Though it was marred in the reading, Forester could not agree with his angry friend in condemning the performance. It appeared to him excellent writing and excellent sense.

"Print it—print it then, as fast as you can—that is your business—that's what you are paid for. Every one for himself," cried Random, insolently throwing the manuscript at Forester; and as he flung out of the shop with his companions, he added, with a contemptuous laugh, "A printer's devil setting up for a critic! He may be a capital judge of pica and brevier, perhaps—but let not the compositor go beyond his stick."

"Is this the man," said Forester, "whom I have heard so eloquent in the praise of candour and liberality? Is this the man who talks of universal toleration and freedom of opinion, and who yet cannot bear that any one should differ from him in criticising a sentence? Is this the man who would have equality among all his fellow-creatures, and who calls a compositor a printer's devil? Is this the man who cants about the *pre-eminence of mind*, and the *perfections of intellect*; and yet now takes advantage of his rank, of his *supporters*, of the cry of his partisans, to bear down the voice of reason?—'Let not the compositor go beyond his composing-stick!'

—And why not? why should not he be a judge of writing?" At this reflection Forester eagerly took up the manuscript which had been flung at his feet. All his indignant feelings instantly changed into delightful exultation—he saw the hand—he read the name of Henry Campbell. The title of the manuscript was "*An Essay on the best Method of reforming Abuses.*" This was the subject proposed by the society; and Henry had written upon the question with so much moderation, and yet with such unequivocal decision had shown himself the friend of rational liberty, that all the members of the society who were not borne away by their prejudices were unanimous in their preference of this performance.

Random's declamation only inflamed the minds of his own partisans. Good judges of writing exclaimed as they read it, "This is all very fine; but what would this man be at? His violence hurts the cause he wishes to support."

Forester read Henry Campbell's essay with all the avidity of friendship; he read it again and again—his generous soul was incapable of envy; and while he admired, he was convinced by the force of reason.

His master desired that he would set about the essay early in the morning; but his eagerness for his friend Henry's fame was such that he sat up above half the night hard at work at it. He was indefatigable the next day at the business; and as all hands were employed on the essay, it was finished that evening.

Forester rubbed his hands with delight when he had set the name of Henry Campbell in the titlepage—but an instant afterward he sighed bitterly.

"I am only a printer," said he to himself. "These just arguments, these noble ideas, will instruct and charm hundreds of my fellow-creatures: no one will ever ask, —'Who set the types?'"

His reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Tom Random and two of his partisans: he was extremely displeased to find that the printers had not been going on with his pamphlet; his personal disappointments seemed to increase the acrimony of his zeal for the public good; he declaimed upon politics—upon the necessity for the immediate publication of his sentiments, for the salvation of the state. His action was suited to his words: violent and blind to consequences, with one sudden kick, designed to express his contempt for the

opposite party, this political Alnaschar unfortunately overturned the form which contained the types for the newspaper of the next day, which was just going to the press—a newspaper in which he had written splendid paragraphs.

Forester, happily for his philosophy, recollected the account which Franklin, in his history of his own life, gives of the patience with which he once bore a similar accident. The printers, with secret imprecations against oratory, or at least against those orators who think that action is every thing, set to work again to repair the mischief.

Forester, much fatigued, at length congratulated himself upon having finished his hard day's work; when a man from the shop came to inquire whether three hundred cards, which had been ordered the week before to be printed off, were finished. The man to whom the order was given had forgotten it, and he was going home: he decidedly answered, "No; the cards can't be done till to-morrow: we have left work for this night, thank God."

"The gentleman says he must have them," expostulated the messenger.

"He *must* not, he cannot have them. I would not print a card for his majesty at this time of night," replied the sullen workman, throwing his hat upon his head, in token of departure.

"What are these cards?" said Forester.

"Only a dancing-master's cards for his ball," said the printer's journeyman. "I'll not work beyond my time for any dancing-master that wears a head."

The messenger then said that he was desired to ask for the manuscript card.

This card was hunted for all over the room; and at last Forester found it under a heap of refuse papers; his eye was caught with the name of his old friend Monsieur Pasgrave, the dancing-master whom he had formerly frightened by the skeleton with the fiery eyes.

"I will print the cards for him myself; I am not at all tired," cried Forester, who was determined to make some little amends for the injury which he had formerly done to the poor dancing-master. He resolved to print the cards for nothing, and he staid up very late to finish them. His companions all left him, for they were in a great

hurry to see, what in Edinburgh is a rare sight, the town illuminated.

These illuminations were upon account of some great naval victory.

Forester, steady to Monsieur Pasgrave's cards, did what no other workman would have done, he finished for him, on this night of public joy, his three hundred cards. Every now and then, as he was quietly at work, he heard the loud huzzas in the street: his waning candle sunk in the socket as he had just packed up his work.

By the direction at the bottom of the cards he learned where M. Pasgrave lodged, and as he was going out to look at the illuminations, he resolved to leave them himself at the dancing-master's house.

THE ILLUMINATIONS.

The illuminations were really beautiful. He went up to the castle, whence he saw a great part of the Old Town and all Prince's-street lighted up in the most splendid manner. He crossed the Earth-mound into Prince's-street. Walking down Prince's-street he saw a crowd of people gathered before the large illuminated window of a confectioner's shop. As he approached nearer he distinctly heard the voice of Tom Random, who was haranguing the mob. The device and motto which the confectioner displayed in his window displeased this gentleman; who, besides his public-spirited abhorrence of all men of a party opposite to his own, had likewise private cause of dislike to this confectioner, who had refused him his daughter in marriage.

It was part of Random's new system of political justice to revenge his own quarrels.

The mob, who are continually, without knowing it, made the instruments of private malice, when they think they are acting in a public cause, readily joined in Tom Random's cry of "Down with the motto! Down with the motto!"

Forester, who, by his lesson from the dancing-dogs, had earned a little prudence, and who had just printed Henry Campbell's Essay on the best means of reforming abuses, did not mix with the rabble, but joined in the

entreaties of some peaceable passengers, who prayed that the poor man's windows might be spared. The windows were, notwithstanding, demolished with a terrible crash, and the crowd then, alarmed at the mischief they had done, began to disperse. The constables who had been sent for appeared. Tom Random was taken into custody. Forester was pursuing his way to the dancing-master's, when one of the officers of justice exclaimed, "Stop!—stop him!—he's one of 'em: he's a great friend of Mr. Random: I've seen him often parading arm-in-arm in High-street with him."

This, alas! was too true: the constables seized Forester, and put him, with Tom Random and the ringleaders of the riot into a place of confinement for the night.

Poor Forester, who was punished for the faults of his former friend and present enemy, had, during this long night, leisure for much wholesome reflection upon the danger of forming imprudent intimacies. He resolved never to walk again in High-street arm-in-arm with such a man as Tom Random.

The constables were rather hasty in the conclusions they drew from this presumptive evidence.

Our hero, who felt the disgrace of his situation, was not a little astonished at Tom Random's consoling himself with drinking instead of philosophy. The sight of this enthusiast, when he had completely intoxicated himself, was a disgusting but useful spectacle to our indignant hero. Forester was shocked at the union of gross vice and rigid pretensions to virtue: he could scarcely believe that the reeling, stammering idiot whom he now beheld was the same being from whose lips he had heard declamations upon the *omnipotence of intellect*—from whose pen he had seen projects for the government of empires.

The dancing-master, who, in the midst of the illuminations, had regretted that his cards could not be printed, went early in the morning to inquire about them at the printer's.

The printer had learned that one of his boys was taken up among the rioters: he was sorry to find that Forester had got himself into such a scrape; but he was a very cautious snug man, and he did not choose to interfere: he left him quietly to be dealt with according to law.

The dancing-master, however, was interested in finding him out, because he was informed that Forester had sat up almost all night to print his cards, and that he had them now in his pocket.

M. Pasgrave at length gained admittance to him in his confinement: the officers of justice were taking him and Random before Mr. W——, a magistrate, with whom informations had been lodged by the confectioner who had suffered in his windows.

Pasgrave, when he beheld Forester, was surprised to such a degree that he could scarcely finish his bow, or express his astonishment, either in French or English. "Eh, monsieur!—mon Dieu!—bon Dieu! I beg ten million pardons—I am come to search for a printer who has my cards in his pocket."

"Here are your cards," said Forester: "let me speak a few words to you." He took M. Pasgrave aside—"I perceive," said he, "that you have discovered who I am. Though in the service of a printer, I have still as much the feelings and principles of a gentleman as I had when you saw me in Dr. Campbell's house. I have particular reasons for being anxious to remain undiscovered by Dr. Campbell, or any of his family; you may depend upon it that my reasons are not dishonourable. I request that you will not, upon any account, betray me to that family. I am going before a magistrate, and am accused of being concerned in a riot which I did every thing in my power to prevent."

"Ah! monsieur," interrupted the dancing-master, "but you see de grand inconvenience of concealing your *rank* and name. You, who are comme il faut, are confounded with the mob: permit me at least to follow you to Mr. W——, the magistrate: I have de honneur to teach les demoiselles his daughters to dance; dey are to be at my ball—dey take one half-dozen tickets. I must call dere wid my cards; and I shall, if you will give me leave, accompany you now, and mention dat I know you to be un homme comme il faut, above being guilty of an unbecoming action. I flatter myself I have some interest wid de ladies of de family, and dat dey will do me de favour to speak to monsieur leur cher père sur votre compte."

Forester thanked the good-natured dancing-master, but he proudly said that he should trust to his own innocence for his defence.

M. Pasgrave, who had seen something more of the world than our hero, and who was interested for him, because he had once made him a present of an excellent violin, and because he had sat up half the night to print the ball cards, resolved not to leave him entirely to his innocence for a defence: he followed Forester to Mr. W——'s. The magistrate was a slow, pompous man, by no means a good physiognomist, much less a good judge of character. He was proud of his authority, and glad to display the small portion of legal knowledge which he possessed. As soon as he was informed that some young men were brought before him who had been engaged the preceding night in a *riot*, he put on all his magisterial terrors, and assured the confectioner, who had a private audience of him, that he should have justice; and that the person or persons concerned in breaking his window or windows should be punished with the utmost severity that the law would allow. Contrary to the humane spirit of the British law, which supposes every man to be innocent till it is proved that he is guilty, this harsh magistrate presumed that every man who was brought before him was guilty till he was proved to be innocent. Forester's appearance was not in his favour: he had been up all night; his hair was dishevelled; his linen was neither fine nor white; his shoes were thick-soled and dirty; his coat was that in which he had been at work at the printer's the preceding day; it was in several places daubed with printer's ink; and his unwashed hands bespoke his trade. Of all these circumstances the slow circumspect eye of the magistrate took cognizance one by one. Forester observed the effect which this survey produced upon his judge; and he felt that appearances were against him, and that appearances are sometimes of consequence. After having estimated his poverty by these external symptoms, the magistrate looked, for the first time, in his face, and pronounced that he had one of the worst countenances he ever beheld. This judgment once pronounced, he proceeded to justify, by wresting to the prisoner's disadvantage every circumstance that appeared. Forester's having been frequently seen in Tom Random's company was certainly against him; the confectioner perpetually repeated that they were constant companions; that they were intimate friends; that they were continually walking together every Sunday; and that

they often had come arm-in-arm into his shop, talking politics; that he believed Forester to be of the same way of thinking with Mr. Random; and that he saw him close behind him at the moment the stones were thrown that broke the windows. It appeared that Mr. Random was at that time active in encouraging the mob. To oppose the angry confectioner's conjectural evidence, the lad who threw the stone, and who was now produced, declared that Forester held back his arm, and said, "My good lad, don't break this man's windows: go home quietly; here's a shilling for you." The person who gave this honest testimony, in whom there was a strange mixture of the love of mischief and the spirit of generosity, was the very lad who fought with Forester, and beat him, about the dancing-dogs. He whispered to Forester, "Do you remember me? I hope you don't bear malice." The magistrate, who heard this whisper, immediately construed it to the prisoner's disadvantage. —"Then, sir," said he, addressing himself to our hero, "this gentleman, I understand, claims acquaintance with you; his acquaintance really does you honour, and speaks strongly in favour of your character. If I mistake not, this is the lad whom I sent to the Tolbooth, some little time ago, for a misdemeanour; and he is not, I apprehend, a stranger to the stocks."

Forester commanded his temper as well as he was able, and observed, that whatever might be the character of the young man who had spoken in his favour, his evidence would, perhaps, be thought to deserve some credit when the circumstances of his acquaintance with the witness were known. He then related the adventure of the dancing-dogs, and remarked that the testimony of an enemy came with double force in his favour. The language and manner in which Forester spoke surprised all who were present; but the history of the dancing-dogs appeared so ludicrous and so improbable that the magistrate decidedly pronounced it to be "a fabrication, a story invented to conceal the palpable collusion of the witnesses." Yet, though he one moment declared that he did not believe the story, he the next inferred from it that Forester was disposed to riot and sedition, since he was ready to fight with a vagabond in the streets for the sake of a parcel of dancing-dogs.

M. Pasgrave, in the mean time, had, with great goodnature, been representing Forester in the best light he

possibly could to the young ladies, the magistrate's daughters. One of them sent to beg to speak to their father. M. Pasgrave judiciously dwelt upon his assurances of Forester's being a gentleman: he told Mr. W—— that he had met him in one of the best families in Edinburgh; that he knew he had some private reasons for concealing that he was a gentleman: "perhaps the young gentleman was reduced to temporary distress," he said; but whatever might be these reasons, M. Pasgrave vouched for his having very respectable friends and connexions. The magistrate wished to know the family in which M. Pasgrave had met Forester: but he was, according to his promise, impenetrable on this subject. His representations had, however, the desired effect upon Mr. W——: when he returned to the examination of our hero, his opinion of his countenance somewhat varied; he despatched his other business; bailed Tom Random on high sureties; and when Forester was the only person that remained, he turned to him with great solemnity; bade him sit down; informed him that he knew him to be a gentleman; that he was greatly concerned that a person like him, who had respectable friends and connexions, should involve himself in such a disagreeable affair; that it was a matter of grief and surprise to him to see a young gentleman in such apparel; that he earnestly recommended to him to accommodate matters with his friends; and, above all things, to avoid the company of seditious persons. Much good advice, but in a dictatorial tone, and in cold, pompous language, he bestowed upon the prisoner; and at length dismissed him. "How different," said Forester to himself, "is this man's method of giving advice from Dr. Campbell's!"

This lesson strongly impressed, however, upon our hero's mind the belief that external appearance, dress, manners, and the company we keep, are the usual circumstances by which the world judge of character and conduct. When he was dismissed from Mr. W——'s august presence, the first thing he did was to inquire for Pasgrave: he was giving the magistrate's daughters a lesson, and could not be interrupted; but Forester left a note for him, requesting to see him at ten o'clock the next day, at Mr. ——, the bookseller's. New mortifications awaited our hero: on his return to his master's, he was very coldly received: Mr. —— let him know in un-

qualified terms, that he did not like to employ any one in his work who got into quarrels at night in the public streets. Forester's former favour with his master, his industry and talents, were not considered without envy by the rest of the journeymen printers; and they took advantage of his absence to misrepresent him to the bookseller: however, when Forester came to relate his own story, his master was convinced that he was not to blame; that he had worked extremely hard the preceding day; and that, far from having been concerned in a riot, he had done every thing in his power to prevent mischief. He desired to see the essay which was printed with so much expedition: it was in the hands of the corrector of the press. The sheets were sent for, and the bookseller was in admiration at the extraordinary correctness with which it was printed; the corrector of the press scarcely had occasion to alter a word, a letter, or a stop. There was a quotation in the manuscript from Juvenal. Henry Campbell had, by mistake, omitted to name the satire and line, and the author from which it was taken, though he had left a blank in which they were to be inserted. The corrector of the press, though a literary gentleman, was at a stand. Forester immediately knew where to look for the passage in the original author: he found it, and inserted the book and line in their proper place. His master did not suffer this to pass unobserved; he hinted to him that it was a pity a young man of his abilities and knowledge should waste his time in the mere technical drudgery of printing. "I should be glad now," continued the bookseller, "to employ you as a corrector of the press, and to advance you according to your merits, in the world; *but*," glancing his eye at Forester's dress, "you must give me leave to say, that some attention to outward appearance is necessary in our business. Gentlemen call here, as you well know, continually, and I like to have the people about me make a creditable appearance. You have earned money since you have been with me—surely you can afford yourself a decent suit of clothes and a cleaner shirt. I beg your pardon for speaking so freely; but I really have a regard for you, and wish to see you get forward in life."

FORESTER A CORRECTOR OF THE PRESS.

Forester had not, since he left Dr. Campbell's, been often spoken to in a tone of friendship. The bookseller's well-meant frank remonstrance made its just impression; and he resolved to make the necessary additions to his wardrobe; nay, he even went to a hairdresser to have his hair cut and brought into decent order. His companions, the printers, had not been sparing in their remarks upon the meanness of his former apparel, and Forester pleased himself with anticipating the respect they would feel for him when he should appear in better clothes. "Can such trifles," said he to himself, "make such a change in the opinion of my fellow-creatures?—And why should I fight with the world for trifles? My real merit is neither increased nor diminished by the dress I may happen to wear; but I see that, unless I waste all my life in combating the prejudices of superficial observers, I should avoid all those peculiarities in my external appearance which prevent whatever good qualities I have from obtaining their just respect." He was surprised at the blindness of his companions, who could not discover his merit through the roughness of his manners and the disadvantages of his dress; but he determined to shine out upon them in the superior dress and character of a corrector of the press. He went to a tailor's, and bespoke a suit of clothes. He bought new linen; and our readers will perhaps hear with surprise, that he actually began to consider very seriously whether he should not take a few lessons in dancing. He had learned to dance formerly, and was not naturally either inactive or awkward: but his contempt for the art prevented him, for some years, from practising it; and he had nearly forgotten his wonted agility. Henry Campbell once, when Forester was declaiming against dancing, told him, that if he had learned to dance, and excelled in the art, his contempt for the trifling accomplishment would have more effect upon the minds of others, because it could not be mistaken for envy. This remark made a deep impression upon our hero, especially as he observed that his friend Henry was not in the least vain of his personal graces, and had cultivated his understanding, though he could dance a Scotch reel. Scotch

reels were associated in Forester's imagination with Flora Campbell; and in balancing the arguments for and against learning to dance, the recollection of Archibald Mackenzie's triumphant look, when he led her away as his partner at the famous ball, had more influence perhaps upon Forester's mind than his pride and philosophy apprehended. He began to have some confused design of returning, at some distant period, to his friends; and he had hopes that he should appear in a more amiable light to Flora, after he had perfected himself in an accomplishment which he fancied she admired prodigiously. His esteem for that lady was rather diminished by this belief; but still a sufficient quantity remained to excite in him a strong ambition to please. The agony he felt the night he left the ball-room was such, that he could not even now recollect the circumstances without confusion and anguish of mind. His hands were now such as could appear without gloves; and he resolved to commence the education of his feet.

M. Pasgrave called upon him, in consequence of the message which he left at the magistrate's: his original design in sending for the dancing-master was to offer him some acknowledgment for his obliging conduct. "M. Pasgrave," said he, "you have behaved towards me like a man of honour; you have kept my secret; I am convinced that you will continue to keep it inviolate." As he spoke, he produced a ten-guinea bank-note, for at length he had prevailed upon himself to have recourse to his pocket-book, which, till this day, had remained unopened. Pasgrave stared at the sight of the note, and withdrew his hand at first, when it was offered; but he yielded at length, when Forester assured him that he was not in any distress, and that he could perfectly well afford to indulge his feelings of gratitude. "Nay," continued Forester, who, if he had not always practised the maxims of politeness, notwithstanding possessed that generosity of mind and good sense on which real politeness must depend, "you shall not be under any obligation to me, M. Pasgrave: I am just going to ask a favour from you. You must teach me to dance."—"Wid de utmost pleasure," exclaimed the delighted dancing-master; and the hours of his attendance were soon settled. Whatever Forester attempted he pursued with energy. M. Pasgrave, after giving him a few lessons, prophesied

that he would do him infinite credit; and Forester felt a secret pride in the idea that he should surprise his friends some time or other with his new accomplishment.

He continued in the bookseller's service, correcting the press for him, much to his satisfaction; and the change in his personal appearance pleased his master, as it showed attention to his advice. Our hero, from time to time, exercised his talents in writing: and, as he inserted his compositions under a fictitious signature in his master's newspaper, he had an opportunity of hearing the most unprejudiced opinions of a variety of critics, who often came to read the papers at their house. He stated, in short essays, some of those arguments concerning the advantages and disadvantages of politeness, luxury, the love of society, misanthropy, &c., which had formerly passed between him and Henry Campbell; and he listened to the remarks that were made upon each side of the questions. How it happened we know not; but after he had taken lessons for about six weeks from M. Pasgrave, he became extremely solicitous to have a solution of all his stoical doubts, and to furnish himself with the best possible arguments in favour of civilized society. He could not bear the idea that he yielded his opinions to any thing less than strict demonstration: he drew up a list of queries, which concluded with the following question:—"What should be the distinguishing characteristics of the higher classes of people in society?" —This query was answered in one of the public papers a few days after it appeared in Mr. ——'s paper, and the answer was signed *H. C., a Friend to Society.* Even without these initials Forester would easily have discovered it to be Henry Campbell's writing; and several strokes seemed to be so particularly addressed to him, that he could not avoid thinking Henry had discovered the querist. The impression which arguments make upon the mind varies with time and change of situation. Those arguments in favour of subordination in society, in favour of agreeable manners, and attention to the feelings of others in the small as well as in the great concerns of life, which our hero had heard with indifference from Dr. Campbell and Henry in conversation, struck him, when he saw them in a printed essay, with all the force of conviction; and he wondered how it had happened that he never before perceived them to be conclusive.

He put the newspaper which contained this essay in his pocket; and after he had finished his day's work, and had taken his evening lesson from M. Pasgrave, he went out with an intention of going to a favourite spot upon Arthur's Seat, to read the essay again at his leisure.

But he was stopped at the turn from the North Bridge into High-street by a scavenger's cart. The scavenger, with his broom which had just swept the High-street, was clearing away a heap of mud. Two gentlemen on horseback, who were riding like postillions, came up during this operation—Sir Philip Gosling and Archibald Mackenzie. Forester had his back towards them, and he never looked round, because he was too intent upon his own thoughts. Archibald was mounted upon Sawney, the horse which he had so *fairly* won from his friend Sir Philip. The half-guinea which had been promised to the hostler had not yet been paid; and the hostler, determined to revenge himself upon Archibald, invented an ingenious method of gratifying his resentment. He taught Sawney to rear and plunge whenever his legs were touched by the broom with which the stables were swept. When Sawney was perfectly well trained to this trick, the cunning hostler communicated his design, and related his cause of complaint against Archibald to a scavenger who was well known at the livery-stables. The scavenger entered into his friend the hostler's feelings, and promised to use his broom in his cause whenever a convenient and public opportunity should offer. The hour of retribution was now arrived: the scavenger saw his young gentleman in full glory, mounted upon Sawney; he kept his eye upon him while, in company with the baronet, he came over the North Bridge: there was a stop, from the meeting of carts and carriages. The instant Archibald came within reach of the broom, the scavenger slightly touched Sawney's leg; Sawney plunged and reared—and reared and plunged. The scavenger stood grinning at the sight. Forester attempted to seize the horse's bridle; but Sawney, who seemed determined upon the point, succeeded. When Forester snatched at his bridle, he reared, then plunged; and Archibald Mackenzie was fairly lodged in the scavenger's cart. While the well-dressed laird floundered in the mud, Forester gave the horse to the servant, who had now ridden up; and, satisfied that Mackenzie had received no material injury, inquired no further. He turned to assist a poor washer-

woman, who was lifting a large basket of clean linen into her house, to get it out of the way of the cart. As soon as he had helped her to lift the basket into her passage, he was retiring, when he heard a voice at the back-door, which was at the other end of the passage. It was the voice of a child; and he listened, for he thought he had heard it before.—"The door is locked," said the washer-woman. "I know who it is that is knocking; it is only a little girl who is coming for a cap which I have there in the basket." The door was unlocked, and Forester saw the little girl to whom the fine geranium belonged. What a number of ideas she recalled to his mind! She looked at him, and hesitated, courtesied, then turned away, as if she was afraid she was mistaken, and asked the washerwoman if she had plaited her grandmother's cap. The woman searched in her basket, and produced the cap nicely plaited. The little girl, in the mean time, considered Forester with anxious attention. "I believe," said she, timidly, "you are, or you are very like, the gentleman who was so good as to——"—"Yes," interrupted Forester, "I know what you mean. I am the man who went with you to try to obtain justice from your tyrannical schoolmistress: I did not do you any good. Have you seen—have you heard any thing of ——?" Such a variety of recollections pressed upon Forester's heart that he could not pronounce the name of Henry Campbell; and he changed his question. "Is your old grandmother recovered?"—"She is quite well, thank you, sir; and she is grown young again since you saw her: perhaps you don't know how good Mr. Henry and the young lady have been to us. We don't live now in that little, close, dark room at the watch-maker's. We are as happy, sir, as the day is long."—"But what of Henry?—what of——?"—"O sir! but if you are not very busy, or in a great hurry—it is but a little way off—if you *could* come and look at our new house—I don't mean *our* house, for it is not ours; but we take care of it, and we have two little rooms to ourselves; and Mr. Henry and Miss Flora very often come to see us. I wish you could come to see how nice our rooms are! The house is not far off, only at the back of the meadows."—"Go, show me the way—I'll follow you," said Forester, after he had satisfied himself that there was no danger of his meeting any of Dr. Campbell's family.

THE MEADOWS.

Our hero accompanied the little girl with eager, benevolent curiosity. "There," said she, when they came to the meadows, "do you see that white house with the paling before it?"—"But that cannot be your house!"—"No, no, sir: Dr. Campbell and several gentlemen have the large room, and they come there twice a week to teach something to a great many children. Grandmother can explain all that better to you, sir, than I can; but all I know is, that it is our business to keep the room aired and swept, and to take care of the glass things which you'll see; and you shall see how clean it is: it was *I* swept it this morning."

They had now reached the gate which was in the paling before the house. The old woman came to the door, clean, neat, and cheerful; she recollected to have seen Forester in company with Henry Campbell at the watchmaker's; and this was sufficient to make him a welcome guest. "God bless the family, and all that belongs to them, for ever and ever!" said the woman. "This way, sir."—"O, don't look into our little rooms yet; look at the great room first, if you please, sir," said the child.

There was a large table in the middle of this long room, and several glass retorts, and other chymical vessels, were ranged upon shelves; wooden benches were placed on each side of the table. The grandmother, to whom the little girl had referred for a clear explanation, could not, however, tell Forester very exactly the uses of the retorts; but she informed him that many of the manufacturers in Edinburgh sent their sons hither twice a week; and Dr. Campbell, and Mr. Henry Campbell, and some other gentlemen, came by turns to instruct them. Forester recollected now that he once heard Henry talking to his father about a scheme for teaching the children of the manufacturers of Edinburgh some knowledge of chymistry, such as they might afterward employ advantageously to the arts and every-day business of life.

"I have formed projects, but what good have I ever actually done to my fellow-creatures?" said Forester to himself. With melancholy steps he walked to examine

every thing in the room. "Dr. Campbell sits in this arm-chair, does not he? And where does Henry sit?" The old woman placed the chairs for him as they usually were placed. Upon one of the shelves there was a slate, which, as it had been written upon, the little girl had put by very carefully; there were some calculations upon the weight of different gases, and the figures Forester knew to be Henry's: he looked at every thing that was Henry's with pleasure. "Because I used to be so rough in my manner to him," said Forester to himself, "I dare say that he thinks I have no feeling, and I suppose he has forgotten me by this time: I deserve, indeed, to be forgotten by everybody! How could I leave such friends!" On the other side of the slate poor Forester saw his own name written several times over, in his friend's handwriting, and he read two lines of his own poetry, which he remembered to have repeated to Henry the day that they walked to Arthur's Seat. Forester felt much pleasure from this little proof of his friend's affection. "Now won't you look at our nice rooms?" said the child, who had waited with some patience till he had done pondering upon the slate.

The little rooms were well arranged, and their neatness was not now as much lost upon our hero as it would have been some time before. The old woman and her granddaughter, with all the pride of gratitude, exhibited to him several little presents of furniture which they had received from Dr. Campbell's family. "Mr. Henry gave me this! Miss Flora gave me that!" was frequently repeated. The little girl opened the door of her *own* room. On a clean white deal bracket, which "*Mr. Henry had put up with his own hands*," stood the well-known geranium in its painted flower-pot. Forester saw nothing else in the room, and it was in vain that both the old woman and her granddaughter talked to him at once; he heard not a word that was said to him. The flowers were all gone, and the brown calyces of the geranium flowers reminded him of the length of time which had elapsed since he had first seen them. "I am sorry there are no flowers to offer you," said the little girl, observing Forester's melancholy look; "but I thought you did not like geraniums; for I remember when I gave you a fine flower in the watchmaker's shop you pulled it to pieces, and threw it on the ground."—"I should not do so now," said Forester. The black marks on the painted flower-

pot had been entirely effaced: he turned away, en deavoured to conceal his emotion, and took leave of the place as soon as the grateful inhabitants would suffer him to depart. The reflection that he had wasted his time, that he had never done any good to any human being, that he had lost opportunities of making both himself and others happy, pressed upon his mind; but his stoical pride still resisted the thought of returning to Dr. Campbell's. "It will be imagined that I yield my opinions from meanness of spirit," said he to himself. "Dr. Campbell certainly has no further regard or esteem for me; neither he nor Henry have troubled themselves about my fate: they are doing good to more deserving objects; they are intent upon literary pursuits, and have not time to bestow a thought upon me. And Flora, I suppose, is as gay as she is good. I alone am unhappy, —a wanderer,—an outcast,—a useless being."

Forester, while he was looking at the geranium, or soon afterward, missed his handkerchief; the old woman and her granddaughter searched for it all over the house, but in vain; he then thought he must have left it at the washerwoman's, where he met the little girl; he called to inquire for it, upon his return to Edinburgh. When he returned to this woman's house for his handkerchief, he found her sitting upon a low stool, in her laundry, weeping bitterly; her children stood round her. Forester inquired into the cause of her distress, and she told him that a few minutes after he left her, the young gentleman who had been thrown from his horse into the scavenger's cart was brought into her house, while his servant went home for another suit of clothes for him. "I did not at first guess that I had ever seen the young gentleman before," continued she; "but when the mud was cleared from his face I knew him to be Mr. Archibald Mackenzie. I am sure I wish I had never seen his face then, or at any time. He was in a very bad humour after his tumble; and he began again to threaten me about a ten-guinea bank-note which he and his servant declare they sent in his waistcoat pocket to be washed: I'm sure I never saw it. Mr. Henry Campbell quieted him about it for a while; but just now he began again with me, and he says he has spoken to a lawyer, and that he will make me pay the whole note; and he swore at me as if I had been the worst creature in the world; and, God knows, I work hard for my children, and never wronged any one in my days!"

Forester, who forgot all his own melancholy reflections as soon as he could assist any one who was in distress, bade the poor woman dry her tears, and assured her that she had nothing to fear; for he would instantly go to Dr. Campbell, and get him to speak to Mackenzie. "If it is necessary," said he, "I'll pay the money myself." She clasped her hands joyfully as he spoke, and all her children joined in an exclamation of delight. "I'll go to Dr. Campbell's this instant," said our hero, whose pride now yielded to the desire of doing justice to this injured woman; he totally forgot himself, and thought only of her: "I'll go to Dr. Campbell's, and I will speak to Mr. Mackenzie immediately."

A SUMMONS.

While Forester was walking through the streets, with that energy which the hope of serving his fellow-creatures always excited in his generous mind, he even forgot a scheme which he had, in spite of his stoical pride and his dread of being thought to give up his opinions from meanness, revolved in his imagination. He had formed the design of returning to his friends an altered being in his external appearance: he had ordered a fashionable suit of clothes, which were now ready. He had laid aside the dress and manners of a gentleman, from the opinion that they were degrading to the character of a man: as soon as this prejudice had been conquered he began to think he might resume them. Many were the pleasing anticipations in which he indulged himself: the looks of each of his friends, the generous approving eye of Henry, the benevolent countenance of Dr. Campbell, the arch smile of Flora, were all painted by his fancy; and he invented every circumstance that was likely to happen—every word that would probably be said by each individual. We are sure that our readers will give our enthusiastic hero credit for his forgetting these pleasing reveries,—for his forgetting himself, nay, even Flora Campbell,—when humanity and justice called upon him for exertion.

When he found himself in George's-square, within sight of Dr. Campbell's house, his heart beat violently, and he suddenly stopped to recollect himself. He had scarcely stood a few instants, when a hard, stout-looking

man came up to him, and asked him if his name were Forester: he started, and answered, "Yes, sir; what is your business with me?" The stranger replied by producing a paper, and desiring him to read it. The paper, which was half-printed, half-written, began with these words:—"You are hereby required to appear before me—"

"What is all this?" exclaimed our hero.—"It is a summons," replied the stranger: "I am a constable, and you will please to come with me before Mr. W——. This is not the first time you have been before him, I am told." To this last insolent taunt Forester made no reply; but in a firm tone said that he was conscious of no crime, but that he was ready to follow the constable, and to appear before Mr. W——, or any other magistrate who wished to inquire into his conduct. Though he summoned all his fortitude, and spoke with composure, he was much astonished by this proceeding; he could not help reflecting that an individual in society who has friends, an established character, and a *home*, is in a more desirable situation than an unconnected being who has no one to answer for his conduct,—no one to rejoice in his success, or to sympathize in his misfortunes. "Ah, Dr. Campbell! happy father! in the midst of your own family, you have forgotten your imprudent ward!" said Forester to himself, while his mind revolted from seeking his friend's assistance in this discreditable situation. "You do not know how near he is to you! you do not know that he was just returning to you! you do not see that he is, at this moment, perhaps, on the brink of disgrace!"

THE BANK-NOTES.

Forester was mistaken in his idea that Dr. Campbell had forgotten him; but we shall not yet explain further upon this subject, we only throw out this hint that our readers may not totally change their good opinion of the doctor. We must now beg their attention to the continuation of the history of Archibald Mackenzie's bank-note.

Lady Catherine Mackenzie one day observed that the colours were changed in one spot on the right-hand pocket of her son's waistcoat. "My dear Archibald," said she, "what has happened to your smart waistcoat?

What is that terrible spot?"—"Really, ma'am, I don't know," said Archibald, with his usual soft voice and deceitful smile. Henry Campbell observed that it seemed as if the colours had been discharged by some acid. "Did you wear that waistcoat," said he, "the night the large bottle of vitriolic acid was broken—the night that poor Forester's cat was killed: don't you remember?"—"Oh, I did not at first recollect; I cannot possibly remember, indeed,—it is so long ago,—what waistcoat I wore on that particular night." The extreme embarrassment in Archibald's manner surprised Henry. "I really don't perceive your *drift*," continued Mackenzie: "what made you ask the question so earnestly?" He was relieved when Henry answered that he only wished to know whether it was probable that it was stained with vitriolic acid; "because," said he, "I think *that* is the pocket in which you said you left your ten guinea note; then, perhaps, the note may have been stained."—"Perhaps so," replied Mackenzie, dryly.—"And if it were, you could identify the note: you have forgotten the number, but if the note has been stained with vitriolic acid, we should certainly be able to know it again: the acid would have changed the colour of the ink." Mackenzie eagerly seized this idea; and immediately, in pursuance of Henry's advice, went to several of the principal bankers in Edinburgh, and requested that if a note stained in such a manner should be presented to them, they would stop payment of it till Mackenzie should examine it. Some time elapsed, and nothing was heard of the note. Mackenzie gave up all hopes of recovering it; and, in proportion as these hopes diminished, his old desire of making the poor washerwoman answerable for his loss increased. We have just heard this woman's account of his behaviour to her, when he came into her house to be refitted, after his tumble from Sawney into the scavenger's cart. All his promises to Henry he thought proper to disregard: promises appeared to him mere matters of convenience; and the idea of "*taking in*" such a young man as Henry Campbell was to him an excellent joke. He resolved to keep the five guineas quietly which Henry lent him; and, at the same time, to frighten this innocent, industrious woman into paying him the value of his bank-note.

Upon Mackenzie's return to Dr. Campbell's after his fall from Sawney, the first thing he heard was that his

note was found; that it had been stopped at the bank of Scotland; and that one of the clerks of the bank, who brought it for his examination, had been some time waiting for his return from riding. When the note was produced, Henry saw that two or three of the words which had been written in ink, the name of the person to whom it was payable, and the date of the month and year, were so pale as to be scarcely visible; and that there was a round hole through one corner of the paper. This round hole puzzled Henry, but he had no doubt that the ink had been thus nearly obliterated by vitriolic acid. He poured a few drops, diluted with water, upon some printing, and the ink was quickly turned to nearly the same pale colour as that in Mackenzie's note. The note was easily traced, as it had not passed through many hands—our readers will be sorry to hear it—to M. Pasgrave, the dancing-master. Mackenzie and the clerk went directly to his house, found him at home, and without much preface informed him of their business. The dancing-master trembled from head to foot; and, though innocent, exhibited all the signs of guilt: he had not the slightest knowledge of business, and the manner and language of the banker's clerk who accompanied Mackenzie terrified him beyond measure, because he did not comprehend one word in ten that he said about checks, entries, and day-books; and he was nearly a quarter of an hour before he could recover sufficient presence of mind to consider from whom he received the note. At length, after going over, in an unintelligible manner, all the puzzled accounts of moneys received and paid which he kept in his head, he declared that he clearly recollected to have received the ten guinea note at Mr. Macpherson's, the tailor; that he went a few weeks ago to settle his year's account with him; and that, in change for a twenty-pound note, he received that which the banker's clerk now produced. To Mackenzie it was perfectly indifferent who was found guilty, so that he could recover his money. "Settle it as you will among you," said he, "the money must be refunded, or I must have you all before a magistrate directly." Pasgrave, in great perturbation, set out for Mr. Macpherson's, showed him the note, and reminded him of the day when he paid his account. "If you received the note from us, sir," said the master-tailor, very calmly, "it must be entered in our books; for we keep regular accounts." The

tailor's foreman, who knew much more of the affair than his master, appealed, with assumed security, to the entry in the books. By this entry it appeared that M. Pasgrave settled his account the 17th of October; that he paid the balance by a twenty pound note, and that he received in change a ten guinea note on Sir William Forbes's bank. "You see, sir," said the tailor, "this cannot possibly be Mr. Mackenzie's; for his note is on the bank of Scotland. Our entry is as full as possible; and I am ready to produce my books, and to abide by them, in any court of justice in the world." M. Pasgrave was totally at a loss; he could only repeat that he remembered to have received Mackenzie's note from one of the tailor's men, who brought it to him from an inner room. The foreman boldly asserted that he brought the change exactly as his master gave it to him, and that he knew nothing more of the matter. But, in fact, he knew a great deal more; he had found the note in the pocket of Mackenzie's waistcoat, which his servant had left to be mended, after he had torn it furtively, as has been already related. When his master called him into the inner room, to give him the change for Pasgrave, he observed that there was a ten guinea note wrapped up with some halfpence; and he thought that it would be a prudent thing to substitute Mackenzie's note, which he had by him, in the place of this. He accordingly gave Pasgrave Mackenzie's note, and thrust the note which he had received from his master into a corner of his trunk, where he usually kept little windfalls that came to him by the negligence of customers—toothpick cases, loose silver, odd gloves, &c., all which he knew how to dispose of. But this bank-note was a higher prize than usual, and he was afraid to pass it till all inquiry had blown over. He knew his master's regularity; and he thought that if the note was stopped afterward at any of the banks, it could never be traced farther than to M. Pasgrave. He was rejoiced to see that this poor man was in such trepidation of mind that he could not, in the least, use his understanding; and he saw, with much satisfaction, that his master, who was a positive man, and proud of the accuracy of his books, was growing red in the face in their defence. Mackenzie, in the mean time, who had switched his boots with great impatience during their debate, interfered at last with—"Come, gentlemen, we can't stand here all day to hear

you give one another the lie. One of you, it's plain, must shell out your coriander's; but as you can't settle which, we must put you to your oath, I see."—"Mr. W——'s is not far off, and I'm ready to go before him with my books this instant," said the fiery master-tailor. "My books were never called in question since I was in trade till this instant; and nobody but a French dancing-master, who understands no more of debtor and creditor than my goose, would stand out against such an entry as this."

To Mr. W——'s, the tailor, his foreman, the dancing-master, the banker's clerk, and Mackenzie repaired. Pasgrave turned paler than ever dancer turned before; and gave himself, his character, and his wife and children, all up for lost, when he heard he was to be put upon his oath. He drew back when Mr. W—— held the book to him, and demanded whether he would swear to the person from whom he received the note. He said he could not swear; but to the best of his belief—en conscience—en honneur—foi d'honnête homme—he was convinced he received it from Mr. Macpherson's foreman. The foreman, who, from one step in villany, found himself hurried on to another and another, now scrupled not to declare that he was ready to take his oath that he delivered the note and change, just as his master gave it to him, to M. Pasgrave. The magistrate turned to the paler, conscientious, incapacitated dancing-master, and in a severe tone said, "Appearances are strangely against you, M. Pasgrave. Here's a young gentleman has lost a bank-note—it is stopped at the bank of Scotland—it is traced home to you—you say you got it from Mr. Macpherson or his foreman—his books are produced—the entry in them is clearly against you; for it states that the note given to you in change was one of Sir William Forbes's bank; and this which I hold now in my hand is of the bank of Scotland. Please now to tell how this note of the bank of Scotland, which has been proved to be the property of Mr. Mackenzie, came into your possession? From whom did you receive it? or how did you come by it? I am not surprised that you decline taking an oath upon this occasion."—"Ah, monsieur, ayez pitié de moi!" cried the innocent but terrified man, throwing himself upon one knee, in an attitude which, on the stage, would have produced a sublime effect—"Ah, monsieur, ayez pitié de

moi! I have no more dan de child no sense in affairs." Mackenzie interrupted him with a brutal laugh. The more humane banker's clerk was moved by the simplicity of this avowed ignorance of business. He went up to the distracted dancer, and said, "It is not to be expected that everybody should understand business as we do, sir: if you are innocent only give yourself time to recollect; and though it's unfortunate that you never keep any regular accounts, maybe we shall be able to make out this affair of the entry. If Mr. W—— will give me leave to take this pen and ink, and if you will try to recollect all the persons from whom you have received money lately——"—"Ah, mon Dieu! dat is impossible." Then he began to name the quarterly and half-yearly payments that he had received from his various pupils." —"Did any of them lately give you a ten guinea note?" —"Ah, oui, je me rappelle—un jeune monsieur—un certain monsieur, qui ne veut pas que—que est là incognito—who I would not betray for the world; for he has behave wid de most pairfaite generosité to me."—"But did he give you a ten guinea bank-note?—that is all we want to know," said the magistrate. "Mais—oui—yes." —"About what time?" said the clerk. It was about the beginning of October: and this was so near the time when he settled accounts with Mr. Macpherson, the tailor, that he even himself began to believe it possible that he had mistaken one note for the other. "When the young gentleman gave you the note," said the banker's clerk, "surely you must have looked at it—you must have observed these remarkable stains?" Pasgrave replied, that he did look at it, he supposed; that he saw it was a ten guinea note; it might be stained; it might not be stained; he could not pretend to be certain about it. He repeated his assurances that he was ignorant of business, and of every thing in this world but dancing. "Pour la danse, je m'y connois—pour les affaires, je n'en sais rien, moi." He, with his usual simplicity, added, that if Mr. W—— would give him leave, he would go to the young gentleman, his friend, and learn from him exactly the number of the note which he had given him; that he was sure he could recollect his own note immediately. Mackenzie, who thought that this was merely pretence, in order to escape, told him that he could not be suffered to go out upon his parole. "But," said Mr. W——, "tell us the name of this young gentleman who

has so much generosity, and who lives incognito. I don't like gentlemen who live incognito. I think I had a young man here before me, about two months ago, charged with breaking a confectioner's windows in a riot, the night of the great illuminations—Hey! don't I remember some such thing? And you, M. Pasgrave, if I mistake not, interested yourself mightily about this young man; and told me and my daughters, sir, that he was a young gentleman incognito. I begin to see through this affair. Perhaps this is the same young gentleman from whom you received the note. And pray what value did you give for it?" Pasgrave, whose fear of betraying Forester now increased his confusion, stammered, and first said the note was a present, but afterward added, "I have been giving de young person lessons in dancing for dese six week."

"Well, then, we must summon this young person," said Mr. W——. "Tell us his name, if you please," said Mackenzie; "I have some suspicion that I know your gentleman incognito."—"You need not trouble him," said the magistrate; "I know the name already, and I know where the bird is to be found: his name, if he has not changed it since he was last in this room, is Forester."—"Forester!" exclaimed Mackenzie; "I thought so! I always thought how he would turn out. I wonder what his friends the Campbells will have to say for him now!"

Mr. W——'s pen stopped. "His friends the Campbell's—humph! So the Campbells are his friends, are they?" repeated he. "They *were* his friends," answered Mackenzie; "but Mr. Forester thought proper, nobody knows why, to run away from them, some months ago; the only reason I could ever learn was that he did not like to live among gentlemen; and he has been living ever since incognito among blackguards, and we see the fruits of it." Mackenzie eagerly handed the summons, as soon as it was signed, to a constable; and Mr. W—— directed the constable to Mr. ——'s, the bookseller, adding, "booksellers and printers are dangerous persons." The constable, who had seen Forester the night that he was confined with Tom Random, knew his face and person; and we have told our readers that he met Forester in George's-square, going to Dr. Campbell's to vindicate the innocence of the poor washerwoman.

The tailor's foreman was not a little alarmed when the

summons was sent for our hero; he dreaded that the voice of truth should be heard, and he skulked behind the rest of the company. What astonishment did Forester feel when he entered the room, and saw the group that surrounded the justice's table!—Archibald Mackenzie, with an insulting sneer on his lips—Pasgrave, with eyes fixed upon him in despair—Mr. Macpherson, the tailor, pointing to an entry in his book—his foreman shrinking from notice—the banker's clerk, with benevolent skepticism in his countenance—and the justice, with a portentous scowl upon his brow.

"Come forward, Mr. Forester," said the magistrate, as our hero made a sudden pause of astonishment; "come forward, sir!" Forester advanced with calm intrepidity. "You are better dressed than when I had the honour of seeing you here some time ago, sir. Are you a printer still, or a gentleman? Your dress certainly bespeaks a change in your condition."—"I am sure I should hardly know Mr. Forester again, he has grown such a beau—comparatively speaking, I mean," said Mackenzie.—"But certainly, M. Pasgrave, you must have made some mistake; I don't know how to believe my senses! Is this the young gentleman to whom you alluded?—do you know him——?"—"Give me leave, Mr. Mackenzie," interrupted the justice: "I shall examine this young incognito myself. I think I know how to come at the truth. Will you do me the favour, sir, to inform me whether you recollect any thing of a ten guinea bank-note which you gave or paid, some time in last October, to this gentleman?" pointing to M. Pasgrave.—"I do," replied Forester, in a distinct, unembarrassed voice, "perfectly well remember giving M. Pasgrave a ten guinea bank-note."—"Ah, monsieur, je ne suis pas un ingrat.—Ne pensez pas que——"—"O, M. Pasgrave," interrupted Mackenzie, "this is no time for compliments and fine speeches: for God's sake, let us get to the bottom of this affair without further ceremony."—"Sir," said the banker's clerk, "all we want to know is the number of your note, and the firm of the house. Was your note one of Sir William Forbes's, or of the bank of Scotland?" Forester was silent. "I do not recollect," said he, after some pause. "You don't recollect, sir," said the justice, "is something like an evasive answer. You must have a vast number of bank-notes then, we must presume, if you cannot recollect to what bank your

ten guinea note belonged." Forester did not understand this logic; but he simply repeated his assertion.—"Pray, sir," said the tailor, who could no longer restrain his impatience—"Pray, sir," said the magistrate, in a solemn manner, "be silent. I shall find out the truth. *So*, Mr. Forester, you cannot possibly recollect the house of your note? You will tell us next, I dare say, that you cannot possibly recollect how you came by it."—"Sir," said Forester, "if it is necessary, I can readily tell you how I came by it."—"It is very necessary, sir, for your own credit."—"I received it from Dr. Campbell."—"Dr. Campbell!" repeated the magistrate, changing his tone. "And I have some idea that the doctor gave me a list of the numbers of that and four other notes, with which I fortunately have not parted."—"Some idea means nothing in a court of justice, sir: if you have any such paper, you can do us the favour to produce it." Now this list was locked up in the trunk, of which the key was dropped into the brewing-vat. Richardson, the clerk, had returned the key to him; but, such is the force of habit, he had not cured himself of the foolish trick of twirling it upon his thumb; and about two months ago he dropped it in one of his walks to Arthur's Seat. He long searched for it among the rocky fragments, but at last gave it up—he little imagined of how much consequence it might be to him. Dr. Campbell had once refused to break open the lock, and he felt very unwilling to apply to him in his present circumstances. However, he wrote a few lines to Henry Campbell; but as soon as he had written them, his pride again revolted from the thoughts of supplicating the assistance of his friend in such a disgraceful situation. "If you don't choose to write," said the officious malevolence of Archibald, "I can, however, speak; I'll desire Dr. Campbell to open your trunk, and search for the paper." He left the room before Forester could make any further opposition.

"I have answered, I hope, both distinctly and respectfully, all the questions that you have asked me," said Forester, turning to Mr. W——. "I hope, you will no longer keep me in the dark. Of what am I suspected?"—"I will tell you, sir," replied the deliberate, unfeeling magistrate: "you are suspected of having, I will not say *stolen*, but you are more than suspected of having come unfairly by a certain ten guinea bank-note, which the young gentleman who has just left the room lost a few

months ago." Forester, as this speech was slowly pronounced, sat down, folded his arms, and appeared totally insensible—quite unconscious that he was in the presence of a magistrate, or that any human being was observing him. "Ah, mon cher monsieur, pardonnez!" cried Pasgrave, bursting into tears. "N'en parlons plus," added he, turning to the magistrate. "Je payerai tout ce qu'il faut. I will pay de ten guineas. I will satisfy everybody. I cannot never forgive myself if I bring him into any disgrace."—"Disgrace!" exclaimed Forester, starting up, and repeating the word in a tone which made every person in the room, not excepting the phlegmatic magistrate, start and look up to him, with a sudden feeling of inferiority. His ardent eye spoke the language of his soul. No words could express his emotion. The master-tailor dropped his day-book. "Constable—call a constable!" cried the justice. "Sir, you forget in whose presence you are—you think, I suppose, that your friends the Campbells will bear you out. Sir, I would have you to know that all the Campbells in Scotland can't bail you for a felony. Sir, philosophers should know these things. If you cannot clear yourself to my entire satisfaction, Mr. Forester, I shall commit you—in one word—to jail:—yes—look as you please, sir—to jail. And if the doctor and his son, and all his family, come up to bail you, I shall, *meo periculo*, refuse their bail. The law, sir, is no respecter of persons. So none of your rhodomontades, young gentleman, in my presence; but step into this closet, if you please; and, I advise you, bring your mind into a becoming temperament, while I go to dinner. Gentlemen," continued he to Macpherson and Pasgrave, "you'll be so good to wait here in this apartment. Constable, look to your prisoner," pointing to the door of the closet. "John, let me know when Dr. Campbell arrives; and tell them to send up dinner directly," said the justice to his butler.

While he dines, we must leave the tailor complaining that he was wasting precious time; the foreman in the panic of guilt; and the good-natured dancing-master half-distracted between his fears and his ignorance. He looked from time to time through the key-hole of the closet in which Forester was confined, and exclaimed, "Grand Dieu! comme il a l'air noble à cet instant! Ah! lui coupable!—he go to jail!—it is impossible!"

"We shall see how that will be presently," said the

foreman, who had hitherto preserved absolute silence. "I abide by my books," said the master-tailor; "and I wish Dr. Campbell would make haste. *I have lost a day!*"

In spite of the tailor's imperial exclamation, he was obliged to wait some time longer. When Mackenzie arrived at Dr. Campbell's, Henry was not at home: he was gone to the house at the back of the meadows, to prepare some chymical experiments for the next day's lecture. Mackenzie, however, found Dr. Campbell at home in his study; and, in a soft hypocritical voice, lamented that he was obliged to communicate some disagreeable circumstances relating to young Mr. Forester. "You do not, I presume, know where that unfortunate, misguided youth is at present—at this moment, I mean."—"I do not know where he is at this moment," said Dr. Campbell calmly; "but I know where he has been for some time—at Mr. ——'s, the bookseller. I have had my eye upon him ever since he left this house. I have traced him from place to place. Though I have said little about him, Mr. Mackenzie, I have a great regard for my unfortunate ward."—"I am sorry for it," said Mackenzie: "I fear I must wound your feelings the more deeply."—"What is the matter? pray speak at once," cried Dr. Campbell, who now forgot all his usual calmness. "Where is Forester?"—"He is at this moment before Mr. W——, the magistrate, sir, charged with—but, I own, I cannot believe him guilty——"—"Charged with what? For God's sake, speak plainly, Mr. Mackenzie!"—"Then, in one word, sir, my lost bank-note is traced home to Mr. Forester. M. Pasgrave says he received it from him."—"Surely, sir," said Dr. Campbell, with indignation, "you would not insinuate that Forester has stolen your bank-note?"—"I insinuate nothing, doctor," said Archibald; "but I fear the thing is too plainly proved. My bank-note has certain stains, by which it has been identified. All that I know is that Mr. W—— says he can take no bail; and that he must commit Mr. Forester to jail, unless he can clear himself. He says that a few days before he left your house you paid him his quarterly allowance of fifty guineas in five ten guinea bank-notes."—"He says true—I did so," said Dr. Campbell eagerly.—"And he says that you gave them to him wrapped in a piece of paper, on which the numbers of the notes were written."—"I remember it distinctly: I desired him to take care of that paper."—

"He is not famous for taking care, you know, sir, of any thing. He says he believes he threw it into his trunk; but he has lost the key of the trunk, I understand."—"No matter; we can break it open this instant, and search for the paper," cried Dr. Campbell, who was now extremely alarmed for his ward. Mackenzie stood by without offering any assistance, while Dr. Campbell broke open the trunk, and searched it with the greatest anxiety. It was in terrible disorder. The coat and waistcoat which Forester wore at the ball were crammed in at the top; and underneath appeared unfolded linen, books, boots, maps, shoes, cravats, fossils, and heaps of little rumpled bits of paper, in which the fossils had once been contained. Dr. Campbell opened every one of these. The paper he wanted was not among them. He took every thing out of the box, shook and searched all the pockets of the coat, in which Forester used, before his reformation, to keep hoards of strange papers. No list of bank-notes appeared. At length Dr. Campbell espied the white corner of a paper-mark in a volume of Goldsmith's Animated Nature. He pulled out this mark, and, to his great joy, he found it to be the very paper he wanted. "So it's found, is it?" said Mackenzie, disappointed; while Dr. Campbell seized his hat, left every thing upon the floor, and was very near locking the door of the room upon Mackenzie. "Don't lock me in here, doctor—I am going back with you to Mr. W——'s," said Archibald. "Won't you stay—dinner's going up—Mr. W—— was going to his dinner when I came away." Without listening to him, Dr. Campbell just let him out, locked the door, and hurried away to his poor ward.

"I have let things go too far," said he to himself. "As long as Forester's credit was not in danger, as long as he was unknown, it was very well; but now his character is at stake; he may pay too dear for his experience."

"Dr. Campbell," said the pompous magistrate, who hated philosophers, rising from table as Dr. Campbell entered, "do not speak to me of bailing this ward of yours—it is impossible, sir; I know my duty."—"I am not come to offer bail for my ward," said Dr. Campbell, "but to prove his innocence."—"We must hope the best," said Mr. W——; and, having forced the doctor to pledge him in a bumper of port—"now I am ready to proceed again to the examination of all the parties concerned."

Dr. Campbell was now shown into the room where Mr. Macpherson, his foreman, and Pasgrave were waiting. "Ah, monsieur, Dieu merci, vous voilá!" exclaimed Pasgrave. "You may go," said Mr. W—— to the constable; "but wait below stairs." He unlocked the closet-door. Forester, at the sight of Dr. Campbell, covered his face with his hands; but, an instant afterward, he advanced with intrepidity. "You cannot, I am sure, believe me to be guilty of any meanness, Dr. Campbell," said he. "Imprudent I have been, and I suffer for my folly."—"Guilty!" cried Dr. Campbell: "no; I could almost as soon suspect my own son of such an action. But my belief is nothing to the purpose. We must *prove* your innocence."—"Ah oui, monsieur—and mine too; for I am innocent, I can assure you," cried M. Pasgrave. "The whole business, sir," said the banker's clerk, who had by this time returned to hear the termination of the affair—"the whole thing can be settled in two minutes, by a gentleman like you, who understands business. Mr. Forester cannot recollect the number or the firm of a ten guinea bank-note which he gave to M. Pasgrave. M. Pasgrave cannot recollect either; and he is in doubt whether he received this stained note, which Mr. Mackenzie lost, from Mr. Forester or from Mr. Macpherson the tailor."—"There can be no doubt about me," said Macpherson. "Dr. Campbell, will you be so good as to look at the entry? I acknowledge I gave M. Pasgrave a ten guinea note; but here's the number of it, 177, of Forbes's bank. Mr. Mackenzie's note, you see, is of the bank of Scotland; and the stains upon it are so remarkable, that if I had ever seen it before I should certainly remember it. I'll take my oath I never saw it before."—"Sir," said Forester eagerly to Dr. Campbell, "you gave me five ten guinea notes: here are four of them in this pocket-book; the fifth I gave to M. Pasgrave. Can you tell me the number of that note?"—"I can," said Dr. Campbell, producing the paper which he found in Goldsmith's Animated Nature. "I had the precaution to write down the numbers of all your notes myself. Here they are." Forester opened his pocket-book. His four remaining notes were compared, and perfectly agreed with the numbers in the list. The fifth, the number of the note which he gave to Pasgrave, was 1260, of the New Bank. "One of your ten guinea notes," said Dr. Campbell to Pasgrave, "you paid into the bank of Scotland; and

this gentleman, pointing to the banker's clerk, "stopped it this morning. Now you have had another ten guinea note; what became of that?" Pasgrave, who understood Dr. Campbell's plain method of questioning him, answered immediately, "I did give the other to my hairdresser—not long ago—who lives in —— street." Dr. Campbell instantly went himself to the hairdresser—found that he had the note still in his possession—brought him to Mr. W——'s, and, when the note was examined, it was found to be No. 1260, of the New Bank, which exactly corresponded with the entry in the list of notes which Dr. Campbell had produced.

"Then all is right," said Dr. Campbell.—"Ah, oui!—Ah, non!" exclaimed Pasgrave. "What will become of me?"—"Compose yourself, my good sir," said Dr. Campbell. "You had but two ten guinea notes, you are sure of that?"—"But two—but two—I will swear, but two."—"You are now certain which of these two notes you had from my ward. The other, you say, you received from——"—"From dis gentleman, I will swear," cried Pasgrave, pulling the tailor's foreman forward. "I can swear now I am in no embarrass; I am sure I did get de oder note from dis gentleman." The master-tailor was astonished to see all the pallid marks of guilt in his foreman's countenance. "Did you change the note that I gave you in the inner room?" said Mr. Macpherson. The foreman, as soon as he could command his voice, denied the charge; and persisted in it that he gave the note and change, which his master wrapped up, exactly as it was, to the dancing-master. Dr. Campbell proposed that the tailor's shop and the foreman's room should be searched. Mr. W—— sent proper people to Mr. Macpherson's; and while they are searching his house we may inquire what is become of Henry Campbell.

THE CATASTROPHE.

Henry Campbell, the last time we heard of him, was at the house at the back of the meadows. When he went into the large room to his chymical experiments, the little girl, who was proud of having arranged it neatly, ran on before him, and showed him the places where all his things were put. "The writing and the

figures are not rubbed off your slate—there it is, sir," said she, pointing to a high shelf. "But whose handkerchief is this?" said Henry, taking up a handkerchief which was under the slate.—"Gracious! that must be the good gentleman's handkerchief; he missed it just as he was going out of the house. He thought he had left it at the washerwoman's, where I met him; and he's gone back to look for it there. I'll run with it to the washerwoman's—maybe she knows where to find him."—"But you have not told me who he is. Who do you mean by the good gentleman?"—"The good gentleman, sir, that I saw with you at the watchmaker's the day that you helped me to carry the great geranium out of my grandmother's room."—"Do you mean that Forester has been here?" exclaimed Henry.—"I never heard his name, sir; but I mean that the gentleman has been here whom I call the good gentleman, because it was he who went with me to my cross schoolmistress, to try to persuade her to use me well. She beat me, to be sure, after he was gone, for what he had said; but I'm not the less obliged to him, because he did every thing as he thought for the best. And so I'll run with his handkerchief to the woman's, who will give it safe to him."

Henry recollected his promise to his father. It required all his power over himself to forbear questioning the child, and endeavouring to find out something more of his friend. He determined to mention the circumstance to his father, and to Flora, as soon as he returned home. He was always impatient to tell any thing to his sister that interested himself or his friends: for Flora's gayety was not of that unfeeling sort which seeks merely for amusement, and which, unmixed with sympathy for others, may divert in a companion, but disgusts in a friend.

While Henry was reflecting upon the manner in which he might most expeditiously arrange his chymical experiments and return home, the little girl came running back, with a face of great distress. As soon as she had breath to speak, she told Henry that when she went to the washerwoman's with the handkerchief, she was told a sad piece of news—that Mr. Forester had been taken up and carried before Mr. W——, the magistrate. "We don't know what he has done. I'm sure I don't think he can have done any thing wrong." Henry no sooner heard these words than he left all his retorts,

rushed out of the house, hurried home to his father, and learned from Flora, with great surprise, that his father had already been sent for, and was gone to Mr. W——'s. She did not know the circumstances that Mackenzie related to Dr. Campbell; but she told him that her father seemed much alarmed; that she met him crossing the hall, and that he could not stop to speak to her. Henry proceeded directly to Mr. W——'s, and he arrived there just as the people returned from the search of the tailor's house. His opinion of Forester's innocence was so strong, that when he entered the room he instantly walked up to him, and embraced him with a species of frank confidence in his manner which, to Forester, was more expressive than any thing that he could have said. The whole affair was quickly explained to him; and the people who had been sent to Mr. Macpherson's now came up stairs to Mr. W——, and produced a ten guinea bank-note, which was found in the foreman's box. Upon examination, this note was discovered to be the very note which Mr. Macpherson sent with the change to Pasgrave. It was No. 177, of Sir William Forbes's bank, as mentioned in the circumstantial entry in the day-book. The joy of the poor dancing-master at this complete proof of his innocence was rapturous and voluble. Secure of the sympathy of Forester, Henry, and Dr. Campbell, he looked at them by turns, while he congratulated himself upon this "*éclaircissement*;" and assured the banker's clerk that he would in future keep accounts. We are impatient to get rid of the guilty foreman: he stood a horrible image of despair. He was committed to jail; and was carried away by the constables, without being pitied by any person present. Everybody, however, was shocked. Mackenzie broke silence first, by exclaiming, "Well, now, I presume, Mr. W——, I may take possession of my bank-note again." He took up all the notes which lay upon the table to search among them for his own. "Mine, you know, is stained," said Archibald.—"But it is very singular," said Henry Campbell, who was looking over his shoulder, "that here are two stained notes. That which was found in the foreman's box is stained in one corner, exactly as yours was stained, Mr. Mackenzie." Macpherson, the tailor, now stooped to examine it. "Is this No. 177, the note that I sent in change, by my foreman, to M. Pasgrave? I'll

take my oath it was not stained in that manner when I took it out of my desk. It was a new and quite clean note. It must have been stained since."—"And it must have been stained with vitriolic acid," continued Henry.—"Ay, there's cunning for you," cried Archibald.—"The foreman, I suppose, stained it, that it might not be known again."—"Have you any vitriolic acid in your house?" pursued Henry, addressing himself to the master-tailor.—"Not I, indeed, sir: we have nothing to do with such things. They'd be very dangerous to us."—"Pray," said Henry, "will you give me leave, Mr. W——, to ask the person who searched the foreman's box a few questions?"—"Certainly, sir," said Mr. W——; "though, I protest, I cannot see what you are driving at." Henry inquired what was found in the box with the bank-note. The man who searched it enumerated a variety of things. "None of these," said Henry, "could have stained the note. Are you sure that there was nothing else?"—"Nothing in the world—nothing but an old glass stopper, I believe."—"I wish I could see that stopper," said Henry.—"This note was rolled round it," said the man, "but I threw it into the box again. I'll go and fetch it, sir, if you have any curiosity to see it."—"Curiosity to see an old stopper? No!" cried Archibald Mackenzie, with a forced laugh; "what good would that do us? We have been kept here long enough. I move that we go home to our dinners."—But Dr. Campbell, who saw that Henry had some particular reason for wishing to see this glass stopper, seconded his son. The man went for it; and when he brought it into the room, Henry Campbell looked at it very carefully, and then decidedly said, fixing his eyes upon Archibald Mackenzie, who in vain struggled to keep his countenance from changing, "This glass stopper, Mr. Mackenzie, is the stopper of my father's vitriolic acid bottle, that was broken the night the cat was killed. This stopper has stained both the bank-notes. And it must have been in the pocket of your waistcoat."—"My pocket!" interrupted Archibald: "how should it come into my pocket? It never was in *my* pocket, sir." Henry pointed to the stain on his waistcoat. He wore the very waistcoat in question. "Sir," said Archibald, "I don't know what you mean by pointing at my waistcoat. It is stained, it is true, and very likely by vitriolic acid; but, as I have been so often in the doctor's labora-

tory when your chymical experiments have been going on, is it not very natural to suppose that a drop of one of the acids might have fallen on my clothes? I have seen your waistcoats stained, I am sure. Really, Mr. Campbell, you are unfriendly, uncharitable; your partiality for Mr. Forester should not blind you, surely. I know you want to exculpate him from having any hand in the death of that cat; but that should not, my dear sir, make you forget what is due to justice. You should not, permit me to say, endeavour to criminate an innocent person."—"This is all very fine," said Henry; "and you may prove your innocence to me at once, Mr. Mackenzie, if you think proper, by showing that the waistcoat was really, as you assert, stained by a drop of vitriolic acid falling upon the outside of it. Will you show us the inside of the pocket?"—Mackenzie, who was now in too much confusion to know distinctly what Henry meant to prove, turned the pocket inside out, and repeated, "That stopper was never in my pocket, I'll swear."—"Don't swear to that, for God's sake," said Henry. "Consider what you are saying. You see that there is a hole burnt in this pocket. Now, if a drop of acid had fallen, as you said, upon the outside of the waistcoat, it must have been more burnt on the outside than on the inside."—"I don't know—I can't pretend to be positive," said Archibald; "but what signifies all this rout about the stopper?"—"It signifies a great deal to me," said Dr. Campbell, turning away from Mackenzie with contempt, and addressing himself to his ward, who met his approving eye with proud delight—"it signifies a great deal to me. Forgive me, Mr. Forester, for having doubted your word for a moment." Forester held his guardian's hand, without being able for some instants to reply. "You are coming home with us, Forester?" said Henry.—"No," said Dr. Campbell, smiling; "you must not ask him to come home with us to-night. We have a little dance at our house to-night. Lady Catherine Mackenzie wished to take leave of her Edinburgh friends. She goes from us to-morrow. We must not expect to see Forester at a ball; but to-morrow morning——"—"I see," said Forester, smiling, "you have no faith in my reformation. Well, I have affairs to settle with my master the printer. I must go home, and take leave of him. He has been a good master to me: and I must go and finish my task of correcting. Adieu."

He abruptly left Dr. Campbell and Henry, and went to the bookseller's, to inform him of all that had passed, and to thank him for his kindness. "You will be at a loss to-morrow for a corrector of the press," said he. "I am determined you shall not suffer for my vagaries. Send home the proof-sheets of the work in hand to me, at Dr. Campbell's, and I will return them to you punctually corrected. Employ me till you have provided yourself with another, I will not say a better, hand. I do not imagine," continued Forester, "that I can pay you for your kindness to me by presents; indeed I know you are in such circumstances that you disdain money. But I hope you will accept of a small mark of my regard—a complete fount of new types."

While Forester's generous heart expanded with joy at the thoughts of returning once more to his friends, we are sorry to leave him to finish the history of Archibald Mackenzie. He sneaked home after Dr. Campbell and Henry, whose silent contempt he well understood. Dr. Campbell related all that had passed to Lady Catherine. Her ladyship showed herself more apprehensive that her son's meanness should be made known to the world, than indignation or sorrow for his conduct. Archibald, while he was dressing for the ball, began to revolve in his mind certain words which his mother had said to him *about his having received the lie direct from Henry Campbell—his not having the spirit of a gentleman.* "She certainly meant," said he to himself, "that I ought to fight him. It's the only way I can come off, as he spoke so plainly before Mr. W——, and all those people: the banker's clerk too was by; and, as my mother says, it will be talked of. I'll get Sir Philip Gosling to go with my message. I think I've heard Dr. Campbell say he disapproved of duels. Perhaps Henry won't fight.—Has Sir Philip Gosling sent to say whether he would be with us at the ball to-night?" said Archibald to the servant who was dressing his hair.—"No, sir," replied the servant: "Sir Philip's man has not been here: but Major O'Shannon has been here twice since you were away, to see you. He said he had some message to deliver from Sir Philip to you."—"To me!—message to me!" repeated Archibald, turning pale. Archibald knew Major O'Shannon, who had of late insinuated himself into Sir Philip Gosling's favour, had a particular dislike to him, and had successfully bullied him upon one or two occa-

sions. Archibald had that civil cowardice which made him excessively afraid of the opinion of the world; and Major O'Shannon, a gamester, who was jealous of his influence over the rich dupe Sir Philip, determined to entangle him in a quarrel. The major knocked at the door a third time before Archibald was dressed; and when he was told that he was dressing, and could not see any one, he sent up the following note:—

"SIR,

"The last time I met you at the livery stables, in company with my friend, Sir Philip Gosling, I had the honour of telling you my mind, in terms sufficiently explicit, concerning a transaction which cannot have escaped your memory. My friend, Sir Philip, declares you never hinted that the pony was spavined. I don't pretend to be so good a jockey as you; but you'll excuse my again saying I can't consider your conduct as that of a gentleman. Sir Philip is of my mind; and if you resent my interference, I am ready to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman. If not, you will do well to leave Edinburgh along with your mother to-morrow morning; for Edinburgh is no place for cowards, as long as one has the honour of living in it who calls himself (by courtesy),

"Your humble servant,

"CORNELIUS O'SHANNON.

"P.S. Sir Philip is at your service, after your settling with me."

Archibald, oppressed with the sense of his own meanness, and somewhat alarmed at the idea of fighting three duels, to retrieve his credit, thought it best to submit, without struggle, in the first instance, to that public disgrace which he had merited. He wrote a shabby apology to Major O'Shannon and Sir Philip, concluding with saying, that rather than lose a friend he so much valued as Sir Philip Gosling, he was willing to forget all that had passed, and even to take back the pony, and to return Sawney if the matter could by this means be adjusted to his satisfaction. He then went to his mother, and talked to her, in a high style, of his desperate intentions with respect to Henry Campbell.—"Either he or I must fall before we quit the ground," said the artful Archibald —well knowing that Lady Catherine's maternal tenderness would be awakened by these ideas. Other ideas

were also awakened in the prudent mother's mind. Dr. Campbell was nearly related to a general officer, from whom she looked for promotion for her son. She repented, upon reflection, of what she had hastily said concerning *the lie direct, and the spirit of a gentleman;* and she softened down her pride, and talked of her dislike to breaking up old family friendships. Thence she digressed into hints of the advantages that might accrue from cultivating Dr. Campbell's good opinion; admitted that Henry was strangely prejudiced in favour of his rough friend Forester; but observed that Mr. Forester, after all, though singular, was a young man of merit, and at the head of a very considerable estate. "Archibald," said she, "we must make allowances, and conciliate matters—unless you make this young gentleman your friend, you can never hope to be on an eligible footing with his guardian. His guardian, you see, is glad to get him back again, and, I dare say, has his reasons. I never saw him,—and I know him well,—in such spirits in my life as he was when he came back to us to announce the probability of his ward's return to-morrow morning. The doctor, I dare say, has good reasons for what he does; and I understand his ward is reconciled to the idea of living in the world, and enjoying his fine fortune like other people. So I hope you and he, and of course you and the doctor, and Henry Campbell, will be very good friends. I shall leave you at Edinburgh for a few months, till we get our commission; and I shall beg the doctor to introduce you to his friend and relation, General D——. If he can do nothing for you, you may look towards the church. I trust to your prudence not to think of Flora Campbell, though I leave you in the house with her; for you can't afford, Archibald, to marry a girl with so small a fortune; and, you may be sure, her friends have other views for her. Pray let me hear no more of duels and quarrels. And let us go down into the ball-room; for Miss Campbell has been dressed and down stairs this half-hour; and I would not have you inattentive—that might displease as much as the other extreme. In short, I may safely leave you to your own discretion." Lady Catherine, after this prudent exhortation, entered the ball-room where all the company soon after assembled. Seated in gay ranges, the well-dressed belles were eager for the dancing to commence. Lady Catherine stood by Dr. Campbell; and as soon as the ball began, when the music

played, and she saw every one absorbed in themselves, or in their partners, she addressed herself to the doctor, on the subject which was next her heart, or rather next her imagination. "The general is to be with you shortly, I understand," said she. Dr. Campbell coldly answered in the affirmative. "To be candid with you, doctor, if you'll sit down, I want to have a little chat with you about my Archibald. He is not every thing I could wish, and I see you are displeased with him about this foolish business that has just happened. For my own part, I think him to blame; but we must pardon, we must make allowances for the errors of youth; and I need not, to a man of your humanity, observe what a cruel thing it is to prejudice the world against a young man, by telling little anecdotes to his disadvantage. Relations must surely uphold one another; and I am convinced you will speak of Archibald with candour and friendship."

"With candour and with truth," replied Dr. Campbell. "I cannot pretend to feel friendship merely on the score of relationship."

The proud blood mounted into Lady Catherine's face, and she replied, "Some consideration of one's own relations, I think, is not unbecoming. Archibald, I should have thought, had as strong a claim upon Dr. Campbell's friendship as the son of an utter stranger to the family. Old Mr. Forester had a monstrous fortune, 'tis true; but his wife, who was no grand affair, I believe—a merchant's daughter, I'm told—brought him the greatest part of it; and yet, without any natural connexion between the families, or any thing very desirable, setting fortune out of the question, you accept the guardianship of this young man, and prefer him, I plainly see, to my Archibald. I candidly ask you the question, and answer me candidly."

"As you have explicitly asked the question, I will answer your ladyship candidly. I *do* prefer my ward to your son. I have avoided drawing comparisons between your son and Forester; and I now wish to avoid speaking of Mr. Archibald Mackenzie, because I have little hopes of being of service to him."

"Nay," said Lady Catherine, softening her tone, "you know you have it in your power to be of the greatest service to him."

"I have done all I could," said Dr. Campbell, with a sigh; "but habits of—"

"O, but I'm not talking of habits," interrupted Lady Catherine. "I'll make him alter his habits. We shall soon turn him into what you like: he's very quick; and you must not expect every young man to be just cut out upon the pattern of our dear Henry. I don't want to trouble you to alter his habits, or to teach him chymistry, or any of those things. But you can, you know, without all that, do him an essential service."

"How?" said Dr. Campbell.

"Why, how! I don't know you this evening, you are so dry. Ken you not what I mean? Speak three words for him to your friend the general."

"Your ladyship must excuse me," said Dr. Campbell.

Lady Catherine was stunned by this distinct refusal. She urged Dr. Campbell to explain the cause of his dislike to her son.

"There is a poor washerwoman now below stairs," replied Dr. Campbell, "who can explain to you more than I wish to explain; and a story about a horse of Sir Philip Gosling was told to me the other day, by one of the baronet's friends, which I should be glad Mr. Archibald Mackenzie could contradict effectually."

"Archibald, come here," said Lady Catherine: "before the next dance begins, I must speak to you. What is this about a horse of Sir Philip Gosling?"

"Ma'am!" said Archibald, with great astonishment. At this instant one of Dr. Campbell's servants came into the room, and gave two notes to Archibald, which, he said, two gentlemen had just left, and desired him to deliver to Mr. Mackenzie while he was in the ball-room, if possible.

"What is it?—What are they, child?" cried Lady Catherine. "I will see them." Her ladyship snatched the notes, read, and when she saw that her son, in the grossest terms, was called a coward, for refusing the challenges of two such fashionable men as Sir Philip Gosling and Major O'Shannon, all her hopes of him were at an end. "Our family is disgraced for ever!" she exclaimed; and then, perceiving that she had uttered this unguarded sentence loud enough for several of the company to hear, she endeavoured to laugh, and fell into violent hysterics. She was carried out of the ball-room. A whisper now ran round the room of—"What's the matter with Lady Catherine Mackenzie?" It was at an unfortunate moment that she was carried out, for all the

dancers had just seated themselves, after a brisk country-dance; and the eyes of all the young and old were upon her ladyship as she made her exit. A young man, a friend of Major O'Shannon, who was present, whispered the secret to his partner; she, of course, to her next neighbour. Archibald saw that the contents of the notes were made public; and he quitted the apartment "to inquire how his mother did."

The buzz of scandal was general for some moments; but a new object soon engrossed the attention of the company. "Pray," said a young lady, who was looping up Flora Campbell's gown, "who is this gentleman who is just coming into the room?" Flora looked up, and saw a well-dressed stranger entering the room, who had much the appearance of a gentleman. He certainly resembled a person she had seen before; but she could scarcely believe that her eyes did not deceive her. Therefore she hesitatingly replied to the young lady's question, "I don't know—I am not sure." But she, an instant afterward, saw her brother Henry and her father advance so eagerly to meet the stranger, that her doubts vanished; and, as he now directed his steps towards the spot where she was standing, she corrected her first answer to her companion's question, and said, "Yes, I fancy—it certainly is—Mr. Forester." Forester, with an open countenance, slightly tinged with the blush of ingenuous shame, approached her, as if he was afraid she had not forgotten some things which he wished to be forgotten; and yet as if he was conscious that he was not wholly unworthy of her esteem. "Among other prejudices of which I have cured myself," said he to Dr. Campbell, "since we parted, I have cured myself of my foolish antipathy to Scotch reels."

"That I can scarcely believe," said Dr. Campbell, with an incredulous smile.

"I will convince you of it," said Forester, "if you will promise to forget all my other follies."

"*All!*" said Dr. Campbell. "Convince me first; and then it will be time enough to make such a desperate promise."

Flora was rather surprised when our once cynical hero begged the favour of her hand, and led her to dance a reel. M. Pasgrave would have been in ecstasy if he had seen his pupil's performance.

"And now, my dear Forester," said Dr. Campbell, as

his ward returned to claim his promise of a general amnesty, "if you do not turn out a coxcomb, if you do not 'mistake reverse of wrong for right,' you will infallibly be a very great man. Give me a pupil who can cure himself of any one foible, and I have hopes of him. What hopes must I have of him who has cured himself of so many!"

THE

PRUSSIAN VASE.

FREDERICK the Second, King of Prussia, after his conquest of Saxony, transported, it is said,* by force, several manufacturers from Dresden to Berlin, where he was very desirous of establishing the manufacture of china. These unfortunate people, separated from their friends, their home, and their native country, were compelled to continue their labours for the profit and for the glory of their conqueror. Among the number of those sufferers was Sophia Mansfeld. She was young, handsome, and possessed considerable talents. Several pieces of porcelain of her design and modelling were shown to Frederick when he visited the manufactory at Meissen, in Saxony; and their taste and workmanship appeared to him so exquisite, that he determined to transport the artist to his capital. But from the time of her arrival at Berlin, Sophia Mansfeld's genius seemed to forsake her. It was her business to sketch designs, and to paint them on the porcelain; but either she could not or would not execute these with her former elegance: the figures were awkward and spiritless; and it was in vain that the overseer of the works attempted to rouse her to exertion: she would sit for hours, with her pencil in her hand, in a sort of revery. It was melancholy to see her. The overseer had compassion upon her; but his compassion was not so great as his dread of the king's displeasure; and he at length declared, that the next time Frederick visited the works he must complain of her obstinate idleness.

The monarch was expected in a few days; for, in the midst of his various occupations, Frederick, who was at this time extremely intent upon the establishment of the

* Vide Wraxall's Memoirs of the Court of Berlin.

porcelain manufactory at Berlin, found leisure frequently to inspect it in person. The king, however, was prevented from coming at the appointed hour by a review at Potsdam. His majesty had formed the singular project of imbodying, and training to the science of arms, the Jews in his dominions.* They were rather awkward in learning the manual exercise; and the Jewish review, though it afforded infinite amusement to the spectators, put Frederick so much out of humour, that, as soon as it was over, he rode to his palace of Sans Souci, and shut himself up for the remainder of the morning. The preceding evening an English traveller, who had passed some time at Paris with the Count de Lauragais, in trying experiments upon porcelain clays, and who had received much instruction on this subject from Mr. Wedgewood, of Etruria, had been presented to the king, and his majesty had invited him to be present at a trial of some new process of importance, which was to be made this morning at his manufactory. The English traveller, who was more intent upon his countryman Mr. Wedgewood's fame than upon the martial manœuvres of the Jews, proceeded, as soon as the review was finished, to exhibit his English specimens to a party of gentlemen who had appointed to meet him at the china-works at Berlin.

Of this party was a young man of the name of Augustus Laniska, who was at this time scarcely seventeen years old. He was a Pole by birth—a Prussian by education. He had been bred up at the military school at Potsdam, and being distinguished by Frederick as a boy of high spirit and capacity, he was early inspired with enthusiastic admiration of this monarch. His admiration, however, was neither blind nor servile. He saw Frederick's faults as well as his great qualities; and he often expressed himself with more openness and warmth upon this subject than prudence could justify. He had conversed with unusual freedom about Frederick's character with our English traveller; and while he was zealous to display every proof of the king's greatness of mind, he was sometimes forced to acknowledge that "there are disadvantages in living under the power of a despotic sovereign."

"A despotic sovereign! You will not then call your Frederick a despot?" whispered the English traveller to

* Wraxall's Memoirs of the Court of Berlin, &c.

the young Pole, as they entered the china-works at Berlin. "This is a promising manufactory, no doubt," continued he; "and Dresden china will probably soon be called Berlin china, by which the world in general will certainly be much benefited. But in the mean time look around you, and read your monarch's history in the eyes of those prisoners of war—for such I must call these expatriated manufacturers."

There were indeed many countenances in which great dejection was visible. "Look at that picture of melancholy," resumed the Englishman, pointing to the figure of Sophia Mansfeld; "observe even now, while the overseer is standing near her, how reluctantly she works! 'Tis the way with all slaves. Our English manufacturers (I wish you could see them) work in quite another manner—for they are free—"

"And are free men, or free women, never sick?" said Laniska; "or do you Englishmen blame your king whenever any of his subjects turn pale? The woman at whom you are now looking is evidently ill. I will inquire from the overseer what is the matter with her."

Laniska then turned to the overseer, and asked him in German several questions, to which he received answers that he did not translate to the English traveller; he was unwilling that any thing unfavourable to the cause of his sovereign should appear; and, returning to his companion, he changed the conversation. When all the company were occupied round the furnaces, attending to the Englishman's experiments, Laniska went back to the apartment where Sophia Mansfeld was at work. "My good girl," said he to her, "what is the matter with you? The overseer tells me that since you came here you have done nothing that is worth looking at; yet this charming piece" (pointing to a bowl of her painting, which had been brought from Saxony) "is of your design, is not it?"

"Yes, sir," replied Sophia, "I painted it—to my sorrow. If the king had never seen or liked it, I should now be—" The recollection of her home, which at this instant rushed full upon her mind, overpowered her, and she paused.

"You would now be in Saxony," resumed Laniska; "but forget Saxony, and you will be happy at Berlin."

"I cannot forget Saxony, sir," answered the young woman, with modest firmness; I cannot forget a father and mother whom I love, who are old and infirm, and who

depended on me for their support. I cannot forget every thing—everybody that I have ever loved: I wish I could."

"Sir," whispered a Prussian workman who stood by; "sir, she has a lover in Saxony, to whom she was just going to be married, when she was carried off from her cottage, and brought hither."

"Cannot her lover follow her?" said Laniska.

"He is in Berlin, in concealment," replied the workman, in a whisper; "you won't betray him, I am sure."

"Not I." said Laniska; "I never betrayed any one, and I never shall—much less the unfortunate. But why is her lover in concealment?"

"Because it is the king's pleasure," replied the Prussian, "that she should no longer consider him as her lover. You know, sir, several of these Saxon women have been compelled, since their arrival at Berlin, to marry Prussians. Sophia Mansfeld has fallen to the lot of a Prussian soldier, who swears that if she delays another month to marry him, he will complain to the king of her obstinacy. Our overseer, too, threatens to complain of her idleness. She is ruined if she go on in this way: we tell her so; but she seems to have lost all sense; for she sits as she does now, like one stupified, half the day, let us say what we will to her. We pity her; but the king knows best: the king must be obeyed."

"Slave!" exclaimed Laniska, bursting into a sudden transport of indignation: "slave! you are fit to live only under a tyrant. The king knows best! the king must be obeyed! What! when his commands are contrary to reason, to justice, to humanity!" Laniska stopped short, but not before the high tone of his voice, and the boldness of the words he uttered, had astonished and dismayed all present,—all except Sophia Mansfeld: her whole countenance became suddenly illuminated; she started up, rushed forward, threw herself at the feet of Laniska, and exclaimed, "Save me! you can save me! you have courage; and you are a powerful lord, and you can speak to the king. Save me from this detested marriage!"

The party of gentlemen who had been in the next chamber now entered the room, curious to know what had drawn thither such a crowd of workmen. On seeing them enter, Sophia, recollecting herself, rose, and returned to her work quietly; while Laniska, much agitated, seized hold of the Englishman's arm, and hurried out of the manufactory.

"You are right, you are right," cried he; "Frederick is a tyrant! But how can I save his victim?"

"Not by violence, my Augustus; not by violence!" replied a young man of the name of Albert, who followed Laniska, anxious to restrain the impetuosity of his friend's temper, with which he was well acquainted. "By imprudence," said he, "you will but expose yourself to danger; you will save, you will serve no one."

"Tame prudence will neither save nor serve any one, however it may prevent its possessor from exposing *himself* to danger," retorted Laniska, casting upon Albert a look of contemptuous reproach. "Prudence be your virtue,—courage mine."

"Are they incompatible?" said Albert, calmly.

"I know not," replied Laniska; "but this I know, that I am in no humour to reason that point, or any other, according to all those cursed forms of logic which, I believe, you love better than any thing else."

"Not better than I love you, as I prove by allowing you to curse them as much and as often as you think proper," replied Albert, with a smile, which could not, however, force one from his angry friend.

"You are right to practise logic and rhetoric," resumed Laniska, "as much and as often as you can, since in your profession you are to make your bread by your tongue and your pen. I am a soldier, or soon to be a soldier, and have other arms and other feelings."

"I will not dispute the superiority of your arms," replied Albert; "I will only beg of you to remember, that mine will be at your service whenever you want or wish for them."

This temperate and friendly reply entirely calmed Laniska. "What would become of Augustus Laniska," said he, giving Albert his hand, "if he had not such a friend as you are! My mother may well say this, as she does ten times a day; but now take it in your sober manner, what can we do for this poor woman?—for something must be done."

After some consideration, Albert and Laniska determined to draw up a petition for Sophia, and to present it to the king, who was known to pay ready and minute attention to every application made to him in writing, even by the meanest of his subjects. The petition was presented, and an answer anxiously expected. Frederick, when at Potsdam, often honoured the Countess Laniska

with a visit. She was a woman of considerable information and literature,—acquirements not common among the Polish or Prussian ladies; and the king distinguished the countess by his approbation, in order to excite some emulation among his female subjects. She held a sort of *conversazione* at her house, which was frequented by all foreigners of distinction, and especially by some of the French literati, who were at this time at Frederick's court.

One evening—it was a few days after Sophia Mansfeld's petition had been presented—the king was at the Countess Laniska's, and the company were conversing upon some literary subject, when Frederick, who had been unusually silent, suddenly turned to the English traveller, who was one of the company, and asked him whether his countryman Mr. Wedgewood had not made a beautiful imitation of the Barberini, or Portland vase.

The Englishman replied, that the imitation was so exquisite as scarcely to be known by the best judges from the original; and he went on with much eagerness to give a description of the vase, that he might afterward, for the honour of his country, repeat some lines written upon the subject by a great English poet.* Frederick was himself a poet and a judge of poetry; he listened to the lines with attention; and, as soon as the Englishman had finished speaking, he exclaimed, "I will write a description of the Prussian vase myself."

"The Prussian vase!" said the English traveller: "I hope I may have the honour of seeing it before I leave Berlin."

"If you prolong your stay another month, your curiosity will probably be gratified," replied Frederick. "The Prussian vase is not yet in being; but I have this day determined to offer a reward that I know will produce a vase worthy of Prussia. Those who have the command of motives, and know their power, have also the command of all that the arts, or what is called a *genius* for the arts, can produce. The human mind and human fingers are much the same in Italy, in England, and in Prussia. Then, why should not we have a Prussian as well as a Wedgewood's, or a Barberini vase? We shall see. I do not understand *mon mêtier de roi*, if I cannot call forth talents where I know them to exist.

* Darwin.—See his description of the Barberini vase in the Botanic Garden We hope our readers will pardon this anachronism.

"There is," continued the king, fixing his eyes full upon Laniska, "there is in my porcelain manufactory at Berlin a woman of considerable talents, who is extremely anxious to return along with some lover of hers to Saxony. Like all other *prisoners of war*, she must purchase her liberty from the conqueror; and if she cannot pay her ransom in gold, let her pay it by her talents. I do not give premiums to idleness or obstinacy. *The king must be obeyed, whether he knows how to command or not: let all the world, who are able to judge, decide.*" Frederick, as soon as he had finished this speech, which he pronounced in a peremptory tone, left the room; and Laniska's friends, who perceived that the imprudent words he had uttered in Berlin had reached the king's ear, gave the young man up for lost. To their surprise, however, the king took no further notice of what had happened, but received Laniska the next day at Sans Souci with all his usual kindness. Laniska, who was of an open, generous temper, was touched by this conduct; and, throwing himself at Frederick's feet, he exclaimed—

"My king! forgive me, if in a moment of indignation I called you a *tyrant*."

"My friend, you are yet a child, and I let children and fools speak of me as they please," replied Frederick. "When you are an older man you will judge more wisely, or, at least, you will speak with more discretion within twenty miles of a *tyrant's* palace. Here is my answer to your Sophia Mansfeld's petition," added he, giving Laniska the paper which Albert had drawn up; at the bottom of which was written, in the king's own hand, these words:

"I will permit the artist who shall produce, before this day month, the most beautiful vase of Berlin china, to marry or not to marry whoever he or she shall think proper, and to return to Saxony with all imaginable expedition. If the successful artist choose to remain at Berlin, I will add a reward of 500 crowns. The artist's name shall be inscribed on the vase, which shall be called the Prussian vase." No sooner had Sophia Mansfeld read these words than she seemed animated with new life and energy. She was likely to have many competitors; for the moment the king's intentions were made known in the manufactory, all hands and heads were at work. Some were excited by the hope of regaining their liberty; others stimulated by the mention of 500

crowns; and some were fired with ambition to have their name inscribed on the Prussian vase. But none had so strong a motive for exertion as Sophia. She was indefatigable. The competitors consulted the persons whom they believed to have the best taste in Berlin and Potsdam. Sophia's designs were shown as soon as they were sketched to the Countess Laniska, whose advice was of material use to her.

At length the day which was to decide her fate arrived. The vases were all ranged, by the king's order, in his gallery of paintings at Sans Souci; and in the evening, when Frederick had finished the business of the day, he went thither to examine them. Laniska and some others were permitted to accompany him: no one spoke while Frederick was comparing the works of the different competitors.

"Let this be the Prussian vase," said the king. It was Sophia Mansfeld's. Laniska just staid to show her name, which was written underneath the foot of the vase, and then he hurried away to communicate the happy news to Sophia, who was waiting with her lover at the house of the Countess Laniska in Potsdam, impatient to hear her fate. She heard it with inexpressible joy; and Laniska's generous heart sympathized in her happiness. It was settled that she should the next morning be married to her lover, and return with him to her father and mother in Saxony. The happy couple were just taking leave of the young count and his mother, when they were alarmed by the sound of many voices on the great staircase. Some persons seemed to be disputing with the countess's servants for admittance. Laniska went out to inquire into the cause of the disturbance. The hall was filled with soldiers.

"Are you the young Count Laniska?" said an officer to him the moment he appeared.

"I *am* the young Count Laniska," replied he, in a firm tone. "What do you want with me? and why this disturbance in my mother's house at this unseasonable hour?"

"We come here by the king's order," replied the soldier. "Is not there in this house a woman of the name of Sophia Mansfeld?"

"Yes," replied Laniska: "what do you want with her?"

"She must come with us; and you are our prisoner, count," replied the soldier.

It was in vain to ask for further explanation. The soldiers could give none; they knew nothing, but that their orders were to convey Sophia Mansfeld immediately to Meissen in Saxony, and to lodge Count Laniska in the castle of Spandau, a state prison.

"I must know my crime before I submit to punishment," cried Laniska, in a passionate voice; but he restrained the natural violence of his temper on seeing his mother appear; and, at her request, yielded himself up a prisoner without resistance and without a murmur. "I depend on your innocence, my son, and on the justice of the king," said the countess; and she took leave of him without shedding a tear. The next day, even before the king arrived at Potsdam, she went to the palace, determined to wait there till she could see him, that she might hear from his own lips the cause of her son's imprisonment. She waited a considerable time; for, without alighting from horseback, Frederick proceeded to the parade, where he was occupied for some hours; at length he alighted, and the first person he saw, on entering his palace, was the Countess Laniska.

"I am willing to believe, madam," said he, "that you have no share in your son's folly and ingratitude."

"My son is, I hope, incapable of ingratitude, sir," answered the countess, with an air of placid dignity. "I am well aware that he may have been guilty of great imprudence."

"At six o'clock this evening let me see you, madam," replied the king, "at Sans Souci, in the gallery of paintings, and you shall know of what your son is accused."

At the appointed hour she was in the gallery of paintings at Sans Souci. No one was there. She waited quietly for some time, then walked up and down the gallery with extreme impatience and agitation; at last she heard the king's voice and his step; the door opened, and Frederick appeared. It was an awful moment to the mother of Laniska. She stood in silent expectation.

"I see, madam," said the king, after fixing his penetrating eye for some moments on her countenance, "I see that you are, as I believed you to be, wholly ignorant of your son's folly." As he spoke, Frederick put his hand upon the vase made by Sophia Mansfeld, which was placed on a small stand in the middle of the gallery The countess, absorbed by her own reflections, had not noticed it.

"You have seen this vase before," said the king; "and you have probably seen the lines which are inscribed on the foot of it?"

"Yes," said the countess; "they are my son's writing."

"And they are written by his own hand," said the king.

"They are. The poor Saxon woman who draws so admirably cannot write; and my son wrote the inscription for her."

"The lines are in a high strain of *panegyric*," said the king; and he laid a severe emphasis on the word *panegyric*.

"Whatever may be my son's faults," said the countess, "your majesty cannot suspect him of being a base flatterer. Scarcely a month has elapsed since his unguarded openness exposed him to your displeasure. Your majesty's magnanimity in pardoning his imprudent expressions convinced him at once of his error in having used them; and in the fit of enthusiasm with which your kindness upon that occasion inspired him, he, who is by no means a poet by profession, composed the two lines of *panegyric* which seem to have given your majesty offence; but which I should never have conceived could be the cause of his imprisonment."

"You plead like a mother, madam," said the king; "but you reason like a woman. Have I ever said that your son was imprisoned for having written two lines of flattery? No, madam: I know how to smile both at flattery and satire, when they are undisguised; but there is a degree of baseness which I cannot so easily pardon. Be patient, madam; I will listen to all you can say in your son's defence, when you have read this inscription. But, before you read it, understand that I was upon the point of sending this vase to Paris. I had actually given orders to the man who was packing up that case (pointing to a half-packed case of porcelain) to put up the Prussian vase as a present for a Prussian *bel esprit* of your acquaintance. The man showed me the inscription at the bottom of the vase. I read the flattering lines with pleasure, and thought them—as people usually think flattering lines made on themselves—excellent. I was even fool enough immediately to consider how I could reward the author, when my friend, the packer, interrupted the course of my thoughts by observing, with

some exclamation of astonishment, that the blue colour of the vase came off in one spot where he had been rubbing it. I looked, and saw that part of the inscription at the bottom of the vase had been covered over with blue paint. At first sight, I read the words, 'On the character of Frederick the Great;'—the blue paint had concealed the next word, which is now, madam, sufficiently legible." The word to which the king pointed was—*tyrant*. "Those flattering lines, madam, you comprehend, were written—'On the character of Frederick the great *tyrant*.'

"I shall spare you, madam, all the reflections I have made on this occasion. *Tyrant* as I am, I shall not punish the innocent mother for the follies of her son. I shall be at your house, along with the rest of your friends, on Tuesday evening."

The unhappy mother of Laniska withdrew from the presence of the king without attempting any reply. Her son's conduct admitted, she thought, of no apology, if it were really true that he had written the words to which his name was signed. Of this she doubted: but her consternation was at first so great that she had not the power to think. A general belief remained in her mind of her son's innocence; but then a number of his imprudent words and actions came across her memory: the inscription was, apparently, in his own handwriting. The conversation which had passed in the porcelain manufactory at Berlin corroborated the idea expressed in this inscription. The countess, on her return home, related the circumstances with as much composure as she could to Albert, who was waiting to hear the result of her interview with the king. Albert heard her relation with astonishment; he could not believe in his friend's guilt, though he saw no means of proving his innocence. He did not, however, waste his time in idle conjectures, or more idle lamentations; he went immediately to the man who was employed to pack up the vase; and after questioning him with great care, he went to Berlin, to the porcelain manufactory, and inquired whether any person were present when Laniska wrote the inscription for Sophia Mansfeld. After Albert had collected all the information that could be obtained, his persuasion of Laniska's innocence was confirmed.

On Tuesday Frederick had promised to come to the countess's conversazione. The company, previous to his majesty's arrival, were all assembled round the sofa

on which she was seated, and they were eagerly talking over Laniska's affair. "What a blessing it is," cried the English traveller, "to live in a country where no man can be imprisoned without knowing of what he is accused! What a blessing it is to live under a government where no man can be condemned without trial, and where his trial must be carried on in open day, in the face of his country, his peers, his equals!"—The Englishman was in the midst of a warm eulogium upon the British mode of trial by jury, when Frederic entered the room, as it was his custom, without being announced: and the company were so intently listening to our traveller, they did not perceive that the king was one of his auditors. "Would to Heaven!" cried the Countess Laniska, when the Englishman paused—"would to Heaven my son could have the advantage of such a trial!"

"And would to Heaven," exclaimed Albert, "that I might plead his cause!"

"On one condition," said Frederick; and at the sound of his voice every one started—"on one condition, young man, your prayer shall be granted. You shall plead your friend's cause upon condition that, if you do not convince his judges of his innocence you shall share his punishment. His punishment will be a twelvemonth's imprisonment in the castle of Spandau; and yours the same, if you fail to establish your cause and his. Next to the folly of being imprudent ourselves, that of choosing imprudent friends is the most dangerous. Laniska shall be tried by his equals; and since *twelve* is the golden, harmonic, divine number for which justice has a blind predilection, let him have twelve judges, and call them, if you please, a jury. But I will name my counsel, and you counsel for Laniska. You know the conditions—do you accept of them?"

"Willingly, sire!" cried Albert, joyfully. "You will permit me to have access to the prisoner in the castle of Spandau?"

"That is a new condition; but I grant it. The governor shall have orders to admit you to see and converse with his prisoner for two hours; but if, after that conversation, your opinion of your friend should change, you will not blame me if I hold you to your word."

Albert declared that he desired no more: and the Countess Laniska, and all who were present, joined in

praising Frederick's clemency and Albert's generosity. The imprisonment of Laniska had been much talked of, not only in public companies at Potsdam and at Berlin, but, what affected Frederick much more nearly, it had become the subject of conversation among the literati in his own palace at Sans Souci. An English traveller of some reputation in the literary world also knew the circumstances, and was interested in the fate of the young count. Frederick seems to have had a strong desire to be represented in an amiable point of view by writers who, he believed, could transmit his fame to posterity. Careless of what might be *said* of him, he was anxious that nothing should be *printed* derogatory to his reputation. Whether the desire to give to foreigners a striking proof of his magnanimity, or whether his regard for the young count, and his friendship for his mother, were his motives in granting to Laniska this *trial by jury*, cannot and need not be determined. Unmixed virtue is not to be expected from kings more than from common men.

After his visit to the prisoner in the castle of Spandau, Albert felt no inclination to recede from the agreement into which he had entered; but Laniska was much alarmed when he was told of what had passed. "Oh! my generous friend!" exclaimed the young count, "why did you accept of the conditions offered to you by the king? You may—I am sure you do—believe in my innocence; but you will never be able to prove it. You will soon be involved in my disgrace."

"I shall think it no disgrace," replied Albert, "to be the fellow-prisoner of an innocent friend."

"Do not you remember," said Laniska, "that as we were returning from Berlin, after my unlucky visit to the porcelain manufactory, you promised me, that whenever I should be in want of your weapons they should be at my service? I little thought that I should so soon be in such need of them. Farewell—I pray for their success."

On the day appointed for the trial of Laniska, crowds of people of all ranks flocked to hear the proceedings. A spacious building in Potsdam, intended for a barrack, was, upon this occasion converted into a hall of justice; a temporary gallery was erected for the accommodation of the audience; and a platform was raised in the centre of the hall, where the judge's chair was placed: on the right hand of the chair a space was railed in for the reception of the twelve young gentlemen who were to act as jurors;

on the left another space was railed in for spectators. In the front there was a large table, on each side of which were benches for the counsel and witnesses: those for the crown on the right-hand; those for the prisoner on the left. Every thing had, by the king's orders, been prepared in this manner, according to the English custom.

The Countess Laniska now entered the court, with a few friends who had not yet forsaken her. They took their seats at the lower end of the gallery; and as every eye turned upon the mother, who waited to hear the trial of her son, an awful silence prevailed. This lasted but for a few moments; it was succeeded by a general whispering among the crowds both in the hall and in the gallery. Each individual gave his opinion concerning the event of the trial: some declared that the circumstances which must appear against Laniska were so strong that it was madness in Albert to undertake his defence; others expressed great admiration of Albert's intrepid confidence in himself and his friend. Many studied the countenance of the king, to discover what his wishes might be; and a thousand idle conjectures were formed from his most insignificant movements.

At length, the temporary judge having taken his seat, twelve young gentlemen were chosen from the most respectable families in Potsdam, to act as jurors. The prisoner was summoned to answer to the charges brought against him, in the name of Frederick the Second, king of Prussia. Laniska appeared, guarded by two officers: he walked up to the steps of the platform with an air of dignity, which seemed expressive of conscious innocence; but his countenance betrayed involuntary marks of emotion, too strong for him to command, when on raising his eyes he beheld his friend Albert, who stood full in his view. Albert maintained an immoveable composure of countenance. The prisoner was now asked whether he had any objections to make to any of the twelve persons who had been selected to judge his cause. He made none. They proceeded to take an oath, "that, in their decision they would suffer no motives to influence them but a sense of truth and justice." The judge then rose, and addressing himself to the jury, said:—

"Gentlemen,

"You are here by the king's order, to form your opin-

ions concerning the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, commonly known by the name of Count Augustus Laniska. You will learn the nature and circumstances of the accusation against him from Mr. Warendorff, the gentleman on my right-hand, who in this cause has the honour of being counsel for his majesty. You will hear from the gentleman on my left, Albert Altenburg, all that can be said in defence of the prisoner, for whom he voluntarily offers himself as counsel. After having listened to the arguments that may be adduced, and to the witnesses that shall be examined on each side, you are, gentlemen, according to the tenor of the oath which has just been administered to you, to decide, without regard to any consideration but truth and justice. Your opinion is to be delivered to me by the eldest among you, and it is to be expressed in one or other of these phrases—*guilty*, or *not guilty*.

"When I shall have heard your decision, I am, in his majesty's name, to pronounce sentence accordingly. If the prisoner be judged by you *not guilty*, I am to announce to him that he is thenceforward at liberty, and that no stain affixes to his honour from the accusation that has been preferred against him, or from his late imprisonment, or from this public trial. If, on the contrary, your judgment shall be that the prisoner is *guilty*, I am to remand him to the castle of Spandau, where he is to remain confined twelve months from this day. To the same punishment I am also to condemn Albert Altenburg, if he fail to establish in your minds the innocence of the Count Laniska. It is upon this condition that he is permitted to plead the cause of his friend.

"Gentlemen, you are called upon to give impartial attention in this cause, by your duty to your king and to your country."

As soon as the judge, after making this short address to the jury, had seated himself, Mr. Warendorff, counsel for the crown, rose, and spoke in the following manner:—

"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury;

"It is with inexpressible concern that I find myself called upon to plead in this cause. To be the accuser of any man is an invidious task: to be the accuser of such a man as I once thought—as you perhaps still think—the young Count Laniska, must, to a person of generous feelings, be in a high degree difficult and dis-

tressing. I do not pretend to more generosity or delicacy of sentiment than others; but I beg any of you, gentlemen, to imagine yourselves for a moment in my place, and to conceive what must be my sensations as a man and as an advocate. I am not ignorant how popular the name of Augustus Laniska is, both in Berlin and Potsdam. I am not ignorant that the young count has been in the habit of living among you, gentlemen, on terms of familiarity, friendship, and confidence; nor can I doubt that the graceful, manly manner and open deportment for which he is so eminently distinguished must have strongly prepossessed you in his favour. I am not ignorant that I have to plead against him before his friends, in the presence of his mother,—a mother respected even in a higher degree than her son is beloved; respected for her feminine virtues—for her more than feminine endowments; who, had she no other claim upon your hearts, must, by the unfortunate situation in which she now appears, command your sympathy.

"You must all of you feel, likewise, strongly prepossessed in favour of that noble-minded youth who has undertaken to defend the prisoner's cause at the hazard of sharing his punishment. I respect the general character of Albert Altenberg; I admire his abilities; I applaud him for standing forward in defence of his friend; I pity him because he has a friend for whom, I fear, even he will find it impossible to establish any plausible defence. But the idea that he is acting handsomely, and that he has the sympathy of numbers in his favour, will doubtless support the young advocate in his arduous task. He appears in this court in striking character, as counsel, disinterested counsel, for his friend.

"Gentlemen, I also appear in this court as counsel, disinterested counsel, for a friend. Yes, gentlemen, I am permitted to call Frederick the Great *my friend*. He is not, as other great monarchs have been, ambitious to raise himself above the sphere of humanity; he does not desire to be addressed in the fulsome strains either of courtly or of poetical adulation; he wishes not to be worshipped as a god, but to be respected as a man.* It is his desire to have friends that shall be faithful, or subjects that shall be obedient. Happy his obedient

* Æschylus.

subjects—they are secure of his protection; happy, thrice happy, his faithful friends—they are honoured with his favour and his confidence. It was in the power of the prisoner now before you to have been in this enviable class. You all of you know that the Countess Laniska, his mother, has for years been honoured by the friendship of her sovereign; even the conduct of her son has not been able to shake his confidence in her. A Pole by birth, Augustus Laniska was educated among the first of the Prussian nobility at the military academy at Potsdam,—that nursery of heroes. From such an education, from the son of such a mother, honourable sentiments and honourable conduct were to be expected. Most confidently were they expected by his king, who distinguished the young count, as you all know, even in his boyish days. The count is said to be of a temper naturally impetuous; the errors into which such a temper too publicly betrayed him were pardoned by the indulgence of his king. I am compelled to recall one recent instance of the truth of these assertions, as it is immediately connected with the present cause."

Here Mr. Warendorff related all that had passed at the porcelain manufactory at Berlin, and the king's subsequent conduct towards Count Laniska. On the magnanimity of his majesty, the eloquent counsel expatiated for a considerable time; but the applauses with which this part of his oration was received by a party in the gallery who were seated near the king were so loud as almost to drown the voice of the orator, and effectually to distract the attention of those employed to take down his words. When he could again be heard distinctly, he resumed as follows:

"I am not surprised at these testimonies of admiration which burst from the warm hearts of his majesty's subjects; I am only surprised that a heart could be found in his dominions on whom such magnanimity could make no impression. I am shocked, I am grieved, when I find such a heart in the person of Count Laniska. Can it be believed, that in the course of one short month after this generous pardon, that young nobleman proved himself the basest of traitors—a traitor to the king who was his friend and benefactor?—Daring no longer openly to attack, he attempted secretly to wound the fame of his sovereign. You all of you know what a degree of liberty, even license, Frederick the Great per-

mits to that species of satirical wit with which the populace delight to ridicule their rulers. At this instant there are various anonymous pasquinades on the garden gates at Sans Souci, which would have provoked the resentment—the fatal resentment—of any other monarch upon earth. It cannot be doubted that the authors of these things could easily be discovered, if the king condescended to make any inquiries concerning them: it cannot be doubted that the king has power to punish the offenders; yet they remain untouched, perhaps unknown. Our sovereign is not capable of feeling the petty emotions of vulgar spleen or resentment; but he could not be insensible to the treacherous ingratitude of one whom he imagined to have been attached to him by every tie of kindness and of duty. That the Count Laniska should choose the instant when the king was showing him unusual favour, to make that favour an instrument of his base malice, is scarcely credible. Yet, Prussians, incredible as it sounds to us, it is true. Here are my proofs; here are my witnesses."

Mr. Warendorff, at this instant, uncovered the Prussian vase, and then pointed to a Jew, and to the master of the porcelain manufactory, who stood beside him, ready to give their evidence. We omit that part of Mr. Warendorff's speech which contained the facts that have been already related. The Prussian vase was handed to the jury: the verses in praise of Frederick the Great were read, and the word *tyrant* was seen, afterward, with the utmost surprise. In the midst of the general indignation, Mr. Warendorff called upon the Jew to come forward and give his evidence. This Jew was an old man, and there was something remarkable in his looks. His head was still; his neck was stiff; but his eyes moved with incessant celerity from side to side, and he seemed uneasy at not being able to see what was passing behind him: there was a certain firmness in his attitude; but his voice trembled when he attempted to speak. All these circumstances prepossessed Laniska's friends against the Jew the moment he appeared; and it was justly observed, that his having the misfortune to be a Jew was sufficient to prejudice many of the populace against him, even before a word he uttered reached their ears. But impartial spectators judged that the poor man was only terrified at being called upon to speak in so large an assembly. Solomon, for that was the name

of the Jew, after having taken an oath upon the Talmud that he would speak nothing but the truth, made the following answers to the questions put to him by Mr. Warendorff:—

Mr. Warendorff. "Did you ever see this vase before?"

Solomon. "Yes."

Mr. Warendorff. "Where? when?—Tell all you know about it to the gentlemen of the jury."

Solomon. "The first time I saw that vase was in the gallery of paintings at the king's palace of Sans Souci; to the best of my recollection it was on the night of the first day of the month, about ten o'clock, or perhaps it might be eleven: I wish to be exact; but I cannot be certain as to the hour precisely."

Mr. Warendorff. "The exact hour is not of any consequence: proceed. Tell us how you came to see this vase. Take your time to speak. We are in no hurry: the truth will appear sooner or later."

Solomon. "His majesty himself put the vase into my hands, and commanded me to pack it up, with some other china, which he was going to send as a present to a gentleman at Paris. I am something of a judge of china myself, being used to selling small pieces of it up and down the town and country. So I was struck with the first sight of this beautiful vase; I looked at it very carefully, and wiped away with my handkerchief the dust which had settled on the white figures: here is the very handkerchief. I wiped the vase all over: but when I came to rub the bottom, I stopped to read the verses *on the character of Frederick the Great;* and having read these I rubbed the white letters quite clean: the ground on which they were written was blue. I found that some of the blue colour came off upon my handkerchief, which surprised me a good deal. Upon examining further, I perceived that the colour came off only in one spot, of about an inch long and half an inch broad. The king was at this time standing with his back to me, looking at a new picture which had just been hung up in the gallery; but hearing me make an exclamation (*'Father Abraham!'* I believe it was that I said,) his majesty turned round. 'What is the matter with you, Solomon? You look wondrous wise,' his majesty was pleased to say. 'Why do you call on Father Abraham at this time of day? Do you expect that he will help you to pack up that china?—hey, Solomon, my friend?' I had no

power to answer this question, for by this time, to my utter astonishment, I had discovered that on the spot where I had rubbed off the blue paint, there was a word written—the word was *tyrant*. '*On the character of Frederick, the great tyrant!*' said I to myself—'what can this mean?' The king snatched the vase from my hands, read what I had read, saw the paint which had been rubbed off upon my handkerchief, and, without saying one word, left the gallery.—This is all I know about the matter."

The Jew bowed to the court, and Mr. Warendorff told him that, having closed his evidence, he might depart. But Albert rose to desire that the judge would order him to remain in court, as he purposed to examine, or, according to the English term, to *cross-examine* him further at a proper time. The judge ordered the Jew to remain in court. The next witness called, on the part of the crown, was the master of the porcelain manufactory of Berlin; to whom Mr. Warendorff put the following questions:—

Q. "Have you seen the verses which are inscribed on the foot of this vase?"

Answer. "Yes, I have."

Q. "Do you recollect what words are written over the verses?"

Answer. "I do: the words are—'On the character of Frederick, the great tyrant.'"

Q. "Do you know by whom those words and these verses were written?"

Answer. "I believe that they were written by Count Augustus Laniska."

Q. "How do you know? or why do you believe it?"

Answer. "I was present when Sophia Mansfeld, the woman by whom the vase was designed, told the count that she did not know how to write, and that she would be obliged to him if he would write the inscription himself on it. The vase at this time had not been put into the furnace. It was in what we call biscuit. The Count Laniska took a proper tool, and said that he would write the inscription as she desired. I saw him writing on the bottom of the vase for some minutes. I heard him afterward call to one of the workmen, and desire that he would put the vase into the furnace: the workman accordingly carried it into the next room to the furnace, as I believe."

Q. "Did you see the inscription on the vase after it was taken out of the furnace? and was the word tyrant then on it?"

Answer. "I did not see the vase immediately upon its being taken out of the furnace; but I saw it about an hour afterward. At that time I read the inscription: the word tyrant was not then visible on the vase; the place where it now appears was blue. I carried it myself, along with some others, to the king's palace at Sans Souci. The night of the first day of this month his majesty sent for me, and showed me the word *tyrant* on the vase: I had never seen it there till then. It could not have been written after the china was baked: it must have been written while the biscuit was soft; and it must have been covered over with the blue paint after the vase was taken out of the furnace. I believe the word was written by Count Laniska, because I saw nobody else write upon the vase but him; because the word exactly resembles the handwriting of the rest of the inscription; and because I, upon a former occasion, heard the count make use of that very word in speaking of Frederick the Great."

Here the master of the porcelain manufactory finished speaking, and was going, with Mr. Warendorff's permission, to retire; but Albert signified his intention to cross-examine him also, and the judge commanded that he should remain in court. The next two witnesses who were produced and examined were the workman who carried the vase to the furnace, and the man whose business it was to put the biscuit into the furnace. Neither of these witnesses could write or read. The workman deposed, that he carried the Prussian vase, as he was desired, to the furnace; that no one touched it on the way thither. The man whose business it was to put the biscuit into the furnace swore that he put it along with several other vases into the furnace; that he attended the fire, and that no one touched any of them till they were baked and taken out by him. Here the evidence for the prosecution closed. Mr. Warendorff observed that he should forbear to expatiate further upon the conduct of the prisoner; that he had been ordered by his sovereign to speak of him with all possible moderation; that he earnestly hoped the defence that should be made for Count Laniska might be satisfactory; and that the mode of trial which had been

granted to him by the king was a sufficient proof of the clemency of his majesty, and of his earnest desire to allow the prisoner every possible means of re-establishing his character in the eyes of the public. Albert now rose. The Count Laniska, who had appeared unmoved during Mr. Warendorff's oration, changed countenance the moment Albert rose in his defence; the Countess Laniska leaned forward over the rails of the gallery in breathless anxiety: there was no sound heard in the whole gallery, except the jingling of the chain of the king's sword, with which he was playing.

"I shall not attempt, gentlemen," said Albert, "to move your sympathy by a pathetic description of my own feelings *as a man, and as an advocate.* Whatever mine may be, it is my wish and my duty to repress them. I have need of that calm possession of my understanding which will be necessary to convince yours of the innocence of my friend. To convince is my object. If it were in my power I should, upon the present occasion, disdain to persuade. I should think it equally incompatible with my own honour and that of the Count Laniska. With these sentiments I refrain, Prussians, from all eulogium upon the magnanimity of your king. Praises from a traitor, or from the advocate of a traitor, must be unworthy of a great monarch, or of a generous people. If the prisoner before you shall be proved to be no traitor, he will doubtless have opportunities of expressing by actions, better than I can by words, his gratitude to his sovereign for having allowed him this public trial by his equals—men who are able to discern and to assert the truth. It cannot have escaped their observation that no positive evidence whatever has yet been produced against the prisoner. No one has yet been heard to swear that he *saw* Count Laniska write the word *tyrant* upon this vase. The first witness, Solomon the Jew, has informed us of what our senses could not leave us room to doubt, that the word is actually engraved upon the porcelain: further he has told us, that it was covered over with blue paint, which he rubbed off with his handkerchief. All this may be true; but the wisdom of Solomon, united to that of Baron Warendorff, has failed to point out to us any certain connexion between this blue paint, this handkerchief, and the supposed guilt of the Count Laniska. The master of the porcelain manufactory came next, and I apprehended that, as being

a more respectable witness than the Jew, it was reserved for him to supply this link in the chain of evidence. But this respectable witness simply swore, that he heard a woman say she could not write or read; that she asked Count Laniska to write an inscription upon a vase for her; that, in consequence of this request, the count wrote something upon the vase, he does not pretend to know what; but he believes that the word *tyrant* must have been one of the words then written by the count, because he saw no one else write on the vase; because the handwriting of that word resembles the rest of the inscription; and because the count, in his hearing, had, upon a former occasion, made use of the same expression in speaking of the king. I recapitulate this evidence to show that it is in no part *positive;* that it all rests upon circumstances. In order to demonstrate to you that the word in question could not have been written by any person but Laniska, two witnesses are produced —the workman who carried the vase to the furnace, and he who put it into the fire. The one has positively sworn that no person touched the vase on the way to the furnace. The other as positively swears that no one meddled with the vase after it was put into the furnace.

"It is granted that the word could not have been engraved after the biscuit was baked. The witness, however, has not sworn or asserted that there was no interval of time between his receiving the vase and his putting it into the fire. What became of it during this interval? How long did it last? Will the witness swear that no one touched it during this interval?

"These are questions which I shall put to him presently. I hope I have established my first assertion, that you have no *positive* evidence of the prisoner's guilt.

"You well know, gentlemen, that where positive evidence of any supposed fact cannot be produced, our judgments must be decided by the balance of *probabilities;* and it is for this reason that the study of probabilities, and the power of comparing them, has, in a late celebrated essay, been called *the Science of Judges.** To you, judges of my friend, all the probabilities of his supposed guilt have been stated. Weigh and compare them with those which I shall produce in favour of his inno-

* Voltaire—Essai sur les Probabilités en fait de Justice

cence. His education, his character, his understanding, are all in his favour. The Count Laniska must be much below the common standard of human virtue and capacity, if, without any assignable motive, he could have committed an action at once so base and so absurd as this of which he is accused. His temper is naturally or habitually open and impetuous, even to extreme imprudence. An instance of this imprudence, and of the manner in which it was pardoned by the king has been stated to you. Is it probable that the same man should be both ingenuous and mean? Is it probable that the generosity with which he was treated made no impression upon his heart? His heart must, upon this supposition, be selfish and unfeeling. Look up, gentlemen, towards that gallery—look at that anxious mother! those eager friends!—Could Laniska's fate excite such anxiety if he were selfish and unfeeling? Impossible! —But suppose him destitute of every generous sentiment, you cannot imagine Count Laniska to be a fool. You have been lately reminded that he was early distinguished for his abilities by a monarch whose penetration we cannot doubt. He was high in the favour of his sovereign: just entering upon life—a military life; his hopes of distinction resting entirely upon the good opinion of his general and his king; all these fair expectations he sacrifices—for what? for the pleasure—but it could be no pleasure—for the folly of writing a single word. Unless the Count Laniska be supposed to have been possessed with an insane desire of writing the word *tyrant*, how can we account for his writing it upon this vase? Did he wish to convey to France the idea that Frederick the Great is a tyrant? A man of common sense could surely have found, at least, safer methods of doing so than by engraving it as his opinion upon a vase which he knew was to pass through the hands of the sovereign whom he purposed thus treacherously to insult. The extreme improbability that any man in the situation, with the character, habits, and capacity of Count Laniska, should have acted in this manner, amounts, in my judgment, almost to a *moral impossibility*. I knew nothing more, gentlemen, of this cause when I first offered to defend Laniska at the hazard of my liberty: it was not merely from the enthusiasm of friendship that I made this offer; it was from the sober conviction of my under

standing, founded upon the accurate calculation of moral probabilities.

"It has been my good fortune, gentlemen, in the course of the inquiries which I have since made, to obtain further confirmation of my opinion. Without attempting any of that species of oratory which may be necessary to cover falsehood, but which would encumber instead of adorning truth, I shall now, in the simplest manner in my power, lay the evidence before the court."

The first witness Albert called was the workman who carried the vase to the man at the furnace. Upon his cross-examination, he said that he did not deliver the vase into the hands of the man at the furnace, but that he put it, along with several other pieces, upon a tray, on a table which stood near the furnace.

Albert. "You are certain that you put it upon a tray?"

Witness. "Quite certain."

Albert. "What reason have you for remembering that circumstance particularly?"

Witness. "I remember it, because I at first set this vase upon the ledge of the tray, and it was nearly falling. I was frightened at that accident, which makes me particularly remember the thing. I made room upon the tray for the vase, and left it quite safe upon the tray: I am positive of it."

Albert. "That is all I want with you, my good friend."

The next witness called was the man whose business it was to put the vases into the furnace.

Albert. "Did you see the witness who was last examined put this vase upon a tray when he left it under your care?"

Witness. "I did."

Albert. "You are certain that he put it *upon the tray*. What reason have you to remember that circumstance particularly?"

Witness. "I remember it, because I heard the witness cry out, 'There, William, I had like to have thrown down this cursed vase; but, look you here, I've left it quite safe upon the tray.' Upon this, I turned and looked, and saw that vase standing upon the tray, safe, with some others."

Albert. "Do you recollect any thing else that passed?"

Witness. "Only that the witness told me I must put

it—the vase, I mean—into the furnace directly; and I answered to that, 'All in good time; the furnace is not ready yet; it will go in along with the rest.'"

Albert. "Then you did not put it into the furnace immediately after it was left with you?"

Witness. "No, I did not—but that was not my fault—I could not; the furnace was not hot enough."

Albert. "How long do you think it was from the time it was left upon the tray till you put it into the furnace?"

Witness. "I don't know—I can't be positive: it might be a quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes; or it might be half an hour. I cannot be positive, sir; I cannot be positive."

Albert. "You need not be positive. Nobody wants you to be positive. Nobody wants to entrap you, my good friend.—During this quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes, or half an hour, that you speak of, did you ever lose sight of this vase?"

Witness. "To be sure I did. I did not stand watching it all the while. Why should I? It was safe enough."

Albert. "Do you recollect where you found the vase when you took it to put it into the furnace?"

Witness. "Yes: it was standing, as it might be here, in the middle of the table."

Albert. "Do you recollect whether it was standing *upon* the tray or not?"

Witness. "It was not *upon* the tray, as I recollect: no, I'm sure it was not, for I carried to the furnace first the tray and all that was on it, and then, I remember, I came back for this, which was standing, as I said before, as it might be here, in the middle of the table."

Albert. "Was anybody, except yourself, at the furnace, or in the room, from the time that this vase was brought to you, till you put it into the furnace?"

Witness. "Not as I remember. It was our dinner time. All the men, except myself, were gone to dinner: I staid to mind the furnace."

Albert. "It was you, then, that took this vase off the tray, was it?"

Witness. "No, it was not. I never took it off the tray. I told you it was not upon the tray with the others; I told you it was upon the table, as it might be here."

Albert. "Yes, when you were going to put it into the furnace, you said that you saw it standing in the middle of the table; but you recollect that you saw the workman who brought it put it upon the tray. You told us you remembered that circumstance perfectly."

Witness. "Yes, so I do."

Albert. "The vase could not have got off the tray of itself. You did not take it off. How came it off, do you think?"

Witness. "I don't know. I can't tell. Somebody, to be sure, must have taken it off. I was minding the furnace. My back was to the door. I don't recollect seeing anybody come in; but many might have come in and out, without my heeding them."

Albert. "Take your own time, my good friend. Recollect yourself; perhaps you may remember."

Witness. "O yes, now you put me upon recollecting, I do remember that Solomon the Jew came in, and asked me where Sophia Mansfeld was; and it certainly must have been he who took the vase off the tray; for, now I recollect, as I looked round once from the furnace I saw him with it in his hand; he was looking at the bottom of it, as I remember; he said, here are some fine verses, or some such thing; but I was minding the furnace. That's all I know about the matter."

Albert. "That is enough."

The next witness who came forward was the husband of Sophia Mansfeld.—He deposed, that on the 29th of April, the day on which the Prussian vase was finished, as stated by the former evidence, and sent to be put into the furnace, he met Sophia Mansfeld in the street: she was going home to dinner. He asked to see the vase: she said that it was, she believed, put into the furnace, and that he could not then see it; that she was sorry he had not come sooner, for that he could have written the inscription on it for her, and that would have spared her the shame of telling Count Laniska that she could not read or write. She added, that the count had written all that was wanting for her. The witness, being impatient to see the vase, went as fast as he could to the manufactory, in hopes of getting a sight of it before it was put into the furnace. He met Solomon the Jew at the door of the manufactory, who told him that he was too late, that all the vases were in the furnace; he had ust seen them put in. The Jew as the witness now

recollects, though it did not strike him at the time, was eager to prevent him from going into the furnace room. Solomon took him by the arm, and walked with him up the street, talking to him of some money which he was to remit to Meissen, to Sophia Mansfeld's father and mother.

Albert asked the witness on whose account this money was to be remitted by the Jew to Meissen.

Witness. "The money was to be remitted on Sophia Mansfeld's account."

Albert. "Did she borrow it from the Jew?"

Witness. "No; the Jew owed it to her for work done by her. She had the art of painting on glass. She had painted some glasses for a large magic lantern, and several small pictures on glass. She did these things at the hours when she was not obliged to be at the manufactory. She rose very early in the morning, and worked hard. She sold her work to the Jew upon condition that he would remit the price agreed upon to her father and mother, who were old, and depended on her for support."

Albert. "Was the money punctually remitted to her father and mother by the Jew?"

Witness. "Not a farthing of it was remitted by him, as Sophia discovered since her return to Meissen."

Albert. "Did you ever hear this Jew say any thing about Sophia Mansfeld's returning to Saxony?"

Witness. "Yes; I once heard the Jew say that he hoped she never would leave Berlin, because she was of great use to him. He advised me to settle in Berlin. This passed about six weeks ago. About a week before the prize was decided by the king, I met the Jew, and told him Sophia had good hopes of getting back to Saxony. He looked very much vexed, and said, 'She is not *sure* of that.'"

Albert. "Did you ever hear this Jew speak of Count Laniska?"

Witness. "Yes, about two months ago I saw him in the street when I was speaking to Solomon, and I asked the Jew who he was. He answered, 'He is the Count Laniska—a man that I hate, and on whom I will be revenged some time or other.' I asked why he hated the count. The Jew replied, 'Because the Christian dog has made the corps of Jews his laughing-stock. This day, when my son was going through his manual exer-

cise before the king, Count Laniska was holding his sides with laughter. I'll be revenged upon him some time or other.'"

Albert. "I have no occasion, sir, to trouble you with any further questions."

The next witness who appeared was a druggist of Berlin. He deposed, that on the 30th of April Solomon the Jew came to his shop and asked for blue paints; that, after trying the colours very carefully upon the back of a letter, which he took out of his pocket, he bought a small quantity of a shade of blue, which the witness produced in court.

Albert ordered that the paint should be handed to the gentlemen of the jury, that they might compare it with the blue ground of the Prussian vase. With this it was found, upon comparison, to match exactly.

Albert to the druggist. "Do you know what became of the paper upon which you say the Jew tried your colours?"

Witness. "Yes; here it is. I found it under the counter, after the Jew went away, and I kept it to return to him, as I saw there was an account on the other side of the paper, which I imagined he might want. He never happened to call at my shop afterward, and I forgot that I had such a paper, till you, sir, called upon me about a week ago, to make inquiry on this subject. You desired me to keep the paper carefully, and not to let any one know that it was in my possession till the day on which the trial of Count Laniska was to come on. I have complied with your request, and here is the paper."

The paper was handed to the jury; and one of the shades of blue exactly matched that of the ground of the Prussian vase. Albert now called upon the Jew to produce, once more, the handkerchief with which he had rubbed off the paint. The chain of evidence was now complete, for the blue on the handkerchief was precisely the same as the colours on the paper and on the vase. After the jury had satisfied themselves of this resemblance, Albert begged that they would read what was written upon the paper. The first thing that struck their eyes was the word *tyrant* frequently repeated, as if by some one who had been practising to write different hands. One of these words was an exact resemblance of the word *tyrant* on the Prussian vase: and Albert

pointed out a circumstance which had till now escaped attention, that the letter *r* in this word was made differently from all the *r's* in the rest of the inscription. The writing of the Count Laniska had, in every other respect, been successfully imitated.

After Albert had shown these things to the jury, he here closed the evidence in favour of the prisoner, observing that the length of time which the trial had lasted seemed to have somewhat fatigued both the judge and jury; and knowing that it was now their usual hour of dinner, he prudently forbore to make a long speech upon the evidence which had been laid before them in favour of his friend: he left it to their own understandings to determine the balance of probabilities between the honour of Count Laniska and the honesty of Solomon the Jew.

The judge, in a manner which would have done honour even to the English bench, summed up the evidence on both sides, and gave a distinct and impressive charge to the jury, who, without leaving the court, gave a verdict in favour of the prisoner. Loud acclamations filled the hall. In the midst of these acclamations, the word "Silence!" was pronounced by that voice which never failed to command instantaneous obedience in Prussia All eyes turned upon the monarch.

"This court is now dissolved," said his majesty. "My judgment confirms the verdict of the jury. Count Laniska, I took your sword from you too hastily. Accept of mine in its stead." And as he pronounced these words, Frederick ungirded his sword, and presented it to the young count. "As for you, sir," continued the king, addressing himself to Albert, "you want no *sword* for the defence of your friends. Your arms are superior to ours. Let me engage them in my service; and trust me, I shall not leave them long unemployed, or unrewarded."

There was but one person present to whom this speech seemed to give no satisfaction. This person was Solomon the Jew, who stood apart, waiting in black silence to learn his own fate. He was sentenced, not to a year's imprisonment in the castle of Spandau, but to sweep the streets of Potsdam (including the court in front of Count Laniska's palace) for a twelvemonth.

After having heard this sentence, which was universally approved, the spectators began to retire

The king dined—it is always important to know where great men dine—Frederick the Great dined this day at the Countess Laniska's, in company with her son, his friend Albert, and the English traveller. After dinner, the king withdrew to attend parade; and it was observed that he wore the Count Laniska's sword.

"You will allow," said the countess to the English traveller, "that our king is a great man; for none but great men can bear to acknowledge that they have been mistaken."

"You will allow, madam," replied the Englishman, "that it was our English trial by jury which convinced the king of his mistake."

"And you applaud him for granting that trial?" said Albert.

"To a certain degree, I do," said the Englishman, from whom it was difficult to extort praise of a despotic king: "to a certain degree, I do; but you will observe, that this trial by jury, which is a matter of favour to you Prussians, is a matter of right to us Englishmen. Much as I admire your King of Prussia, I admire our English constitution more."

THE

GOOD AUNT.

CHARLES HOWARD was left an orphan when he was very young. His father had dissipated a large fortune, and lost his life in a duel, about some *debt of honour* which had been contracted at the gaming-table. Without fortune and without friends, this poor boy would probably have lived and died in wretchedness, but for the humanity of his good aunt Mrs. Frances Howard. This lady possessed a considerable fortune, which, in the opinion of some of her acquaintance, was her highest merit; others respected her as the branch of an ancient family; some courted her acquaintance because she was visited by the best company in town; and many were ambitious of being introduced to her because they were sure of meeting at her house several of those distinguished literary characters who throw a radiance upon all who can contrive to get within the circle of their glories. Some few, some very few of Mrs. Howard's acquaintance admired her for her real worth, and merited the name of friends.

She was a young and cheerful woman when she first undertook the education of her little nephew. She had the courage to resist the allurements of dissipation, or all that by her sex are usually thought allurements. She had the courage to apply herself seriously to the cultivation of her understanding: she educated herself, that she might be able to fulfil the important duty of educating a child. Hers was not the foolish fondness of a foolish aunt; she loved her nephew, and she wished to educate him so that her affection might increase, instead of diminishing, as he grew up. By associating early pleasure with reading, little Charles soon became fond of it: he was never forced to read books which he did not understand; his aunt used, when he was very young, to read aloud to him any thing entertaining that she met

with; and whenever she perceived by his eye that his attention was not fixed, she stopped. When he was able to read fluently to himself, she selected for him passages from books which she thought would excite his curiosity to know *more;* and she was not in a hurry to cram him with knowledge, but rather anxious to prevent his growing appetite for literature from being early satiated. She always encouraged him to talk to her freely about what he read, and to tell her when he did not like any of the books which she gave him. She conversed with him with so much kindness and cheerfulness, she was so quick at perceiving his latent meaning, and she was so gentle and patient when she reasoned with him, that he loved to talk to her better than to anybody else: nor could little Charles ever thoroughly enjoy any pleasure without her sympathy.

The conversation of the sensible, well-informed people who visited Mrs. Howard contributed to form her nephew's taste. A child may learn as much from conversation as from books—not so many historic facts, but as much instruction. Greek and Latin were the grand difficulties. Mrs. Howard did not understand Greek and Latin; nor did she, though a woman, set too high or too low a value upon the learned languages. She was convinced that a man might be a great scholar without being a man of sense; she was also persuaded that a man of sense might be a good scholar. She knew that, whatever abilities her nephew might possess, he could not be upon a footing with other men in the world without possessing that species of knowledge which is universally expected from gentlemen, as an essential proof of their having received a liberal education; nor did she attempt to undervalue the pleasures of classic taste merely because she was not qualified to enjoy them: she was convinced by the testimony of men of candour and judgment, that a classical taste is a source of real enjoyment, and she wished her nephew's literary pleasures to have as extensive a range as possible.

To instruct her nephew in the learned languages, she engaged a good scholar and a man of sense: his name—for a man is nothing without a name—was Russell.*

* Russell.—This name is chosen for that of a good tutor, because it was the name of Mr. Edgeworth's tutor, at Oxford: Mr. Russell was also tutor to the late Mr. Day. Both by Mr. Day and Mr. Edgeworth he was respected esteemed, and beloved in no common degree.

Little Charles did not at first relish Latin; he used sometimes to come from his Latin lessons with a very dull, stupified face, which gradually brightened into intelligence after he had talked for a few minutes with his aunt. Mrs. Howard, though pleased to perceive that he was fond of her, had not the weakness to sacrifice his permanent advantage to her transient gratification. One evening Charles came running up stairs to his aunt, who was at tea; several people happened to be present.—"I have done with Mr. Russell and my Latin, ma'am, thank goodness—now may I have the elephant and the camel, or the bear and her cubs, that you marked for me last night?"

The company laughed at this speech of Charles; and a silly lady—for even Mrs. Howard could not make all her acquaintance wise—a silly lady whispered to Charles, "I've a notion, if you'd tell the truth, now, that you like the bear and her cubs a great deal better than you do Latin and Mr. Russell."

"I like the bear a great deal better than I do Latin, to be sure," said the boy; "but as for Mr. Russell—why I think," added he, encouraged by the lady's smiles, "I think I like the bear better than Mr. Russell."

The lady laughed affectedly at this sally.

"I am sure," continued Charles, fancying that every person present was delighted with his wit, "I am sure, at any rate, I like the learned pig fifty times better than Mr. Russell!"

The judicious lady burst into a second fit of laughter. Mrs. Howard looked very grave. Charles broke from the lady's caresses, and going up to his aunt, timidly looking up in her face, said, "Am I a fool?"

"You are but a child," said Mrs. Howard; and turning away from him, she desired the servant who waited at tea to let Mr. Russell know that she desired the *honour* of his company. Mrs. Holloway—for that was the silly lady's name—at the words "honour of his company," resumed her gravity, but looked round to see what the rest of the company thought.

"Give me leave, Mr. Russell," said Mrs. Howard, as soon as he came into the room, "to introduce you to a gentleman for whose works I know you have a great esteem." The gentleman was a celebrated traveller, just returned from abroad, whose conversation was as much admired as his writings.

The conversation now took a literary turn. The traveller being polite, as well as entertaining, drew out Mr Russell's knowledge and abilities. Charles now looked up to his tutor with respect. Children have sufficient penetration to discover the opinions of others by their countenance and manner, and their sympathy is quickly influenced by the example of those around them. Mrs. Howard led the traveller to speak of what he had seen in different countries—of natural history—of the beaver, and the moose-deer, and the humming-bird, that is scarcely larger than a humble-bee; and the mocking-bird, that can imitate the notes of all other birds. Charles *niched* himself into a corner of the sofa upon which the gentlemen were sitting, and grew very attentive. He was rather surprised to perceive that his tutor was as much entertained with the conversation as he was himself.

"Pray, sir," said Mrs. Howard to the traveller, "is it true that the humming-bird is a passionate little animal? Is the story told by the author of the Farmer's Letters true?"

"What story?" said Charles, eagerly.

"Of a humming-bird that flew into a fury with a flower, and tore it to pieces because it could not get the honey out of it all at once."

"O, ma'am," said little Charles, peeping over his tutor's shoulders, "will you show me that? Have you got the book, *dear* aunt?"

"It is Mr. Russell's book," said his aunt.

"Your book!" cried Charles; "what! and do you know all about animals, and those sort of entertaining things, as well as Latin? And can you tell me, then, what I want very much to know, how they catch the humming-bird?"

"They shoot it."

"Shoot it! but what a large hole they must make in its body and beautiful feathers! I thought you said its whole body was no bigger than a bee—a humble-bee."

"They make no hole in its body—they shoot it without ruffling even its feathers."

"How, how?" cried Charles, fastening upon his tutor, whom he now regarded no longer as a mere man of Latin.

"They charge the gun with water," said Mr. Russell, "and the poor little humming-bird is stunned by the discharge."

The conversation next turned upon the entertaining chapter on instinct in Dr. Darwin's Zoonomia. Charles did not understand all that was said, for the gentlemen did not address themselves to him. He never listened to what he did not understand: but he was very quick at hearing whatever was within the limits of his comprehension. He heard of the tailor-bird, that uses its long bill as a needle, to sew the dead and the living leaf together, of which it makes its light nest, lined with feathers and gossamer: of the fish called the "old soldier," who looks out for the empty shell of some dead animal, and fits this armour upon himself: of the Jamaica spider, who makes himself a house under ground, with a door and hinges, which door the spider and all the members of his family take care to shut after them, whenever they go in and out.

Little Charles, as he sat eagerly attentive in his corner of the sofa, heard of the trumpet of the common gnat,* and of its proboscis, which serves at once for an awl, a saw, and a pump.

"Are there any more such things," exclaimed Charles, "in these books?"

"A great many," said Mr. Russell.

"I'll read them all!" cried Charles, starting up—"may I? may not I, aunt?"

"Ask Mr. Russell," replied his aunt: "he who is obliged to give you the pain of learning what is tiresome, should have the pleasure of rewarding you with entertaining books. Whenever he asks me for Dr. Darwin and St. Pierre, you shall have them. We are both of one mind. We know that learning Latin is not the most amusing occupation in the world, but still it must be learned."

"Why," said Charles, modestly, "you don't understand Latin, aunt, do you?"

"No," said Mrs. Howard; "but I am a woman, and it is not thought necessary that a woman should understand Latin; nor can I explain to you, at your age, why it is expected that a gentleman should; but here are several gentlemen present—ask them whether it be not necessary that a gentleman should."

Charles gathered all the opinions, and especially that of the entertaining traveller.

* St. Pierre, Etudes de la Nature.

Mrs. Holloway, the silly lady, during that part of the conversation from which she might have acquired some knowledge, had retired to the further end of the room, to a game of trictrac with an obsequious chaplain. Her game being finished, she came up to hear what the crowd round the sofa could be talking about; and hearing Charles ask the opinions of the gentlemen about the necessity of learning Latin, she nodded sagaciously at Mrs. Howard, and, by way of making up for former errors, said to Charles, in the most authoritative tone,

"Yes, I can assure you, Mr. Charles, I am quite of the gentlemen's opinion, and so is everybody—and this is a point upon which I have some right to speak; for my Augustus, who is only a year and seven months older than you are, sir, is one of the best scholars of his age, I am told, in England. But then, to be sure, it was flogged into him well at first at a public school, which, I understand, is the best way of making good scholars."

"And the best way of making boys love literature," said Mrs. Howard.

"Certainly, certainly," said Mrs. Holloway, who mistook Mrs. Howard's tone of inquiry for a tone of assertion, a tone more familiar to her—"Certainly, ma'am, I knew you would come round to my notions at last. I'm sure my Augustus must be fond of his Latin, for never in the vacations did I ever catch him with any English book in his hand."

"Poor boy!" said Charles, with unfeigned compassion.

"And when, my dear Mrs. Howard," continued Mrs. Holloway, laying her hand upon Mrs. Howard's arm, with a yet untasted pinch of snuff between her fingers, "when will you send Mr. Charles to school?"

"Oh, aunt, don't send me away from you—Oh, sir! Mr. Russell, try me—I will do my very, *very* best, without having it flogged into me, to learn Latin—only try me."

"Dear sir, I really beg your pardon," said Mrs. Holloway to Mr. Russell; "I absolutely only meant to support Mrs. Howard's opinion for the sweet boy's good; and I thought I saw you go out of the room, or somebody else went out, while I was at trictrac. But I'm convinced a private tutor may do wonders at the same time: and if my Augustus prejudiced me in favour of public education, you'll excuse a mother's partiality Besides, I make it a rule never to interfere in the educa

tion of my boys. Mr. Holloway is answerable for them, and if he prefer public schools to a private tutor, you must be sensible, sir, it would be very wrong in me to set my poor judgment in opposition to Mr. Holloway's opinion."

Mr. Russell bowed; for when a lady claims a gentleman's assent to a series of inconsistent propositions, what answer can he make but—a bow? Mrs. Holloway's carriage was now at the door, and, without troubling herself any further about the comparative merits of public and private education, she departed.

When Mrs. Howard was left alone with her nephew, she seized the moment while his mind was yet warm, to make a lasting impression. Charles, instead of going to Buffon's account of the elephant, which he was very impatient to read, sat down resolutely to his Latin lesson. Mrs. Howard looked over his shoulder, and when he saw her smile of approbation, he said, "Then you won't send me away from you?"

"Not unless you oblige me to do so," said his aunt: "I love to have you with me, and I will try for one year whether you have energy enough to learn what is disagreeable to you, without—"

"Without its being flogged into me," said Charles:—"you shall see."

This boy had a great deal of energy and application. The Latin lessons were learned very perfectly; and as he did not spend above an hour a day at them, he was not disgusted with application. His general taste for literature, and his fund of knowledge, increased rapidly from year to year, and the activity of his mind promised continual improvement. His attachment to Mrs. Howard increased as he grew up, for she never claimed any gratitude from her pupil, or exacted from him any of those little observances which women sometimes consider as essential proofs of affection. She knew that these minute attentions are particularly irksome to boys, and that they are by no means the natural expressions of their feelings. She had sufficient strength of mind to be secure in the possession of those qualities which merit esteem and love, and to believe that the child whom she had educated had a heart and understanding that must feel and appreciate her value.

When Charles Howard was about thirteen, an event happened which changed his prospects in life. Mrs.

Howard's large fortune was principally derived from an estate in the West Indies, which had been left to her by her grandfather. She did not particularly wish to be the proprietor of slaves; and from the time that she came to the management of her own affairs, she had been desirous to sell her West India property. Her agent represented to her that this could not be done without considerable loss. From year to year the business was delayed, till at length a gentleman, who had a plantation adjoining to hers, offered to purchase her estate. She was neither one of those ladies who, jealous of their free-will, would *rather act for themselves*, that is to say, follow their own whims in matters of business, than consult men who possess the requisite information; nor was she so ignorant of business, or so indolent, as to be at the mercy of any designing agent or attorney. After consulting proper persons, and after exerting a just proportion of her own judgment, she concluded her bargain with the West Indian. Her plantation was sold to him, and all her property was shipped for her on board *the Lively Peggy*. Mr. Alderman Holloway, husband to the silly Mrs. Holloway, was one of the trustees appointed by her grandfather's will. The alderman, who was supposed to be very knowing in all worldly concerns, sanctioned the affair with his approbation. The lady was at this time rich; and Alderman Holloway applauded her humanity in having stipulated for the liberty and *provision grounds* of some old negroes upon her plantation; he even suggested to his son Augustus, that this would make a very pretty, proper subject for a copy of verses, to be addressed to Mrs. Howard. The verses were written in elegant Latin; and the young gentleman was proceeding with some difficulty in his English translation of them, when they were suppressed by parental authority. The alderman changed his opinion as to the propriety of the argument of this poem: the reasons which worked upon his mind were never distinctly expressed; they may, however, be deduced from the perusal of the following letter:—

"TO MRS. FRANCES HOWARD.

"DEAR MADAM,

Sorry am I to be under the disagreeable necessity of communicating to you, thus abruptly, the melancholy

news of the loss of 'the Lively Peggy,' with your valuable consignment on board, viz. sundry puncheons of rum, and hogsheads of sugar, in which commodities (as usual) your agent received the purchase-money of your late fine West India estate. I must not, however reluctantly, omit to mention the casket of your grandmother's jewels, which I now regret was sent by this opportunity. 'Tis an additional loss—some thousands, I apprehend.

"The captain of the vessel I have just seen, who was set on shore, on the 15th ultimo, on the coast of Wales; his mate mutinied, and, in conspiracy with the crew, have run away with the vessel.

"I have only to add, that Mrs. Holloway and my daughter Angelina sincerely unite with me in compliments and condolence; and I shall be happy if I can be of any service in the settlement of your affairs.

"Mrs. Holloway desires me to say, she would do herself the honour of waiting upon you to-morrow, but is setting out for Margate.

"I am, dear madam,

"Your most obedient and humble servant,

"A. T. Holloway.

"P. S. Your agent is much to blame for neglecting to insure."

Mrs. Howard, as soon as she had perused this epistle, gave it to her nephew, who was reading in the room with her when she received it. He showed more emotion on reading it than she had done. The coldness of the alderman's letter seemed to strike the boy more than the loss of a fortune—"And this is a friend!" he exclaimed with indignation.

"No, my love," said Mrs. Howard, with a calm smile, "I never thought Mr. Holloway any thing more than a common acquaintance: I hope—I am sure I have chosen *my friends* better."

Charles fixed an eager, inquiring eye upon his aunt, which seemed to say, "Did you mean to call me one of your friends?" and then he grew very thoughtful.

"My dear Charles," said the aunt, after nearly a quarter of an hour's silence, "may I know what you have been thinking of all this time?"

"Thinking of, ma'am!" said Charles, starting from his reverie—"of a great many things—of all you have done for me—of—of what I could do—I don't mean now; for

I know I am a child, and can do nothing—I don't mean *nothing*.—I shall soon be a man, and then I can be a physician, or a lawyer, or something.—Mr. Russell told me the other day, that if I applied myself, I might be whatever I pleased. What would *you* wish me to be, ma'am?—because that's what I will be—if I can."

"Then I wish you to be what you are."

"Oh madam," said Charles, with a look of great mortification, "but that's nothing. Won't you make me of some use to you?—But I beg your pardon, I know you can't think about me just now.—Good night," said he, and hurried out of the room.

The news of the loss of the Lively Peggy, with all the particulars mentioned in Alderman Holloway's letter, appeared in the next day's newspapers, and in the succeeding paper appeared an advertisement of Mrs. Howard's house in Portman-square, of her plate, china, furniture, books, &c.—She had never in affluence disdained economy. She had no debts; not a single tradesman was a sufferer by her loss. She had always lived within her annual income and though her generous disposition had prevented her from hoarding money, she had a small sum in the funds, which she had prudently reserved for any unforeseen exigence. She had also a few diamonds which had been her mother's, which Mr. Carat, the jeweller, who had new set them, was very willing to purchase. He waited upon Mrs. Howard, in Portman-square, to complete the bargain.

The want of sensibility which Charles showed when his aunt was parting with her jewels to Mr. Carat would have infallibly ruined him in the opinion of most ladies. He took the trinkets up, one by one, without ceremony, and examined them, asking his aunt and the jeweller questions about the use and value of diamonds—about the working of the mines of Golconda—about the shining of diamonds in the dark, observed by the children of Cogi Hassan, the rope-maker, in the Arabian Tales—about the experiment of Francis the First upon *melting* of diamonds and rubies. Mr. Carat was a Jew, and, though extremely cunning, profoundly ignorant.

"Dat king wash very grand fool, beg his majesty's pardon," said the Jew, with a shrewd smile; "but kings know better now-a-days.—Heaven bless dere majesties."

Charles had a great mind to vindicate the philosophic fame of Francis the First, but a new idea suddenly

started into his head. "My dearest aunt," cried he, stopping her hand as she was giving her diamond earrings to Mr. Carat—"stay, my dearest aunt, one instant, till I have seen whether this is a good day for selling diamonds."

"Oh, my dear young gentleman, no way in de Jewish calendar more proper for de purchase," said the Jew.

"For the purchase! yes," said Charles; "but for the sale?"

"My love," said his aunt, "surely you are not so foolish as to think there are lucky and unlucky days."

"No, I don't mean any thing about lucky and unlucky days," said Charles, running up to consult the barometer; "but what I mean is not foolish indeed: in some book I've read that the dealers in diamonds buy them when the air is light, and sell them when it is heavy, if they can; because their scales are so nice that they vary with the change in the atmosphere. Perhaps I may not remember exactly the words, but that's the sense I know: I'll look for the words; I know whereabouts to find them." He jumped upon a chair to get down the book.

"But, master Charles," said the Jew, with a show of deference, "I will not pretend to make a bargain with you—I see you know a great deal more than I of dese traffics."

To this flattery Charles made no answer, but continued looking for the passage he wanted in his book.

While he was turning over the leaves, a gentleman, a friend of Mrs. Howard, who had promised her to meet Mr. Carat, came in. He was the gentleman formerly mentioned by the name of *the traveller:* he was a good judge of diamonds, and, what is better, he was a good judge of the human heart and understanding. He was much pleased with Charles's ready recollection of the little knowledge he possessed, with his eagerness to make that knowledge of use to his aunt, and more with his perfect simplicity and integrity; for Charles, after a moment's thought, turned to the Jew and said,

"But the day that is good for my aunt must be bad for you. The buyers and sellers should each have fair play. Mr. Carat, your weights should be diamonds, and then the changes in the weight of the air would not signify one way or the other."*

* This observation was literally made by a boy of ten years old.

Mr. Carat smiled at this speech, but, suppressing his contempt for the young gentleman, only observed, that he should most certainly follow Mr. Charles's advice, whenever he *was* rich enough to have diamonds for weights.

The traveller drew from his pocket a small book, took a pen, and wrote in the title-page of it, *For one who will make a good use of it;* and, with Mrs. Howard's permission, he gave the book to her nephew.

"I do not believe," said the gentleman, "that there is at present another copy in England: I have just got this from France by a private hand."

The sale of his aunt's books appeared to Charles a much more serious affair than the parting with her diamonds. He understood something of the value of books, and he took a sorrowful leave of many which he had read, and of many more which he had intended to read. Mrs. Howard selected a few for her own use, and she allowed her nephew to select as many for himself as she had done. He observed that there was a beautiful edition of Shakspeare, which he knew his aunt liked particularly, but which she did not keep, reserving instead of it Smith's Wealth of Nations, which would in a few years, she said, be very useful to him. He immediately offered his favourite Études de la Nature to redeem the Shakspeare; but Mrs. Howard would not accept of it, because she justly observed, that she could read Shakspeare *almost* as well without its being in such a beautiful binding. Her readiness to part with all the luxuries to which she had been for many years accustomed, and the freedom and openness with which she spoke of all her affairs to her nephew, made a great impression upon his mind.

Those are mistaken who think that young people cannot be interested in these sort of things: if no mystery be made of the technical parts of business, young people easily learn them, and they early take an interest in the affairs of their parents, instead of learning to separate their own views from those of their friends. Charles, young as he was at this time, was employed by his aunt frequently to copy, and sometimes to write letters of business for her. He drew out a careful inventory of all the furniture before it was disposed of; he took lists of all the books and papers; and at this work, however tiresome, he was indefatigable, because he was on-

couraged by the hope of being useful. This ambition had been early excited in his mind.

When Mrs. Howard had settled her affairs, she took a small neat house near Westminster school,* for the purpose of a boarding-house for some of the Westminster boys. This plan she preferred, because it secured an independent means of support, and at the same time enabled her, in some measure, to assist in her nephew's education, and to enjoy his company. She was no longer able to afford a sufficient salary to a well-informed private tutor; therefore she determined to send Charles to Westminster school; and, as he would board with her, she hoped to unite by this scheme, as much as possible, the advantages of a private and of a public education. Mr. Russell desired still to have the care of Mrs. Howard's nephew; he determined to offer himself as a tutor at Westminster school; and, as his acquirements were well known to the literary world, he was received with eagerness.

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Howard to her nephew, when he first went to Westminster, "I shall not trouble you with a long chapter of advice: do you remember that answer of the oracle which seemed to strike you so much the other day, when you were reading the life of Cicero?"

"Yes," said Charles, "I recollect it—I shall never forget it. When Cicero asked how he should arrive at the height of glory, the oracle answered, 'By making his own genius, and not the opinion of the people, the guide of his life.'"

"Well," said Mrs. Howard, smiling, "if I were your oracle, and you were to put the same question to me, I think I should make you nearly the same answer; except that I should change the word genius into good sense; and, instead of *the people*, I should say *the world*, which, in general, I think, means all *the silly people* of one's acquaintance. Farewell: now go to the Westminster world."

Westminster was quite a new world to young Howard. The bustle and noise at first astonished his senses, and almost confounded his understanding; but he soon grew accustomed to the din, and familiarized to the sight of numbers. At first, he thought himself much inferior to

* See the account of Mrs. C. Ponten, in Gibbon's Life.

all his companions, because practice had given them the power of doing many things with ease which to him appeared difficult, merely because he had not been used to them. In all their games and plays, either of address or force, he found himself foiled. In a readiness of repartee, and a certain ease and volubility of conversation, he perceived his deficiency; and though he frequently was conscious that his ideas were more just, and his arguments better than those of his companions, yet he could not at first bring out his ideas to advantage, or manage his arguments so as to stand his ground against the mixed raillery and sophistry of his schoolfellows. He had not yet the tone of his new society, and he was as much at a loss as a traveller in a foreign country, before he understands the language of a people who are vociferating round about him. As fast, however, as he learned to translate the language of his companions into his own, he discovered that there was not so much meaning in their expressions as he had been inclined to imagine while they had remained unintelligible: but he was good-humoured and good-natured, so that, upon the whole, he was much liked; and even his inferiority, in many little trials of skill, was, perhaps, in his favour. He laughed with those that laughed at him, let them triumph in his awkwardness, but still persisted in new trials, till at last, to the great surprise of the spectators, he succeeded.

The art of boxing cost him more than all the rest; but as he was neither deficient in courage of mind nor activity of body, he did not despair of acquiring the *necessary* skill in this noble science—necessary, we say, for Charles had not been a week at Westminster before he was made sensible of the necessity of practising this art in his own defence. He had yet a stronger motive; he found it necessary for the defence of one who looked up to him for protection.

There was at this time at Westminster, a little boy, of the name of Oliver, a Creole, lively, intelligent, open-hearted, and affectionate in the extreme, but rather passionate in his temper, and adverse to application. His *literary* education had been strangely neglected before he came to school, so that his ignorance of the common rudiments of spelling, reading, grammar, and arithmetic, made him the laughing-stock of the school. The poor boy felt inexpressible shame and anguish; his cheek

burned with blushes, when every day in the public class he was ridiculed and disgraced; but his dark complexion, perhaps, prevented those blushes from being noticed by his companions, otherwise they certainly would have suppressed, or would have endeavoured to repress, some of their insulting peals of laughter. He suffered no complaint or tear to escape him in public; but his book was sometimes blistered with the tears that fell when nobody saw them: what was worse than all the rest, he found insurmountable difficulties at every step in his grammar. He was unwilling to apply to any of his more learned companions for explanations or assistance. He began to sink into despair of his own abilities, and to imagine that he must for ever remain, what indeed he was every day called, a dunce. He was usually flogged three times a week. Day after day brought no relief, either to his bodily or mental sufferings: at length his honest pride yielded, and he applied to one of the elder scholars for help. The boy to whom he applied was Augustus Holloway, Alderman Holloway's son, who was acknowledged to be one of the best Latin scholars at Westminster. He readily helped Oliver in his exercises, but he made him pay most severely for this assistance by the most tyrannical usage; and, in all his tyranny, he thought himself fully justifiable, because little Oliver, besides his other misfortunes, had the misfortune to be a fag.

There may be—though many schoolboys will, perhaps, think it scarcely possible—there may be, in the compass of the civilized world, some persons so barbarously ignorant as not to know what is meant by the term fag. To these it may be necessary to explain, that at some English schools it is the custom that all little boys, when they first go to school, should be under the dominion of the elder boys. These little boys are called fags, and are forced to wait upon and obey their master-companions. Their duties vary in different schools. I have heard of its being customary, in some places, to make use of a fag regularly in the depth of winter instead of a warming-pan, and to send the shivering urchin through ten or twenty beds successively, to take off the chill of cold for their luxurious masters. They are expected in most schools to run of all the elder boys' errands, to be ready at their call, and to do all their high behests. They must never complain of being tired, or

their complaints will, at least, never be regarded, because, as the etymology of the word implies, it is their business to be tired. The substantive *fag* is not to be found in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary; but the verb to fag is there a verb neuter, from fatigo, Latin, and is there explained to mean, "to grow weary, to faint with weariness." This is all the satisfaction we can, after the most diligent research, afford the curious and learned reader upon the subject of *fags* in general.

In particular, Mr. Augustus Holloway took great delight in teasing his fag, little Oliver. One day it happened that young Howard and Holloway were playing at ninepins together, and little Oliver was within a few yards of them, sitting under a tree, with a book upon his knees, anxiously trying to make out his lesson. Holloway, whenever the ninepins were thrown down, called to Oliver, and made him come from his book and set them up again: this he repeatedly did, in spite of Howard's remonstrances, who always offered to set up the nine-pins, and who said it teased the poor little fellow to call him every minute from what he was about.

"Yes," said Holloway, "I know it teases him—that I see plain enough, by his running so fast back to his *form*, like a hare—there he is, *squatting* again: halloo! halloo! come, start again here," cried Holloway; "you haven't done yet: bring me the bowl, halloo!"

Howard did not at all enjoy the the diversion of hunting the poor boy about in this manner, and he said, with some indignation, "How is it possible, Holloway, that the boy can get his lesson if you interrupt him every instant?"

"Pooh! what signifies his foolish lesson?"

"It signifies a great deal to him," replied Howard: "you know what he suffered this morning because he had not it."

"Suffered! why, what did he suffer?" said Holloway, upon whose memory the sufferings of others made no very deep impression. "O, ay, true—you mean, he was flogged: more shame for him!—why did not he mind and get his lesson better?"

"I had not time to understand it rightly," said Oliver, with a deep sigh; "and I don't think I shall have time to-day either."

"More shame for you," repeated Holloway: "I'll

lay any bet on earth I get all you have to get in three minutes."

"Ah, you, to be sure," said Oliver, in a tone of great humiliation; "but then you know what a difference there is between you and me."

Holloway misunderstood him; and thinking he meant to allude to the difference in their age, instead of the difference in their abilities, answered sharply,

"When I was your age, do you think I was such a dunce as you are, pray?"

"No, that I am sure you never were," said Oliver; "but perhaps you had some good father or mother, or somebody who taught you a little before you came to school."

"I don't remember any thing about that," replied Holloway; "I don't know who was so good as to teach me, but I know I was so good as to learn fast enough, which is a goodness, I've a notion, some folks will never have to boast of—so trot, and fetch the bowl for me, do you hear, and set up the ninepins. You've sense enough to do that, have not you? and as for your lesson, I'll drive that into your head by-and-by, if I can," added he, rapping with his knuckles upon the little boy's head.

"As to my lesson," said the boy, putting aside his head from the insulting knuckles; "I had rather try and make it out by myself, if I can."

"If you can!" repeated Holloway, sneering; "but we all know you can't.

"Why can't he, Mr. Holloway?" exclaimed Howard, with a raised voice, for he was no longer master of his indignation.

"Why can't he?" repeated Holloway, looking round upon Howard with a mixture of surprise and insolence. "You must answer that question yourself, Mr. Howard: I say he can't."

"And I say he can, and he shall," replied Howard; "and he *shall* have time to learn; he's willing and, I'll answer for it, able to learn; and he shall not be called a dunce; and he shall have time; and he shall have justice."

"Shall! shall! shall!" retorted Holloway, vociferating with a passion of a different sort from Howard's. "Pray, sir, who allowed you to say *shall* to me? and how dare you to talk in this *here* style to me about justice?—and what business have you, I should be glad to

know, to interfere between me and my fag? What right have you to him or his time either? And if I choose to call him a dunce forty times a day, what then? he is a dunce, and he will be a dunce to the end of his days, I say, and who is there thinks proper to contradict me?"

"I," said Howard, firmly; "and I'll do more than contradict you—I'll prove that you are mistaken. Oliver, bring your book to me."

"Oliver, stir at your peril!" cried Holloway, clenching his fist with a menacing gesture: nobody shall give any help to my fag but myself, sir," added he to Howard.

"I am not going to help him, I am only going to prove to him that he may do it without your help," said Howard.

The little boy sprang forward at these words for his book; but his tormentor caught hold of him, and, pulling him back, said, "He's my fag! do you recollect, sir, he's my fag?"

"Fag or no fag," cried Howard, "you shall not make a slave of him."

"I will! I shall! I will!" cried Holloway, worked up to the height of tyrannical fury: "I will make a slave of him, if I choose it—a negro-slave, if I please!"

At the sound of negro-slave, the little Creole burst into tears. Howard sprang forward to free him from his tyrant's grasp: Holloway struck Howard a furious blow, which made him stagger backwards.

"Ay," said Holloway, "learn to stand your ground and fight before you meddle with me, I advise you."

Holloway was an experienced pugilist, and he knew that Howard was not; but before his defiance had escaped his lips, he felt his blow returned, and a battle ensued. Howard fought with all his *soul;* but the *body* has something to do, as well as the soul, in the art of boxing, and his body was not yet a match for his adversary's. After receiving more blows than Holloway, perhaps, could have borne, Howard was brought to the ground.

"Beg my pardon, and promise never to interfere between me and my fag any more," said Holloway, standing over him triumphant: "ask my pardon."

"Never," said the fallen hero: "I'll fight you again, in the same cause, whenever you please; I can't have a better;" and he struggled to rise.

Several boys had, by this time, gathered round the combatants, and many admired the fortitude and spirit of the vanquished, though it is extremely difficult to boys, if not to men, to sympathize with the beaten. Everybody called out that Howard had had enough for that night; and though he was willing to have renewed the battle, his adversary was withheld by the omnipotence of public opinion. As to the cause of the combat, some few inquired into its merits, but many more were content with seeing the fray, and with hearing, vaguely, that it began about Mr. Howard's having interfered with Mr. Holloway's fag in an impertinent manner.

Howard's face was so much disfigured, and his clothes were so much stained with blood, that he did not wish to present himself such a deplorable spectacle before his aunt; besides, no man likes to be seen, especially by a woman, immediately after he has been beaten; therefore, he went directly to bed as soon as he got home, but desired that one of his companions, who boarded at Mrs. Howard's, would, if his aunt inquired for him at supper, tell her "that he had been beaten in a boxing-match, but hoped to be more expert after another lesson or two." This lady did not show her tenderness to her nephew by wailing over his disaster: on the contrary, she was pleased to hear that he had fought in so good a cause.

The next morning, as soon as Howard went to school, he saw little Oliver watching eagerly for him.

"Mr. Howard—Charles," said he, catching hold of him; "I've one word to say: let him call me dunce, or slave, or negro, or what he will, don't you mind any more about me—I can't bear to see it," said the affectionate child: "I'd rather have the blows myself, only I know I could not bear them as you did."

Oliver turned aside his head, and Howard, in a playful voice, said, "Why, my little Oliver, I did not think you were such a coward: you must not make a coward of me."

No sooner did the boys go out to play in the evening, than Howard called to Oliver, in Holloway's hearing, and said, "If you want any assistance from me, remember, I'm ready."

"You may be ready, but you are not able," cried Holloway, "to give him any assistance—therefore, you'd better be quiet: remember last night."

"I do remember it perfectly," said Howard, calmly.

"And do you want any more?—Come, then, I'll tell you what, I'll box with you every day, if you please, and when you have conquered *me*, you shall have my fag all to yourself, if you please; but till then, you shall have nothing to do with him."

"I take you at your word," said Howard, and a second battle began. As we do not delight in fields of battle, or hope to excel, like Homer, in describing variety of wounds, we shall content ourselves with relating that, after five pitched battles, in which Oliver's champion received bruises of all shapes and sizes, and of every shade of black, blue, green, and yellow, his unconquered spirit still maintained the justice of his cause, and with as firm a voice as at first he challenged his constantly victorious antagonist to a sixth combat.

"I thought you had learned by this time," said the successful pugilist, "that Augustus Holloway is not to be conquered by one of *woman breed*." To this taunt Howard made no reply; but whether it urged him to superior exertion, or whether the dear-bought experience of the five preceding days had taught him all the caution that experience only can teach, we cannot determine; but, to the surprise of all the spectators, and to the lively joy of Oliver, the redoubted Holloway was brought, after an obstinate struggle, fairly to the ground. Everybody sympathized with the generous victor, who immediately assisted his fallen adversary to rise, and offered his hand in token of reconciliation. Augustus Holloway, stunned by his fall, and more by his defeat, returned from the field of battle as fast as the crowd would let him, who stopped him continually with their impertinent astonishment and curiosity; for though the boasted unconquerable hero had pretty evidently received a black eye, not one person would believe it without looking close in his face; and many would not trust the information of their own senses, but pressed to hear the news confirmed by the reluctant lips of the unfortunate Augustus. In the mean time, little Oliver, a fag no longer, exulting in his liberty, clapped his joyful hands, sang, and capered round his deliverer "And now," said he, fixing his grateful, affectionate eyes upon Howard; "you will suffer no more for me; and, if you'll let me, I'll be your fag. Do, will you? pray let me! I'll run of your errands before you can say one, two, three, and away: only whistle for

me," said he, whistling, "and I'll hear you, wherever I am. If you only hold up your finger when you want me, I'm sure I shall see it; and I'll always set up your ninepins, and fly for your ball, let me be doing what I will. May I be your fag?"

"Be my *friend!*" said Howard, taking Oliver in his arms, with emotion which prevented him from articulating any other words. The word friend went to the little Creole's heart, and he clung to Howard in silence. To complete his happiness, little Oliver this day obtained permission to board at Mrs. Howard's, so that he was now constantly to be with his protector. Howard's friendship was not merely the sudden enthusiasm of a moment; it was the steady, persevering choice of a manly mind, not the caprice of a schoolboy. Regularly, every evening, Oliver brought his books to his friend, who never was too busy to attend to him. Oliver was delighted to find that he understood Howard's manner of explaining: his own opinion of himself rose with the opinion which he saw his instructer had of his abilities. He was convinced that he was not doomed to be a dunce for life; his ambition was rekindled; his industry was encouraged by hope, and rewarded by success. He no longer expected daily punishment, and that worst of all punishments, disgrace. His heart was light, his spirits rose, his countenance brightened with intelligence, and resumed its natural vivacity; to his masters and his companions he appeared a new creature. "What has inspired you?" said one of his masters to him one day, surprised at the rapid development of his understanding—"what has inspired you?"

"My good genius," said the little boy, pointing to Howard.

Howard had some merit in giving up a good deal of his time to Oliver, because he knew the value of time, and he had not quite so much as he wished for himself. The day was always too short for him; every moment was employed; his active mind went from one thing to another, as if it did not know the possibility of idleness, and as if he had no idea of any recreation but in a change of employment. Not that he was always poring over books, but his mind was active, let him be about what he would; and, as his exertions were always voluntary, there was not that opposition in his opinion between the ideas of play and work, which exists so strongly in the

imaginations of those schoolboys who are driven to their tasks by fear, and who escape from them to that delicious exercise of their free-will which they call play.

"Constraint, that sweetens liberty,"

often gives a false value to its charms, or rather a false idea to its nature.—Idleness, ennui, noise, mischief, riot, and a nameless train of mistaken notions of pleasure, are often classed, in a young man's mind, under the general head of *liberty*.

Mr. Augustus Holloway, who is necessarily recalled to our recollection when we want to personify an ill-educated young man, was, in the strictest sense of the word, a schoolboy—a clever schoolboy—a good scholar—a good historian: he wrote a good hand—read with fluency—declaimed at a public exhibition of Westminster orators with no bad grace and emphasis, and had always extempore words, if not extempore sense, at command. But still he was but a school-boy. His father thought him a man, and more than a man. Alderman Holloway prophesied to his friends that his son Augustus would be one of the first orators in England. He was in a hurry to have him ready to enter the college, and had a borough secure for him at the proper age. The proper age, he regretted, that parliament had fixed to twenty-one; for the alderman was impatient to introduce his young statesman to the house, especially as he saw honours, perhaps a title, in the distant perspective of his son's advancement.

While this vision occupied the father's imagination, a vision of another sort played upon the juvenile fancy of his son—a vision of a gig; for, though Augustus was but a schoolboy, he had very manly ideas—if those ideas be manly which most young men have. Lord Rawson, the son of the Earl of Marryborough, had lately appeared to Augustus in a gig. The young Lord Rawson had lately been a schoolboy at Westminster like Augustus: he was now master of himself and three horses at college. Alderman Holloway had lent the Earl of Marryborough certain moneys, the interest of which the earl scrupulously paid in civility. The alderman valued himself upon being a shrewd man; he looked to one of the earl's boroughs as a security for his principal, and from long-sighted political motives, encouraged an intimacy be-

tween the young nobleman and his son. It was one of those useful friendships, one of those fortunate connexions, which some parents consider as the peculiar advantage of a public school. Lord Rawson's example already powerfully operated upon his young friend's mind, and this intimacy was most likely to have a decisive influence upon the future destiny of Augustus. Augustus was the son of an alderman. Lord Rawson was two years older than Holloway—had left school—had been at college—had driven both a curricle and a barouche, and had gone through all the gradations of coachmanship—was a man, and had *seen the world*. How many things to excite the ambition of a schoolboy! Augustus was impatient for the moment when he might "be what he admired." The drudgery of Westminster, the confinement, the ignominious appellation of *a boy*, were all insupportable to this *young man*. He had obtained from his father a promise that he should leave school in a few months; but these months appeared to him an age. It was rather a misfortune to Holloway that he was so far advanced in his Latin and Greek studies, for he had the less to do at school; his school-business quickly despatched, his time hung upon his hands. He never thought of literature as an amusement for his leisure hours; he had no idea of improving himself farther in general science and knowledge. He was told that his education was *nearly* at an end; he believed it was *quite* finished, and he was glad of it, and glad it was so well over. In the idle time that hung upon his hands, during this intermediate state at Westminster, he heartily regretted that he could not commence his manly career by learning to *drive*—to drive a curricle. Lord Rawson had carried him down to the country, the last summer vacation, in his *dog-cart*, driven *random-tandem*. The reins had touched his fingers. The whip had been committed to his hand, and he longed for a repetition of these pleasures. From the windows of the house in Westminster where he boarded, Holloway at every idle moment lolled, to enjoy a view of every carriage and of every coachman that passed.

Mr. Supine, Mr. Holloway's tutor, used, at these leisure moments, to employ himself with practising upon the German flute, and was not sorry to be relieved from his pupil's conversation. Sometimes it was provoking to the amateur in music to be interrupted by the exclama-

tions of his pupil; but he kept his eyes steadily upon his music-book, and contented himself with recommending a difficult passage, when Mr. Holloway's raptures about horses, and coachmanship, and driving well in hand, offended his musical ear. Mr. Supine was, both from nature and fashion, indolent; the trouble of reproving or of guiding his pupil was too much for him; besides, he was sensible that the task of watching, contradicting, and thwarting a young gentleman, at Mr. Holloway's time of life, would have been productive of the most disagreeable scenes of altercation, and could possibly have no effect upon the gentleman's character, which, he presumed, was perfectly well formed at this time. Mr. and Mrs. Holloway were well satisfied with his improvements. Mr. Supine was on the best terms imaginable with the whole family, and thought it his business to keep himself *well* with his pupil; especially as he had some secret hope that, through Mr. Holloway's interest with Lord Rawson, and through Lord Rawson's influence with a young nobleman who was just going abroad, he might be invited as a travelling companion in a tour upon the continent. His taste for music and painting had almost raised him to the rank of a connoisseur: an amateur he modestly professed himself, and he was frequently stretched in elegant ease upon a sofa, already in revery in Italy, while his pupil was conversing out of the window, in no very elegant dialect, with the driver of a stage-coach in the neighbourhood. Young Holloway was almost as familiar with this coachman as with his father's groom, who, during his visits at home, supplied the place of Mr. Supine, in advancing his education. The stage-coachman so effectually wrought upon the ambition of Augustus, that his desire to learn *to drive* became uncontrollable. The coachman, partly by entreaties, and partly by the mute eloquence of a crown, was prevailed upon to promise, that, if Holloway could manage it without his tutor's knowledge, he should ascend to the honours of the box, and at least have the satisfaction of *seeing some good driving*.

Mr. Supine was soon invited to a private concert, at which Mrs. Holloway was expected, and at which her daughter Miss Angelina Holloway was engaged to perform. Mr. Supine's judicious applause of this young lady's execution was one of his greatest recommendations to the whole family, at least to the female part of

it: he could not, therefore, decline an invitation to this concert. Holloway complained of a sore throat, and desired to be excused from accompanying his tutor, adding, with his usual politeness, that "music was the greatest bore in nature, and especially Angelina's music." For the night of the concert Holloway had arranged his plan with the stage-coachman. Mr. Supine dressed, and then practised upon the German flute till towards nine o'clock in the evening. Holloway heard the stage-coach rattling through the street, while his tutor was yet in the middle of a long concerto: the coachman was to stop at the public-house, about ten doors off, to take up parcels and passengers, and there he was to wait for Holloway; but he had given him notice that he could not wait many minutes.

"You may practise the rest without book, in the chair, as you are going to —— street, *quite at your ease*, Mr. Supine," said Holloway to his tutor.

"Faith, so I can, and I'll adopt your idea, for it's quite a novel thing, and may take, if the fellows will only carry one steady. Good night: I'll mention your sore throat *properly* to Mrs. Holloway."

No sooner were the tutor and his German flute safely raised upon the chairmen's shoulders, than his pupil recovered from his sore throat, ran down to the place where the stage was waiting, seized the stage-coachman's down-stretched hand, sprang up, and seated himself triumphant upon the coach-box.

"Never saw a cleverer fellow," said the coachman· "now we are off."

"Give me the reins, then," said Holloway

"Not till we are out o' town," said the coachman: "when we get off the stones, we'll see a little of your driving."

When they got on the turnpike-road, Holloway impatiently seized the reins, and was as much gratified by this coachman's praises of his driving as ever he had been by the applauses he had received for his Latin verses. A taste for vulgar praise is the most dangerous taste a young man can have; it not only leads him into vulgar company, but it puts him entirely in the power of his companions, whoever they may happen to be. Augustus Holloway, seated beside a coachman, became, to all intents and purposes, a coachman himself; he caught, and gloried in catching, all his companion's slang, and with

his language caught all his ideas. The coachman talked with rapture of some young gentleman's horses which he had lately seen; and said that, if he was a gentleman, there was nothing he should pride himself so much upon as his horses. Holloway, as he was a gentleman, determined to have the finest horses that could be had for money, as soon as he should become his own master.

"And then," continued the coachman, "if I was a gentleman born, I'd never be shabby in the matters of wages and perquisites to them that be to look after my horses, seeing that horses can't be properly looked after for nothing."

"Certainly not," agreed the young gentleman: "my friend, Lord Rawson, I know, has a prodigious smart groom, and so will I all in good time."

"To be sure," said the coachman; "but it was not in regard to grooms I was meaning, so much as in regard to a coachman, which, I take it, is one of the first persons to be considered in a really grand family, seeing how great a trust is placed in him—(mind, sir, if you please, the turn at the corner, it's rather sharp)—seeing how great a trust is placed in him, as I was observing, a good coachman is worth his weight in gold."

Holloway had not leisure to weigh the solidity of this observation; for the conversation was now interrupted by the sound of a postchaise, which drove rapidly by.

"The job and four!" exclaimed the coachman, with as many oaths "as *the occasion required.*"

"Why did you let it pass us?" And with enthusiasm, which forgot all ceremony, he snatched the whip from his young companion, and, seizing the reins, drove at a furious rate. One of the chaise postillions luckily dropped his whip. They passed the job and four; and the coachman, having redeemed his honour, resigned once more the reins to Holloway, upon his promising not to let the job and four get ahead of them. The postillions were not without ambition: the men called to each other and to their horses; the horses caught some portion of their masters' spirit, and began to gain upon the coach. The passengers in the coach put out their heads, and female voices screamed in vain. All these terrors increased the sport; till at length, at a narrow part of the road, the rival coachman and postillions hazarded every thing for precedency. Holloway was desperate in proportion to his ignorance. The coachman attempted to

snatch the reins, but, missing his grasp, he shortened those of the off-hand horse, and drew them the wrong way: the coach ran upon a bank, and was overturned. Holloway was dismayed and silent; the coachman poured forth a torrent of abuse, sparing neither friend nor foe; the complaints of the female passengers were so incoherent, and their fears operated so much upon their imagination, that, in the first moments of confusion, each asserted that she had broken either an arm or a leg, or fractured her skull.

The moon, which had shone bright in the beginning of the evening, was now under a cloud, and the darkness increased the impatience of the various complainers; at length a lantern was brought from the turnpike-house, which was near the spot where the accident happened. As soon as the light came, the ladies looked at each other, and after they had satisfied themselves that no material injury had been done to their clothes, and that their faces were in no way disfigured, they began to recover from their terrors, and were brought to allow that all their limbs were in good preservation, and that they had been too hasty in declaring that their skulls were fractured. Holloway laughed loudly at all this, and joined in all the wit of the coachman upon the occasion. The coach was lifted up; the passengers got in; the coachman and Holloway mounted the box, when, just as they were setting off the coachman heard a voice crying to him to stop. He listened, and the voice, which seemed to be that of a person in great pain, again called for assistance.

"It's the mulatto woman," said the coachman: "we forgot her in the bustle. Lend me hold of the lantern, and stand at the horses' heads, while I see after her," added the coachman, addressing himself to the man who had come from the turnpike-house.

"I sha'n't stir for a *mulatto*, I promise you," said Holloway, brutally: "she was on the top of the coach, wasn't she? She must have had a fine hoist!"

The poor woman was found to be much hurt: she had been thrown from the top of the coach into a ditch, which had stones at the bottom of it. She had not been able to make herself heard by anybody, while the ladies' loud complaints continued; nor had she been able long to call for any assistance, for she had been stunned by her fall, and had not recovered her senses for many

minutes. She was not able to stand; but when the coachman held her up, she put her hand to her head, and in broken English, said she felt too ill to travel further that night.

"You shall have an inside place, if you'll pluck up your heart; and you'll find yourself better with the motion of the coach."

"What, is she hurt—the mulatto woman?—I say, coachy, make haste," cried Holloway, "I want to be off."

"So do I," said the coachman, "but we are not likely to be off yet: here's this here poor woman can't stand, and is all over bruises, and won't get into the inside of the coach, though I offered her a place."

Holloway, who imagined that the sufferings of all who were not so rich as himself could be *bought off* for money, pulled out a handful of silver, and leaning from the coach-box, held it towards the fainting woman;—"Here's a shilling for every bruise at least, my good woman:"—but the woman did not hear him, for she was very faint. The coachman was forced to carry her to the turnpike-house, where he left her, telling the people of the house that a return chaise would call for her in an hour's time, and would carry her either to the next stage, or back to town, whichever she pleased. Holloway's diversion for the rest of the night was spoiled, not because he had too much sympathy with the poor woman that was hurt, but because he had been delayed so long by the accident, that he lost the pleasure of driving into the town of * * * *. He had intended to have gone the whole stage, and to have returned in the job and four. This scheme had been arranged before he set out by his friend the coachman; but the postillions in the job and four having won the race, and made the best of their way, had now returned, and met the coach about two miles from the turnpike-house.

"So," said Holloway, "I must descend, and get home before Mr. Supine wakens from his first sleep."

Holloway called at the turnpike-house, to inquire after the mulatto; or rather one of the postillions stopped as he had been desired by the coachman, to take her up to town, if she was able to go that night.

The postillion, after he had spoken to the woman, came to the chaise-door, and told Holloway "that he could hardly understand what she said, she talked such out-

landish English; and that he could not make out where she wanted to be carried to."

"Ask the name of some of her friends in town," cried Holloway, "and don't let her keep us here all night."

"She has no friends, as I can find," replied the postillion, "nor acquaintance neither."

"Well, who does she belong to then?"

"She belongs to nobody—she's quite a stranger in these parts, and doesn't know no more than a child where to go in all London; she only knows the Christian name of an old gardener, where she lodged she says."

"What would she have us to do with her, then?" said Holloway. "Drive on, for I shall be late."

The postillion, more humane than Holloway, exclaimed, "No, master, no!—it's a sin to leave her upon the road this ways, though she's no Christian, as we are, poor copper-coloured soul! I was once a stranger myself in *Lon'on*, without a sixpence to bless myself; so I know what it is, master."

The good-natured postillion returned to the mulatto woman. "Mistress," said he, "I'd fain see ye safe home, if you could but think of the t'other name of that gardener that you mentioned lodging with; because there be so many Pauls in London town, that I should never find your Paul, as you don't know neither the name of his street—but I'll tell ye now all the streets I'm acquainted with, and that's a many: do you stop me, mistress, when I come to the right; for you're sadly bruised, and I won't see you left this ways on the road."

He then named several streets; the mulatto woman stopped him at one name which she recollected to be the name of the street in which the gardener lived. The woman at the turnpike-house, as soon as she heard the street in which he lived named, said she knew this gardener; that he had a large garden about a mile off, and that he came from London early almost every morning with his cart, for garden-stuff for the market: she advised the mulatto woman to stay where she was that night, and to send to ask the gardener to come on to the turnpike-house for her in the morning. The postillion promised to go to the gardener's "by the first break of day." The woman raised her head to bless him; and the impatient Holloway loudly called to him to return to his horses, swearing that he would not give him one farthing for himself if he did not.

The anxiety which Holloway felt to escape detection kept him in pain; but Holloway never measured or estimated his pleasures and his pains; therefore he never discovered that, even upon the most selfish calculation, he had paid too dear for the pleasure of sitting upon a coach-box for one hour.

It was two o'clock in the morning before the chaise arrived in town, when he was set down at the house at which the stage-coach put up, walked home, got in at his bedchamber window—his bedchamber was upon the ground-floor. Mr. Supine was fast asleep, and his pupil triumphed in his successful *frolic*.

While Holloway, in his dreams, was driving again, and again overturning stage coaches, young Howard, in his less manly dreams, saw Dr. B., the head master of Westminster school, advancing towards him, at a public examination, with a prize medal in his hand, which turned, Howard thought, as he looked upon it, first into the face of his aunt, smiling upon him; then into a striking likeness of his tutor, Mr. Russell, who also smiled upon him; and then changed into the head of little Oliver, whose eyes seemed to sparkle with joy. Just at the instant, Howard awoke, and opening his eyes, saw Oliver's face close to him, laughing heartily.

"Why," exclaimed Oliver, "you seized my head with both your hands when I came to waken you: what could you be dreaming of, Charles?"

"I dreamed I took you for a medal, and I was right glad to have hold of you," said Howard, laughing; "but I shall not get my medal by dreaming about it. What o'clock is it? I shall be ready in half a second."

"Ay," said Oliver, "I won't tell you what o'clock it is till you're dressed: make haste; I've been up this half-hour, and I've got every thing ready, and I've carried the little table, and all your books, and the pen and ink, and all the things, out to our seat; and the sun shines upon it, and every thing looks cheerful, and you'll have a full hour to work, for it's only half after five."

At the back of Mrs. Howard's house there was a little garden; at the end of the garden was a sort of root-house, which Oliver had cleaned out, and which he dignified by the title of *the seat*. There were some pots

of geraniums and myrtles kept in it, with Mrs. Howard's permission, by a gardener, who lived next door to her, and who frequently came to work in her garden. Oliver watered the geraniums, and picked off the dead leaves, while Howard was writing at the little table which had been prepared for him. Howard had at this time two grand works in hand, on which he was enthusiastically intent: he was translating the little French book which the traveller had given to him; and he was writing *an essay for a prize.* The young gentlemen at Westminster were engaged in writing essays for a periodical paper; and Dr. B. had promised to give a prize medal as the reward for that essay, which he, and a jury of critics, to be chosen from among the boys themselves, should pronounce to be the best composition.

"I won't talk to you, I won't interrupt you," said Oliver to Howard; "but only answer me one question: what is your essay about?"

Howard put his finger upon his lips, and shook his head.

"I assure you I did not look, though I longed to peep at it this morning before you were up. Pray, Charles, do you think *I* shall ever be able to write essays?"

"To be sure," said Howard: "why not?"

"Ah," said Oliver, with a sigh, "because I've no genius, you know."

"But," said Howard, "have you not found out that you could do a great many things that you thought you could not do?"

"Ay, thank you for that: but then, you know, those are the sort of things which can be done without genius."

"And what *are* the things," replied Howard, "which cannot be done without genius?"

"O, a great, *great* many, I believe," said Oliver: "you know Holloway said so."

"But we are not forced to believe it, because Holloway said so, are we? Besides, a *great many things* may mean any thing, buckling your shoes, or putting on your hat, for instance."

Oliver laughed at this, and said, "These, to be sure, are not the sort of things that can't be done without genius."

"What are the sort of things?" repeated Howard.

"Let us, now I've the pen in my hand, make a list of them."

"Take a longer bit of paper."

"No, no, the list will not be so very long as you think it will. What shall I put first?—make haste for I am in a hurry."

"Well—writing, then—writing, I'm sure, requires genius."

"Why?"

"Because I never could write, and I've often tried and tried to write something, but I never could; because I've no genius for it."

"What did you try to write?" said Howard.

"Why, letters," said Oliver: "my uncle and my aunt, and my two cousins desired I would write to them regularly once a fortnight; but I never can make out a letter, and I'm always sorry when letter-writing day comes; and if I sit thinking and thinking for ever so long, I can find nothing to say. I used always to beg *a beginning* from somebody; but then, when I've got over the beginning, that's only three or four lines; and if I stretch it out ever so much, it won't make a whole letter; and what can I put in the middle? There's nothing but that *I am well, and hope they are all well;* or else, *that I am learning Latin, as you desired, dear uncle, and am forward in my English.* The end I can manage well enough, because there's duty and love to send to everybody; and about *the post is just going out, and believe me to be in haste, your dutiful and affectionate nephew.* But then," continued little Oliver, "this is all nonsense, I know, and I'm ashamed to write such bad letters. Now your pen goes on, scratch, scratch, scratch, the moment you sit down to it; and you can write three pages of a nice, long, good letter, while I am writing '*My dear uncle John,*' and that's what I call having a genius for writing. I wonder how you came by it: could you write good letters when you were of my age?"

"I never wrote any letters at your age," said Howard.

"O, how happy you must have been! But then, if you never learned, how comes it that you can write them now? How can you always find something to say?"

"I never write but when I have something to say; and you know, when you had something to say last post

about Easter holydays, your pen, Oliver, went scratch, scratch, scratch, as fast as anybody's."

"So it did," cried Oliver; "but then the thing is, I'm forced to write when I've nothing about the holydays to say"

"Forced?"

"Yes, because I'm afraid my uncle and cousins should be angry if I didn't write."

"I'm sure I'm much obliged," said Howard, "to my dear aunt, who never forced me to write: she always said, 'Never write, Charles, but when you like it;' and I never did. When I had any thing to say, that is, any thing to describe, or any reasons to give upon any subject, or any questions to ask which I very much wished to have answered, then you know I could easily write, because I had nothing to do but to write down just the words which I should have said if I had been speaking."

"But I thought writing was quite a different thing from speaking, because in writing there must be sentences, and long sentences, and fine sentences, such as there are in books."

"In *some* books," said Howard, "but not in all."

"Besides," continued Oliver, "one person's speaking is quite different from another person's speaking. Now I believe I make use of a great number of odd words, and vulgar expressions, and bad English, which I learned from being with the servants, I believe, at home. You have never talked to servants, Charles, I dare say, for you have not one of their words."

"No," said Charles, "never; and my aunt took a great deal of pains to prevent me from hearing any of their conversation; therefore it was impossible that I should catch—"

Here the conversation was interrupted by the appearance of old Paul the gardener.

"So, Paul," cried little Oliver, "I've been doing your work for you this morning; I've watered all the geraniums, and put the Indian corn in the sun; what kept you so late in your bed this fine morning, Paul? fy, Paul?"

"You would not say fy, master," replied Paul, "if you knew how early I had been out of my bed, this morning: I was abroad afore sunrise, so I was, master."

"And why didn't you come to work then, Paul? You shall not have the watering-pot till you tell me:

don't look so grave about it; you know you must smile when I please, Paul."

"I can't smile just now, master," said old Paul; but he smiled, and then told Oliver, that "the reason he could not smile was, that he was a little sick at heart, with just coming from the sight of a poor soul who had been sadly bruised by a fall from the top of the stage which was overturned last night. She was left all night at the *pike*, and as she had no other friends, she sent for me by a return chay-boy, and I went for her, and brought her home in my covered cart to my good woman, which she liked with good reason, better ten to one than the stage. And she's terribly black and blue, and does not seem quite right in her head to my fancy."

"I wish we could do something for her," said Howard. "As soon as Mr. Russell is up, I'll ask him to go with us to see her. We will call as we go by to school this morning."

"But, master," said the gardener, "I should warn ye beforehand, that mayhap you mayn't pity her so much, for she's rather past her best days; and bad must have been her best, for she's swarthy, and not like one of this country; she comes from over the seas, and they call her a—a—not quite a negro."

"A mulatto!—I like her the better," cried Oliver, "for my nurse was a mulatto. I'll go and waken Mr. Russell this instant, for I'm sure he'll not be angry." He ran away to Mr. Russell, who was not angry at being awakened, but dressed himself *almost* as expeditiously as Oliver wished, and set out immediately with his pupils, delighted to be the companion of their benevolent schemes, instead of being the object of their fear and hatred. Tutors may inspire affection, even though they have the misfortune to be obliged to teach Greek and Latin.*

When the boys arrived at the gardener's, they found the poor mulatto woman lying upon a bed, in a small close room, which was so full of smoke, when they came in, that they could hardly breathe; the little window that let in but a glimmering light, could not without difficulty be opened. The poor woman made but few complaints; she appeared to be most concerned at the thoughts of being a burden to the good old gardener and

* Vide Dr. Johnson's assertions to the contrary, in Mrs. Piozzi's Anecdotes.

his wife. She said that she had been long in England; that she came to London in hopes of finding a family who had been very kind to her in her youth; but that after inquiry at the house where they had formerly lived she could hear nothing of them. After a great deal of trouble, she discovered that a West India gentleman, who had known her abroad, was now at Bath; but she had spent the last farthing of her money, and she was therefore unable to undertake the journey. She had brought over with her, she said, some foreign seeds of flowers, which her young mistress used to be fond of when she was a child, which she had kept till hunger obliged her to offer them to a gardener for a loaf of bread. The gardener to whom she offered them was old Paul, who took compassion upon her distress, lodged her for a week, and at last paid for an outside place for her upon the Bath coach. There was such an air of truth and simplicity in this woman, that Mr. Russell, more experienced than his pupils, believed her story at once, as implicitly as they did. "O," exclaimed little Oliver, "I have but this half-crown for her: I wish Holloway had but paid me my half-guinea; I'll ask him for it again to-day; and will you come with us here again, this evening, Mr. Russell, that I may bring it then?"

Mr. Russell and Howard hired the room for a fortnight in which the mulatto woman was now lying, and paid old Paul the gardener for it, promising at the same time to supply her with food. The gardener's wife, at the poor woman's earnest request, promised that as soon as she was able to sit up, she would get her some coarse plain work to do.

"But," said Oliver, "how can she see to work in this smoke? I'm sure it makes my eyes water so that I can hardly bear it, though I have been in it scarcely ten minutes."

"I wish," exclaimed Howard, turning to Mr. Russell, "that this chimney could be cured of smoking."

"O, welladay," said the gardener, "we must put up with it as it is, for I've had doctors to it, at one time or another, that have cost me a power of money; but, after all it's as bad as ever, and my good dame never lights a fire in it this fine spring weather; howsomever, she (pointing to the mulatto woman) is so chilly, coming from a country that, by all accounts, is a hot-house compared with ours, that she can't sleep o' nights, or live o'

days without a small matter of fire, which she's welcome to; though you see it almost fills the house with smoke."

Howard, during the gardener's speech, had been trying to recollect where it was that he had lately seen some essay upon smoky chimneys; and he suddenly exclaimed, "It was in Dr. Franklin's works—was it not, Mr. Russell?"

"What?" said Mr. Russell, smiling.

"That essay upon smoky chimneys which I said I would skip over, the other day, because I had nothing to do with it, and I thought I should not understand. Don't you remember telling me, sir, that I had better not skip it, because it might some time or other be useful to me? I wish I could get the book now; I would take pains to understand it, because, perhaps, I might find out how this poor man's chimney might be cured of smoking. As for his window, I know how that can be easily mended, because I once watched a man who was hanging some windows for my aunt—I'll get some sash-line."

"Do you recollect what o'clock it is, my good friend?" said Mr. Russell, holding out his watch to Howard. "We cannot wait till you are perfect master of the theory of smoky chimneys and the practice of hanging windows; it is time that we should be gone." Mr. Russell spoke this with an air of raillery, as he usually did when he was particularly pleased.

As they were going away, Oliver earnestly repeated his request, that Mr. Russell would come again in the evening, that he might have an opportunity of giving the poor woman his half-guinea. Mr. Russell promised him that he would; but he at the same time added, "all charity, my dear Oliver, does not consist in giving money—it is easy for a man to put his hand in his pocket, and take out a few shillings to give to any person in distress."

"I wish," said Oliver, "I was able to do more! what can I do? I'll think of something. Howard, will you think of something that I can do? But I must see about my Latin lesson first, for I had not time to look it over this morning before I came out."

When they got back, the business of the day for some hours suspended all thoughts of the mulatto woman; but in the first interval of leisure, Oliver went in search of Mr. Holloway, to ask for his half-guinea. Holloway had a crowd of his companions round him, whom he seemed

to be entertaining with some very diverting story, for they were laughing violently when litile Oliver first came up to them; but they no sooner perceived him than all their merriment suddenly ceased. Holloway first lowered his voice into a whisper, and then observing that Oliver still stood his ground, he asked him, in his usual peremptory tone, what might be his business? Oliver drew him aside, and asked him to pay him *the* half-guinea. "*The* half-guinea?" repeated Holloway: "man, you talk of *the* half-guinea as if there was but one half-guinea in the world: you shall have *the* half-guinea, for I hate to be dunned—stay, I believe I have no *half*-a-guinea about me: you can't give me two half-guineas for a guinea, can ye?"

"Me!"

"Well, then, you must wait till I can get change."

"Must I wait? But I really want it for a particular reason this evening: I wish you could give it me now—you know you promised; but I don't like putting people in mind of their promises, and I would not ask you about the money, only that I really want it."

"Want it! nonsense: what can you want money for, such a little chap as you? I'll lay you any wager, your *particular reason*, if the truth was told, is, that you can't resist the tart-woman."

"I *can* resist the tart-woman," cried Oliver, proudly; "I have a much better use for my money: but I don't want to boast, neither; only, Holloway, do give me the half-guinea. Shall I run and ask somebody to give you two half-guineas for a guinea?"

"No, no, I'll not be dunned into paying you. If you had not asked me for it, I should have given it you to-night: but since you could not trust to my honour, you'll please to wait till to-morrow morning."

"But I did trust to your honour for a whole month."

"A month! a great while, indeed; then trust to it a day longer; and if you ask me for the money to-morrow, you sha'nt have it till the next day. I'll teach you not to be such a little dun: nobody that has any spirit can bear to be dunned, particularly for such small sums. I thought you had been above such meanness, or, I promise you, I should never have borrowed your half-guinea," added Holloway; and he left his unfortunate creditor to reflect upon the new ideas of *meanness* and *spirit* which had been thus artfully thrown out.

Oliver was roused from his reflections by his friend . oward. "Mr. Russell is ready to go with us to the gardener's again," said Howard: "have you a mind to come?"

"A great mind; but I am ashamed, for I've not got my half-guinea which I lent." Here his newly-acquired fear of meanness checked Oliver; and without complaining of his creditor's want of punctuality, he added, "but I should like to see the poor woman, though, for all that."

They set out, but stopped in their way at a bookseller's, where Howard inquired for that essay of Dr. Franklin on smoky chimneys, which he was impatient to see. This bookseller was well acquainted with Mr. Russell. Howard had promised to give the bookseller the translation of the little French book which we formerly mentioned; and the bookseller, on his part, was very obliging in furnishing Howard with any books he wanted.

Howard was deep in the essay on smoky chimneys, and examining the references in the print belonging to it, while Mr. Russell was looking over the prints in the Encyclopedia, with little Oliver. They were all so intent upon what they were about, that they did not perceive the entrance of Holloway and Mr. Supine. Mr. Supine called in merely to see what Mr. Russell could be looking at with so much appearance of interest. The indolent are always curious, though they will not always exert themselves even to gratify their curiosity.

"Only the Encyclopedia prints," said Supine, looking over Mr. Russell's shoulder: "I thought you had got something new."

"Only smoky chimneys," exclaimed Holloway, looking over Howard's shoulders; "what upon earth, Howard, can you find so entertaining in smoky chimneys? Are you turned chimney-doctor or chimney-sweeper? This will be an excellent thing for Lord Rawson, won't it, Mr. Supine? We'll tell it to him on Thursday; it will be a good joke for us for half the day. Pray, Doctor Charles Howard," continued the wit, with mock solemnity, "do you go up the chimneys yourself?"

Howard took this raillery with so much good-humour that Holloway looked quite disappointed; and Mr. Supine, in a careless tone, cried, "I take it, reading such things as these will scarcely improve your style, sir: will they, think ye, Mr. Russell?"

"I am not sure," replied Mr. Russell, "that Mr. How-

ard's *first* object in reading is to improve his style; but," added he, turning to the titlepage, and pointing to Franklin's name, "you, perhaps, did not know—"

"Oh! Dr. Franklin's works!" interrupted Supine: "I did not see the name before—to be sure I must bow down to *that*."

Having thus easily satisfied Mr. Supine's critical scruples by the authority of a name, Mr. Russell rose to depart, as he perceived that there was no chance of getting rid of the idlers.

"What are you going to do with yourself, Russell?" said Mr. Supine. "We'll walk with you, if you are for walking this fine evening; only don't let's walk like penny-postmen."

"But he's in a hurry," said Oliver; "he's going to see a poor woman."

"A *poor* woman!" said Supine; "down this close lane, too!"

"O, let's see all that's to be seen," whispered Holloway; "ten to one we shall get some diversion out of it: Russell's a quiz worth studying, and Howard's his ditto."

They came to the gardener's house. Holloway's high spirits suddenly subsided when he beheld the figure of the mulatto woman.

"What's the matter?" said Oliver, observing that he started; "why did you start so?"

"Tell Howard I want to speak one word with him this instant, in the street; bid him come out to me," whispered Holloway; and he hastily retreated before the poor woman saw his face.

"Howard," cried Holloway, "I sent for you to tell you a great secret."

"I'm sorry for it," said Charles, "for I hate secrets."

"But you can keep a secret, man, can't you?"

"If it was necessary, I hope I could; but I'd rather not hear—"

"Pooh," nonsense!" interrupted Holloway; "you must hear it; I'll trust to your honour; and, besides, I have not a moment to stand shilly-shally: I've got a promise from my father to let me go down, this Easter, with Lord Rawson to Marryborough, in his dog-cart, *random-tandem*, you know."

"I did not know it, indeed," said Charles; "but what then?"

"Why then, you see, I must be upon my good behaviour —and you would not do such an ill-natured trick as to, betray me."

"Betray you! I don't know what you mean," said Howard, astonished.

Holloway now briefly told him his stage-coach adventure, and concluded by saying he was afraid that the mulatto woman should recollect either his face or voice, and should *blow him*.

"And what," said Howard, shocked at the selfishness which Holloway showed; "and what do you want me to do? why do you tell me all this?"

"Because," said Holloway, "I thought if you heard what the woman said when she saw me, you would have got it all out of her, to be sure; therefore I thought it best to trust you with my secret, and so put you upon honour with me. All I ask of you is to hold your tongue about my—my—my—frolic, and just make some excuse for my not going into the room again where the mulatto woman is: you may tell Supine, if he asks what's become of me, that I'm gone to the music-shop to get some new music for him: that will keep him quiet.—Good-by."

When Howard returned to the room where the mulatto woman lay, he expected to be questioned by Mr. Supine about Holloway's sudden departure; but this gentleman was not in the habit of paying great attention to his pupil's motions. He took it for granted that Holloway had escaped, because he did not wish to be called upon for a charitable subscription. From the same fear, Mr. Supine affected unusual absence of mind while Mr. Russell talked to the mulatto woman, and at length, professing himself unable to endure any longer the smell of smoke, he pushed his way into the street. "Mr. Holloway, I suppose," said he, "has taken himself home, very wisely, and I shall follow him: we make it a rule, I think, to miss one another; but to keep a young man in leading-strings would be a great *bore*. We're upon the best footing in the world together: as to the rest—"

New difficulties awaited Holloway. He got home some time before Mr. Supine, and found his friend the stage-coachman waiting for him with a rueful face.

"Master," said he, "here's a sad job: there was a parcel lost last night in the confusion of the overturn of the coach, and I must make it good; for it's booked, and it's

booked to the value of five guineas, for it was a gold muslin gown that a lady was very particular about; and, master, I won't peach if you'll pay: but as for losing my place, or making up five guineas afore Saturday, it's wha I can't take upon me to do."

Holloway was much dismayed at this news; he now began to think he should pay too dear for his frolic. The coachman persisted in his demand. Mr. Supine appeared at the corner of the street; and his pupil was forced to get rid immediately of the coachman, by a promise that the money should be ready on Saturday. When Holloway made this promise, he was not master of two guineas in the world; how to procure the whole sum was now the question. Alderman Holloway, with the hope of exciting in his son's mind a love for literature, made it a practice to reward him with *solid gold* whenever he brought home any certificate of his scholarship. Holloway had lately received five guineas from his father for an approved copy of Latin verses; and the alderman had promised to give him five guineas more if he brought home the medal which was to be the reward for the best essay in the periodical paper which the Westminster boys were now writing. Holloway, though he could write elegant Latin verses, had not any great facility in English composition; he, consequently, according to the usual practice of little minds, undervalued a talent which he did not possess. He had ridiculed the scheme of writing an English essay, and had loudly declared that he did not think it worth his while to write English. His opinion was, however, somewhat changed by his father's promised reward; and the stage-coachman's impatience for his money now impelled Holloway to exertion. He began to write his essay late on Friday evening—the medal was to be given on Saturday morning—so that there could not be much time for revisal and corrections. Corrections he affected to disdain, and piqued himself upon the rapidity with which he wrote. Howard," said he, when they met to deliver in their compositions, "you have been three weeks writing your essay; I ran mine off in three hours and a quarter."

Mr. Holloway had not considered that what is written with ease is not always read with ease. His essay was written with such a careless superfluity of words, and such a lack of ideas appeared in the performance, that the judges unanimously threw it aside, as unworthy of their

notice. "Gentlemen," cried Dr. B., coming forward among the anxious crowd of expectants, "which of you owns this motto?—

"'Hear it, ye senates, hear this truth sublime,
He who allows oppression shares the crime.'"*

"It's his!—it's his!—it's his!" exclaimed little Oliver, clapping his hands—"it's Howard's, sir."

Dr. B., pleased with this grateful little boy's honest joy, put the medal into his hands, without speaking, and Oliver ran with it to his friend. "Only," said he, "only let me be by, when you show it to your aunt."

How much the pleasure of success is increased by the sympathy of our friends! The triumph of a schoolboy over his competitors is sometimes despicable; but Howard's joy was not of the selfish and puerile sort. All the good passions had stimulated him to exertion, and he was rewarded by his own generous feelings. He would not have exchanged the delight which he saw in his little friend Oliver's face, the approving smile of his aunt, and the proud satisfaction Mr. Russell expressed at the sight of his medal, for all the solid gold which Alderman Holloway deemed the highest reward of literature.

Alderman Holloway was filled with indignation when he heard from Mr. Supine that his son's essay had been rejected with contempt. The young gentleman was also much surprised at the decision of the judges; and his tutor, by way of pleasing his pupil's friends, hesitated not to hint, that there "certainly was great injustice done to Mr. Augustus Holloway's talents." The subject was canvassed at a turtle dinner at the alderman's. "There shall not be injustice done to my Augustus," said the irritated father, wisely encouraging his Augustus in all his mean feelings. "Never mind 'em all, my boy; you have a father, you may thank Heaven, who *can* judge for himself, and *will:* you shall not be the loser by Dr. B.'s or doctor anybody's injustice; I'll make it up to you, my boy; in the mean time join us in a bumper of port. Here's to Dr. B.'s better judgment; wishing him health and happiness these Easter holydays, and *a new pair of spectacles*—hey, Mr. Supine!"

This well-chosen toast was drunk with much applause and laughter by the company. The alderman insisted

* Botanic Garden, vol. ii.

upon having his Augustus's essay produced in the evening. Holloway had now ample satisfaction, for the whole company were unanimous in their plaudits, after Mr. Supine had read two or three sentences: the alderman, to confirm his own critical judgment, drew out his purse, and counting out ten bright guineas, presented them, with a look of high self-satisfaction, to his son. "Here, Augustus, my boy," said he: "I promised you five guineas if you brought me home the prize medal; but I now present you with ten, to make you the amends you so richly deserve, for not having got their medal. Thank God, I am able to afford it; and I hope," added the alderman, looking round, and laughing, "I hope I'm as good a patron of the *belles lettres* as the head doctor of Westminster himself."

Holloway's eyes sparkled with joy at the sight of the glittering bribe. He began some speech in reply, in which he compared his father to Mæcenas; but being entangled in a sentence in which the nominative case had been too long separated from the verb, he was compelled to pause abruptly. Nevertheless, the alderman rubbed his hands with exultation; and, "Hear him! hear him!—hear your member!" was vociferated by all the friends of the young orator. "Well, really," concluded his mother to the ladies, who were complimenting her upon her son's performance, "it was not a bad speech, considering he had nothing to say!"

Lord Rawson, who was one of the company, now congratulated his friend in a whisper—"You've made a good job of it to-day, Augustus," said he: "solid pudding's better than empty praise. We're going," continued his lordship to the alderman, "to try my new horses this evening;" and he pulled Augustus with him out of the room.

"There they go," said the prudent father, delighted with his own son's being the chosen friend of a nobleman—"there they go, arm in arm, a couple of rare ones. we shall have fine work with them, I foresee, when Augustus gets to college—but young men of spirit must not be curbed like common boys—we must make allowances—I have been young myself—hey, Mr. Supine?"

"Certainly, sir," said the obsequious tutor; "and you have still all the sprightliness of youth; and my ideas of education square completely with yours."

According to Alderman Holloway's ideas of educa-

tion, the holydays were always to be made a season of complete idleness and dissipation, to relieve his son from his school studies. It was his great delight to contrast the pleasures of home with the hardships of school, and to make his son compare the indulgence of a father with the severity of a schoolmaster. How he could expect an education to succeed which he sedulously endeavoured to counteract, it may be difficult for any rational person to conceive.

After Lord Rawson and Holloway had enjoyed the pleasures of driving the new horses, *tandem*, in a dog-cart, and had conversed about dogs and horses till they had nothing left to say to each other, his lordship proposed stepping in to Mr. Carat, the jeweller's shop, to look at some new watches: his lordship said he was tired of his own, for he had had it six months. Mr Carat was not in the way when they first went in. One of the young men who attended in the shop said, "that his master was extremely busy, in settling some accounts with a captain of a ship who was to leave England in a few days."

"Don't tell me of settling accounts," cried Lord Rawson—"I hate the sound of settling accounts: run and tell Mr. Carat that Lord Rawson is here, and must speak to him this instant, for I'm in a desperate hurry."

A quarter of an hour elapsed before the impatient lord could be obeyed; during this time, his lordship and Holloway rummaged over every thing in the shop. A pretty bauble to hang to his watch caught his lordship's fancy. His lordship happened to have no money in his pocket. "Holloway," said he, "my good fellow, you've ten guineas in your pocket, I know: do lend me them here." Holloway, rather proud of his riches, lent his ten guineas to his noble friend with alacrity; but a few minutes afterward recollected that he should want five of them, that very night, to pay the poor stage-coachman. His recollection came too late, for after Lord Rawson had paid three or four guineas for his trinket, he let the remainder of the money down, with an absent nonchalance, into his pocket. "We'll settle—I'll pay you, Holloway, tomorrow morning, you know."

Holloway, from false shame, replied, "O, very well." And at this instant Mr. Carat entered the shop, bowing and apologizing to his lordship for having been busy.

"I'm always, to be sure, in a very great hurry," cried

Lord Rawson; "I never have a minute that I can call my own. All I wanted, though, just now, was to tell you that I could not settle any thing—you understand—till we come back from Marryborough. I go down there to-morrow."

The Jew bowed with unlimited acquiescence, assuring his lordship that he should ever wait his perfect convenience. As he spoke he glanced an inquiring eye upon Holloway.

"Mr. Holloway, the eldest, the only son of Alderman Holloway—rich as a Jew! and he'll soon leave Westminster," whispered Lord Rawson to the Jew. "Holloway," continued he, turning to his friend, "give me leave to introduce Mr. Carat to you. You may," added his lordship, lowering his voice, "find this Jew a useful friend some time or other, my lad. He's my man in all money jobs."

The Jew and the schoolboy seemed equally flattered and pleased by this introduction; they were quickly upon familiar terms with one another; and Mr. Carat, who was willing that such an acquaintance should begin in the most advantageous and agreeable manner on his part, took the young gentleman, with an air of mystery and confidence, into a little room behind the shop; there he produced a box full of old-fashioned second-hand trinkets, and without giving Holloway time to examine them, said that he was going to make a lottery of these things. "If I had any young favourite friends," continued the wily Jew, "I should give them a little whisper in the ear, and bid them try their fortune; they never will have a finer opportunity." He then presented a handbill, drawn up in a style which even Messrs. Goodluck and Co. need not have disdained to admire. The youth was charmed with the composition. The Jew made him a present of a couple of tickets for himself, and gave him a dozen more to distribute among his companions at Westminster. Holloway readily undertook to distribute the tickets, upon condition that he might have a list of the prizes in the lottery. "If they don't see a list of the prizes," said he, "not a soul will put in."

The Jew took a pen immediately, and drew up a captivating list of prizes.

Holloway promised to copy it, because Mr. Carat said his hand must not appear in the business, and it must be

conducted with the strictest secrecy; because "the law," added the Jew, "has a little jealousy of these sort of things—government likes none but licensed lotteries, young gentleman."

"The law! I don't care what the law likes," replied the schoolboy; "if I break the law I hope I'm rich enough to pay the forfeit, or my father will pay for me, which is better still."

To this doctrine the Jew readily assented, and they parted, mutually satisfied with each other.

It was agreed that Lord Rawson should drive his friend to Marryborough the next Tuesday, and that he should return on Wednesday, with Holloway, to Westminster, on purpose that he might meet Mr. Carat there, who was then to deliver the prizes.

"I'll lay you a bet," cried Lord Rawson, as he left the Jew's, "that you'll have a prize yourself. Now are you not obliged to me for introducing you to Carat?"

"Yes, that I am," replied Holloway: "it's easier to put into the lottery than to write Latin verses and English essays. I'll puzzle and bore myself no more with those things, I promise my father."

"Who does, after they've once left school, I want to know?" said his noble friend. "I'm sure I've forgot all I ever learned from Latin and Greek fellows; you know they tell just for nothing when one gets into the world. I make it a principle never to talk of books, for nobody does, you know, that has any thing else to talk of. None but quizzes and quozzes ever came out with any thing of that sort. Now, how they'd stare at Marryborough, Holloway, if you were to begin sporting some of your Horace and Virgil!"

The dashing, yet bashful schoolboy, with much emotion, swore that he cared as little for Horace and Virgil as his lordship did. Holloway was really an excellent scholar, but he began to be heartily ashamed of it in his lordship's company, and prudently resolved to adopt the principles he had just heard; to forget, as fast as possible, all he had learned; never to talk of books; and to conceal both his knowledge and abilities, lest *they should stare at him at Marryborough.*

The lottery-tickets were easily disposed of among the young gentlemen at Westminster. As young men can seldom calculate, they are always eady to trust to their

individual good fortune, and they are, consequently, ever ready to put into any species of lottery.

"Look here!" cried little Oliver, showing a lottery-ticket to Howard; "look what Holloway has just offered to give me, instead of half-a-guinea, which he owes me. I told him I would just run and ask your advice. Shall I accept of it?"

"I would advise you not," answered Howard: "you are sure of your half-guinea, and you have only a chance of getting any thing in the lottery."

"O, but then I've a chance of such a number of fine things! You have not seen the list of prizes. Do you know there's a watch among them? Now, suppose my ticket should come up a prize, and that I should get a watch for my half-guinea!—a real watch!—a watch that would *go!*—a watch that I should wind up myself every night! O, Charles! would not that be a good bargain for my half-guinea? I'm sure you have not read the list of prizes, have you?"

"No; I have not," said Howard: "have you seen the list of blanks?"

"Of blanks! no," said Oliver, with a changed counte nance; "I never thought of the blanks."

"And yet in most lotteries there are many more blanks than prizes, you know."

"Are there? Well, but I hope I shall not have a blank," said Oliver.

"So everybody hopes, but some people must be dis-appointed."

"Yes," said the little boy, pausing—"but then some people must win, and I have as good a chance as another, have not I?"

"And do you know what the chance against your winning is? Once I had a great mind, as you have now, Oliver, to put into a lottery. It was just after my aunt lost all her fortune, and I thought that if I were to get the twenty thousand pound prize, I could give it to her."

"I'll give my watch (if I get it, I mean) to somebody. I'll give it to the mulatto woman, because she is poor. No; I'll give it to you, because you are the best, and I love you the best, and I am more obliged to you than to anybody in the world, for you have taught me more; and you have taught me as I was never taught before, without laughing at, or scolding, or frightening, or call-ing me blockhead or dunce; and you have made me

think a great deal better of myself; and I am always happy when I'm with you; and I'm quite another creature since you came to school. I hope you'll never leave school while I am here," cried Oliver.

"But you have quite forgot the lottery," said Howard, smiling, and much touched by his little friend's simplicity and enthusiasm.

"O, the lottery! ay," said Oliver, "you were telling me something about yourself; do go on."

"I once thought, as you do now, that it would be a charming thing to put into a lottery."

"Well, and did you win?"

"No."

"Did you lose?"

"No."

"How then?"

"I did not put into the lottery, for I was convinced that it was a foolish way of spending money."

"If you think it's foolish or wrong," said Oliver, "I'll have nothing to do with this lottery."

"I don't want to govern you by my opinion," said Howard; "but if you have patience to attend to all the reasons that convinced me, you will be able to judge, and form an opinion for yourself. You know I must leave school some time or other, and then—"

"Well, don't talk of that, but tell me all the reasons, quick."

"I can't tell them so quickly," said Howard, laughing: "when we go home this evening, I'll ask my aunt to look for the passage in Smith's Wealth of Nations, which she showed me."

"Oh!" interrupted Oliver, with a sigh, "*Smith's Wealth* of what? That's a book, I'm sure, I shall never be able to understand: is it not that great large book that Mr. Russell reads?"

"Yes."

"But I shall never understand it."

"Because it's a large book?"

"No," said Oliver, smiling, "but because I suppose it's very difficult to understand."

"Not what I have read of it: but I have only read passages here and there. That passage about lotteries, I think you would understand, because it is so plainly written."

"I'll read it, then," said Oliver, "and try; and in the

mean time I'll go and tell Holloway that I had rather not put into the lottery till I know whether it's right or not."

Holloway flew into a violent passion with little Oliver when he went to return his lottery-ticket. He abused and ridiculed Howard for his interference, and succeeded so well in raising a popular cry, that the moment Howard appeared on the play-ground, a general hiss, succeeded by a deep groan, was heard. Howard recollected the oracle's answer to Cicero, and was not dismayed by the voice of the multitude. Holloway threw down half-a-guinea, to pay Oliver, and muttered to himself, "I'll make you remember this, Mr. Oliver."

"I'll give this half-guinea to the mulatto woman, and that's much better than putting it into a lottery, Charles," said the little boy; and as soon as the business of the day was done, Oliver, Howard, and Mr. Russell took their usual evening's walk towards the gardener's house.

"Ay, come in," cried old Paul, "come in! God bless you all! I don't know which is the best of you. I've been looking out of my door this quarter of an hour for ye," said he, as soon as he saw them; "and I don't know when I've been idle a quarter of an hour afore. But I've put on my best coat, though it's not Sunday, and wife has treated *her* to a dish of tea, and she's up and dressed—the mulatto woman, I mean—and quite hearty again. Walk in, walk in; it will do your hearts good to see her; she's so grateful too, though she can't speak good English, which is her only fault, poor soul; but we can't be born what we like, or she would have been as good an Englishman as the best of us. Walk in, walk in. And the chimney does not smoke, master, no more than I do; and the window opens too; and the paper's up, and looks beautiful. God bless ye, God bless ye—walk in." Old Paul, while he spoke, had stopped the way into the room; but at length he recollected that they could not *walk in* while he stood in the doorway, and he let them pass.

The little room was no longer the smoky, dismal, miserable place which it was formerly. It was neatly papered; it was swept clean; there was a cheerful fire, which burnt quite clearly: the mulatto woman was cleanly dressed and rising from her work, she clasped her hands together with an emotion of joyful gratitude, which said more than any words could have expressed.

This room was not papered, nor was the chimney cured of smoking, nor was the woman clad in new clothes, by magic. It was all done by human means—by the industry and abilities of a benevolent boy.

The translation of the little French book, which Howard had completed, procured him the means of doing good. The bookseller, to whom he offered it, was both an honest man, and a good judge of literary productions, Mr. Russell's name also operated in his pupil's favour, and Howard received ten guineas for his translation.

Oliver was impatient for an opportunity to give his half-guinea, which he had held in his hand till it was quite warm. "Let me look at that pretty thimble of yours," said he, going up to the mulatto woman, who had now taken up her work again; and as he playfully pulled off the thimble, he slipped his half-guinea into her hand: then he stopped her thanks by running on to a hundred questions about her thimble. "What a strange thimble! How came you by such a thimble? Was it given to you? Did you buy it? What's the use of this screw round the inside of the rim of it? Do look at it, Charles!"

The thimble was, indeed, remarkable; and it seemed extraordinary that such a one should belong to a poor woman, who had lately been in great distress.

"It is gold," said Mr. Russell, examining it, "and very old gold."

The mulatto woman sighed; and as she put the thimble upon her finger again, said, that she did not know whether it was gold or not; but she had a great value for it; that she had had it a great many years; that it had been given to her by the best friend she had ever had.

"Tell me about that best friend," said Oliver; "I like to hear about best friends."

"She was a very good friend indeed; though she was but young, scarcely bigger than yourself, at the time she gave me this thimble: she was my young mistress; I came all the way from Jamaica on purpose to find out, and in hopes to live with her in my elder days."

"Jamaica!" cried Howard—"Jamaica!" cried Oliver, in the same breath; "what was her name?"

"Frances Howard."

"My aunt!" exclaimed Howard.

"I'll run and tell her; I'll run and bring her here this instant!" said Oliver. But Mr. Russell caught hold of

him, and detained him while they further questioned the woman. Her answers were perfectly consistent and satisfactory. She said that her mistress's estate, in Jamaica, had been sold just before she left the island; that some of the old slaves had been set at liberty, by orders which came, she understood, in her mistress's last letter; and that, among the rest, she had been freed: that she had heard say, that her good mistress had desired the agent to give her also some little *provision ground* upon the plantation, but that this had never been done; and that she had sold all the clothes and little things she possessed to raise money to pay for her passage to England, hoping to find her mistress in London. She added, that the agent had given her a direction to her mistress; but that she had in vain applied at the house, and at every house in the same street. "Show us the direction, if you have it," said Mr. Russell. The woman said she had kept it very carefully; but now it was almost worn out. The direction was, however, still legible upon the ragged bit of paper, which she produced —*To Mrs. Frances Howard, Portman-square, London.* The instant Mr. Russell was satisfied, he was as expeditious as Oliver himself; they all three went home immediately to Mrs. Howard: she had some time before been confined to her room by a severe toothache. "You promised me, aunt," said her nephew, "that as soon as you were well enough, you would go to old Paul's with us to see our poor woman; can you go this evening?"

"O do! do, pray; I'm sure you won't catch cold," said Oliver; "for we have a very particular reason for wishing you to go."

"There is a sedan chair at the door," said Mr. Russell, "if you are afraid, madam, of catching cold."

"I am not rich enough to go out in sedan chairs," interrupted Mrs. Howard, "nor prudent enough, I am afraid, to stay at home."

"Oh! thank you," said Oliver, who had her clogs ready in his hands; "now you'll see something that will surprise you."

"Then take care you don't tell me what it is, before I see it," said Mrs. Howard.

Oliver with some difficulty held his tongue during the walk, and contented himself with working off his *superfluous animation* by jumping over every obstacle in his way.

The meeting between the poor mulatto woman and her mistress was as full of joy and surprise as little Oliver had expected; and this is saying a great deal, for where much is expected there is usually much disappointment; and very sympathetic people are often angry with others for not being as much astonished, or as much delighted, as they think the occasion requires.

The day which Mr. Augustus Holloway imagined would bring him such complete felicity—the day on which Lord Rawson had promised to call for him in his dog-cart, and to drive him down, *random-tandem*, to Marryborough—was now arrived. His lordship, in his dog-cart, was at the door; and Holloway, in high spirits, was just going to get into the carriage, when some one pulled his coat, and begged to speak a few words with him. It was the stage-coachman, who was absolutely in distress for the value of the lost parcel, which Holloway had promised him should be punctually paid: but Holloway, now that his excursion to Marryborough was perfectly secure, thought but very little of the poor coachman's difficulties; and though he had the money which he had raised by the lottery-tickets in his pocket, he determined to keep that for his amusements during the Easter holydays. "You must wait till I come back from Marryborough; I can't possibly speak to you now; I can't possibly, you see, keep Lord Rawson waiting. Why didn't you call sooner? I am not at all convinced that any parcel was lost."

"I'll show you the books—it's book'd, sir," said the man, eagerly.

"Well, well, this is not a time to talk of booking. I'll be with you in an instant, my lord," cried Holloway to Lord Rawson, who was all impatience to *be off*. But the coachman would not quit his hold. "I'm sorry to come to that, master," said he: "as long as we were both upon honour together it was very well; but if you break squares with me, being a gentleman, and rich, you can't take it ill, I being a poor man and my place and all at stake, if I take the shortest way to get my own: I must go to Dr. B. for justice, if you won't give it me without my peaching," said the coachman.

"I'll see you again to-morrow morning," said Holloway, alarmed: "we come up to town again to morrow

"To-morrow won't do," said the coachman; "I shall lose my place and my bread to-day. I know how to trust to young gentlemen's to-morrows."

A volley of oaths from Lord Rawson again summoned his companion. At this instant, Mr. Russell, young Howard, and little Oliver, came up the street, and were passing on to Mrs. Howard's, when Holloway stopped Howard, who was the last of the party. "For Heaven's sake," said he, in a whisper, "do settle for me with this confounded coachman! I know you are rich; your bookseller told me so; pay five guineas for me to him, and you shall have them again to-morrow, there's a good fellow. Lord Rawson's waiting; good-by."

"Stay, stay," said Howard, who was not so easily to be drawn into difficulties by a moment's weakness, or by the want of a moment's presence of mind; "I know nothing of this business; I have other uses for my money; I cannot pay five guineas for you, Holloway."

"Then let it alone," cried Holloway, with a brutal execration; and he forcibly broke from the coachman, shook hands with his tutor Mr. Supine, who was talking to Lord Rawson about the varnish of his gig, jumped into the carriage, and was whirled away from all reflection in a moment by his noble companion.

The poor coachman entreated Howard to stay one instant to hear him. He explained the business to him, and reproached himself bitterly for his folly. "I'm sure I thought," said he, "I was sure of a gentleman's honour; and young gentlemen ought to be above not paying handsome for their frolics, if they must have frolics; and a frolic's one thing, and cheating a poor man like me is another; and he had like to have killed a poor mulatto woman, too, by the overturn of the coach, which was all his doings."

"The woman is got very well, and is very well off now," interrupted Howard; "you need say nothing about that."

"Well, but my money, I must say about *that*," said the coachman. Here Howard observed that Mr. Supine had remained at the door in a lounging attitude, and was quite near enough to overhear their conversation. Howard, therefore, to avoid exciting his attention by any mysterious whispers, walked away from the coachman; but in vain; he followed: "I'll peach," said he, "I must, in my own defence."

"Stay till to-morrow morning," said Howard; "perhaps you'll be paid then."

The coachman, who was a good-natured fellow, said, "Well, I don't like making mischief among young gentlemen; I will wait till to-morrow, but not a day more, master, if you'd go down on your knees to me."

Mr. Supine, whose curiosity was fully awake, called to the coachman the moment Howard was out of hearing, and tried by various questions to draw the secret from him. The words "*overturn of the coach—mulatto woman,*" and the sentence, which the irritated coachman had pronounced in a raised voice, that "*young gentlemen should be above not paying handsome for their frolics,*" had reached Mr. Supine's attentive ear before Howard had been aware that the tutor was a listener. Nothing more could Mr. Supine draw, however, from the coachman, who now felt himself *upon honour*, having promised Howard not to *peach* till the next morning. Difficulties stimulated Mr. Supine's curiosity; but he remained, for the present, satisfied in the persuasion that he had discovered *a fine frolic* of the immaculate Mr. Charles Howard; his own pupil he did not suspect upon this occasion. Holloway's whisperings with the coachman had ended the moment Mr. Supine appeared at the door, and the tutor had in the same moment been so struck with the beautiful varnish of Lord Rawson's dog-cart, that his pupil might have whispered longer without rousing his attention. Mr. Supine was further confirmed in his mistake about Howard from the recollection of the mulatto woman whom he had seen at the gardener's; he knew that she had been hurt by a fall from a stage-coach. He saw Howard much interested about her. All this he joined with what he had just overheard about *a frolic*, and he was rejoiced at the idea of implicating in this business Mr. Russell, whom he disliked.

Mr. Supine, having got rid of his pupil, went immediately to Alderman Holloway's, where he had a general invitation to dinner. Mrs. Holloway approved of her son's tutor full as much for his love of gossiping as for his musical talents: Mr. Supine constantly supplied her with news and anecdotes; upon the present occasion, he thought that his story, however imperfect, would be eagerly received, because it concerned Howard.

Since the affair of the prize essay and the medal Mrs. Holloway had taken a dislike to young Howard, whom

she considered as the enemy of her dear Augustus. No sooner had she heard Mr. Supine's blundering information than, without any further examination, she took the whole for granted: eager to repeat the anecdote to Mrs. Howard, she instantly wrote a note to her, saying that she would drink tea with her that evening.

When Mrs. Holloway, attended by Mr. Supine, went in the evening to Mrs. Howard's, they found with her Mrs. B., the lady of Dr. B., the master of Westminster school.

"Is not this an odd rencounter?" whispered Mrs. Holloway to Mr. Supine, as she drew him to a recessed window, commodious for gossiping: "I shall be called a tell-tale, I know, at Westminster; but I shall tell our story notwithstanding. I would keep any other boy's secret; but Howard is such a saint: and I hate saints."

A knock at the door interrupted Mrs. Holloway; she looked out of the window. "O, here he comes up the steps," continued she, "after his sober evening promenade, and *his* Mr. Russell with—and, I declare, the mulatto woman with him. Now for it!"

Howard entered the room, went up to his aunt, and said, in a low voice,

"Ma'am, poor Cuba is come; she is rather tired with walking, and she is gone to rest herself in the front parlour."

"Her lameness, though," pursued little Oliver, who followed Howard into the room, "is almost well. I just asked her how high she thought the coach was from which she was—"

A look from Howard made Oliver stop short; for though he did not understand the full meaning of it, he saw it was designed to silence him. Howard was afraid of betraying Holloway's secret to Mr. Supine or to Mrs. Holloway; his aunt sent him out of the room with some message to Cuba, which gave Mrs. Holloway an opportunity of opening her business.

"Pray," said she, "might I presume to ask—for I perceive the young gentleman has some secret to keep from me, which he may have good reasons for—may I, just to satisfy my own mind, presume to ask whether, as her name leads one to guess, your Cuba, Mrs. Howard, is a mulatto woman?"

Surprised by the manner of the question, Mrs. Howard coldly replied, "Yes, madam—a mulatto woman."

"And she is lame, I think, sir, you mentioned?" persisted the curious lady, turning to little Oliver.

"Yes, she's a little lame still; but she will soon be quite well."

"O, then her lameness *came*, I presume, from an accident, sir, and not from her birth?"

"From an accident, ma'am."

"Oh! an accident—a fall—a fall from a coach—from a stage-coach, perhaps," continued Mrs. Holloway, smiling significantly at Mr. Supine: "you take me for a conjuror, young gentleman, I see by your astonishment," continued she to Oliver; "but a little bird told me the whole story, and I see Mrs. Howard knows how to keep a secret as well as myself."

Mrs. Howard looked for an explanation.

"Nay," said Mrs. Holloway; "you know best, Mrs. Howard; but as we're all *out of school* now, I shall not be afraid to mention such a little affair, even before the doctor's lady; for, to be sure, she would never let it reach the doctor's ears."

"Really, ma'am," said Mrs. Howard, "you puzzle me a little; I wish you would explain yourself: I don't know what it is that you would not have reach the doctor's ears."

"You don't!—well, then, your nephew must have been very clever, to have kept you in the dark; mustn't he, Mr. Supine?"

"I always, you know, thought the young gentleman very *clever*, ma'am," said Mr. Supine, with a malicious emphasis.

Mrs. Howard's colour now rose, and with a mixture of indignation and anxiety she pressed both Mr. Supine and Mrs. Holloway to be explicit. "I hate mysteries!" said she. Mrs. Holloway still hung back, saying it was a tender point, and hinting that it would lessen her esteem and confidence in one most dear to her, to hear the whole truth.

"Do you mean Howard, ma'am?" exclaimed little Oliver: "O, speak! speak! it's impossible Charles Howard can have done any thing wrong."

"Go for him, my dear," said Mrs. Howard, resuming her composure; "let him be present. I hate mysteries."

"But, my dear Mrs. Howard," whispered Mrs. Holloway, "you don't consider; you'll get your nephew into a shocking scrape; the story will infallibly go from Mrs.

B. to Dr. B. You are warm, and don't consider consequences."

"Charles," said Mrs. Howard to her nephew, the moment he appeared, "from the time you were five years old till this instant I have never known you tell a falsehood; I should therefore be very absurd, as well as very unjust, if I were to doubt your integrity. Tell me—have you got into any difficulties? I would rather hear of them from yourself than from anybody else. Is there any mystery about overturning a stage-coach, that you know of, and that you have concealed from me?"

"There is a mystery, ma'am, about overturning a stage-coach," replied Howard, in a firm tone of voice; "but when I assure you that it is no mystery of mine—nothing in which I have myself any concern, I am sure that you will believe me, my dear aunt; and that you will press me no further."

"Not a word further, not a frown further," said his aunt, with a smile of entire confidence; in which Mr. Russell joined, but which appeared incomprehensible to Mr. Supine.

"Very satisfactory indeed!" said that gentleman, leaning back in his chair; "I never heard any thing more satisfactory to my mind."

"Perfectly satisfactory, upon my word!" echoed Mrs. Holloway; but no looks, no innuendoes, could now disturb Mrs. Howard's security, or disconcert the resolute simplicity which appeared in her nephew's countenance. Mrs. Holloway, internally devoured by curiosity, was compelled to submit in silence. This restraint soon became so irksome to her, that she shortened her visit as much as she decently could.

In crossing the passage to go to her carriage, she caught a glimpse of the mulatto woman, who was going into a parlour. Resolute, at all hazards, to satisfy herself, Mrs. Holloway called to the retreating Cuba—began by asking some civil questions about her health; then spoke of the accident she had lately met with; and, in short, by a skilful cross-examination, drew her whole story from her. The gratitude with which the poor woman spoke of Howard's humanity was by no means pleasing to Mr. Supine.

"Then it was not he who overturned the coach?" said Mrs. Holloway.

The woman eagerly replied, "O no, madam!" and

proceeded to draw, as well as she could, a description of the youth who had been mounted upon the coach-box: she had seen him only by the light of the moon, and afterward by the light of a lantern; but she recollected his figure so well, and described him so accurately, that Mr. Supine knew the picture instantly, and Mrs. Holloway whispered to him, "Can it be Augustus?"

"Mr. Holloway!—impossible!—I suppose—"

But the woman interrupted him by saying that she recollected to have heard the young gentleman called by that name by the coachman.

The mother and the tutor were nearly alike confounded by this discovery. Mrs. Holloway got into her carriage, and, in their way home, Mr. Supine represented that he should be ruined for ever with the alderman, if this transaction came to his knowledge; that, in fact, it was a mere boyish frolic; but that the alderman might not consider it in that light, and would, perhaps, make Mr. Augustus feel his serious displeasure. The foolish mother, out of mistaken good-nature, at length promised to be silent upon the subject. But before he slept, Alderman Holloway heard the whole story. The footman who had attended the carriage was at the door when Mrs. Holloway was speaking of the mulatto woman, and had listened to every word that was said. This footman was in the habit of telling his master, when he attended him at night, all the news which he had been able to collect in the day. Mr. Supine was no favourite of his; because, whenever the tutor came to the house, he gave a great deal of trouble, being too indolent to do any thing for himself, and yet not sufficiently rich, or sufficiently generous, to pay the usual premiums for the active civility of servants. This footman was not sorry to have an opportunity of repeating any story that might injure Mr. Supine with his master. Alderman Holloway heard it under the promise of concealing the name of the person who had given him the information, and resolved to discover the truth of the affair the next day, when he was to visit his son at Westminster.

But we must now return to Mrs. Howard's. We mentioned that Mrs. B. spent the evening with her. Dr. B., soon after Mrs. Holloway went away, called to take his lady home: he had been engaged to spend the evening at a card assembly; but as he was a man who liked agreeable conversation better than cards, he had made his

escape from a rout, to spend half an hour with Mrs. Howard and Mr. Russell. The doctor was a man of various literature; able to appreciate others, he was not insensible to the pleasure of seeing himself appreciated. Half an hour passes quickly in agreeable conversation: the doctor got into an argument concerning the propriety of the distinction made by some late metaphysical writers between imagination and fancy. Thence he was led to some critical remarks upon Warton's beautiful Ode to Fancy; then to the never-ending debate upon original genius; including also the doctrine of hereditary temper and dispositions, which the doctor warmly supported, and which Mrs. Howard coolly questioned.

In the midst of their conversation they were suddenly interrupted by a groan. They all looked round to see whence it came. It came from little Oliver: he was sitting at a little table at the farther end of the room, reading so intently in a large book, that he saw nothing else: a long unsnuffed candle, with a perilous fiery summit to its black wick, stood before him, and his left arm embraced a thick china jar, against which he leaned his head. There was, by common consent, a general silence in the room, while every one looked at Oliver as at a picture. Mrs. Howard moved gently round behind his chair to see what he was reading: the doctor followed her. It was the account of the execution of two rebel Koromantyn negroes, related in Edwards's History of the West Indies.* To try whether it would interrupt Oliver's deep attention, Mrs. Howard leaned over him, and snuffed his dim candle; but the light was lost upon him—he did not feel the obligation. Dr. B. then put his hand upon the jar, which he pulled from Oliver's embrace. "Be quiet! I must finish this!" cried Oliver, still holding fast the jar, and keeping his eyes upon the book. The doctor gave a second pull at the jar, and the little boy made an impatient push with his elbow; then casting his eye upon the large hand which pulled the jar, he looked up, surprised, in the doctor's face.

The nice china jar which Oliver had held so sturdily was very precious to him. His uncle had just sent him two jars of fine West India sweetmeats. One of these he had shared with his companions: the other he had kept to give to Mrs. Howard, who had once said, in his

* Vol. ii. p. 57, second edition.

hearing, that she was fond of West India sweetmeats. She accepted Oliver's little present. Children sometimes feel as much pleasure in giving away sweetmeats as in eating them; and Mrs. Howard too well understood the art of education, even in trifles, to deny to grateful and generous feelings their natural and necessary exercise. A child can show gratitude and generosity only in trifles.

"Are these *all* the sweetmeats that you have left, Oliver?" said Mrs. Howard.

"Yes—all."

"Was not Rousseau wrong, Dr. B.," said Mrs. Howard, "when he asserted that no child ever gives away *his last mouthful* of any thing good?"

"Of any thing *good!*" said the doctor, laughing; "when I have tasted these sweetmeats, I shall be a better judge."

"You shall taste them this minute, then," said Mrs. Howard; and she rang for a plate, while the doctor, to little Oliver's great amusement, exhibited various pretended signs of impatience, as Mrs. Howard deliberately untied the cover of the jar. One cover after another she slowly took off; at length the last transparent cover was lifted up; the doctor peeped in; but lo! instead of sweetmeats, there appeared nothing but paper. One crumpled roll of paper after another Mrs. Howard pulled out; still no sweetmeats. The jar was entirely stuffed with paper to the very bottom. Oliver was silent with amazement.

"The sides of the jar are quite clean," said Howard.

"But the inside of the paper that covered it is stained with sweetmeats," said Dr. B.

"There must have been sweetmeats in it lately," said Mrs. Howard, "because the jar smells so strongly of them."

Among the pieces of crumpled paper which had been pulled out of the jar, Dr. B. espied one on which there appeared some writing: he looked it over.

"Humph! What have we here? What's this? What can this be about a lottery?—tickets, price half-a-guinea—prizes—gold watch!—silver ditto—chased tooth-pick case—buckles—knee buckles. What is all this?—April 10th, 1797—the drawing to begin—prizes to be delivered at Westminster School, by Aaron Carat, jeweller! Hey, young gentlemen," cried Dr. B., looking at Oliver and Charles, "do you know any thing of this lottery?"

"I have no concern in it, sir, I assure you," said Howard.

"Nor I, thank goodness—I mean, thank you, Charles," exclaimed Oliver; "for you hindered me from putting into the lottery: how very lucky I was to take your advice!"

"How very wise, you should say, Oliver," said Dr. B. "I must inquire into this business; I must find out who ordered these things from Mr. Aaron Carat. There shall be no lotteries, no gaming at Westminster School, while I have power to prevent it. To-morrow morning I'll inquire into this affair; and to-morrow morning we shall also know, my little fellow, what became of your sweetmeats."

"O, never mind *that*," cried the good-natured Oliver; "don't say any thing, pray, sir, about my sweetmeats: I don't mind about them; I know already—I guess, now, who took them; therefore you need not ask; I dare say it was only meant for a joke."

Dr. B. made no reply, but folded up the paper which he had been reading, put it into his pocket, and soon after took his leave.

Lord Rawson was one of those young men who measure their own merit and felicity by the number of miles which their horses can go in a day; he undertook to drive his friend up from Marryborough to Westminster, a distance of forty miles, in five hours. The arrival of his lordship's gig was a signal for which several people were in waiting at Westminster School. The stage-coachman was impatiently waiting to demand his money from Holloway. Mr. Carat, the jeweller, was arrived, and eager to settle with Mr. Holloway about the lottery: he had brought the prizes in a small case, to be delivered, upon receiving from Holloway the money for all the tickets of which he had disposed. Dr. B. was waiting for the arrival of Mr. Holloway, as he had determined to collect all his pupils together, and to examine into the lottery business. Little Oliver was also watching for Holloway, to prevent mischief, and to assure him of forgiveness about the sweetmeats.

Lord Rawson's dog-cart arrived: Holloway saw the stage-coachman as he alighted, and abruptly turning from him, shook hands with little Oliver, saying, "You look as if you had been waiting for me."

"Yes," said Oliver: "but I can't say what I want to say before everybody."

"I'll wait upon you presently," said Holloway, escaping from the coachman. As he crossed the hall, he descried Mr. Carat, and a crowd of boys surrounding him, crying, "Mr. Carat's come—he has brought the prizes—he's brought the prizes! he'll show them all as soon as you've settled with him." Holloway called to the Jew; but little Oliver insisted upon being heard first.

"You must hear me: I have something to say to you about the prizes—about the lottery."

The words arrested Holloway's attention: he followed Oliver; heard with surprise and consternation the history of the paper which had been found in the jar, by Dr. B. "I've done for myself now, faith!" he exclaimed; "I suppose the doctor knows all about the hand *I* have in the lottery."

"No," replied Oliver, "he does not."

"Why, *you* must have known it; and did not he question you and Howard?"

"Yes; but when we told him that we had nothing to do with it, he did not press us further."

"You are really a noble little fellow," exclaimed Holloway, "to bear me no malice for the many ill turns I have done you: this last has fallen upon myself, as ill-luck would have it; but before we go any further—your sweetmeats are safe in the press, in my room; I didn't mean to steal them; only to plague you, child:—but you have your revenge now."

"I don't want any revenge, indeed," said Oliver, "for I'm never happy when I've quarrelled with anybody: and even when people quarrel with me, I don't feel quite sure that I'm in the right, which makes me uncomfortable; and, besides, I don't want to find out that they are quite in the wrong; and that makes me uncomfortable the other way. After all, quarrelling and bearing malice are very disagreeable things, somehow or other. Don't you, when you have made it up with people, and shaken hands, Holloway—don't you feel quite light, and ready to jump again? So shake hands, if you are not above shaking hands with such a little boy as I am; and I shall never think again about the sweetmeats, or old *fag* times."

Holloway could not help feeling touched. "Here's my hand," cried he; "I'm sorry I've tormented you so

often; I'll never plague you any more. But now—I don't know what upon earth to do. Where's Charles Howard? If he can't help me, I'm undone. I have got into more scrapes than I can get out of, I know. I wish I could see Howard."

"I'll run and bring him to you; he's the best person at knowing what should be done—at least for me, I know—that ever I saw."

Holloway abruptly began, as soon as Howard came up to him: "Howard," said he, "you know this plaguy lottery business—but you don't know half yet: here's Carat come to be paid for his tickets; and here's that dunning stage-coachman sticks close to me for his five guineas; and not one farthing have I upon earth!"

"Not a farthing! but you don't mean that you have not the money for Mr. Carat?"

"But I *do* though."

"Why, you cannot have spent it since yesterday morning?"

"No; but I have lost half and lent half; and the half that I have lent is gone for ever, I'm afraid, as much as that which I lost."

"Who did you lend the money to? How did you lose it?"

"I lost part to Sir John O'Shannon, last night, at billiards—more fool I to play, only because I wanted to cut a figure among those fine people at Marryborough. I wonder my father lets me go there; I know I sha'n't go back there this Easter, unless Lord Rawson makes me an apology, I can tell him. I've as good a right to be upon my high horse as he has; for though his father's an earl, my father's a great deal richer, I know; and has lent him a great deal of money too, and that's the only reason he's civil to us; but I can tell him—"

Here Howard brought the angry Holloway from his high horse, by asking what all this had to do with Mr. Carat, who was waiting to be paid?

"Why, don't I explain to you," said Holloway, "that I lent *him*—Lord Rawson I mean—all the money I had left yesterday, and I couldn't get it out of him again, though I told him my distress about the stage-coachman! Did you ever know any thing so selfish? Did you ever know any thing so shabby? so shameful? And then to make me his butt, as he did last night at supper, because there were two or three dashing young men by; I think more of *that* than all the rest. Do you know,

he asked me to eat custard with my apple-pie, just to point me out for an alderman's son; and when I only differed from him about Captain Shouldham's puppy's ears, Lord Rawson said, to be sure, I must know about dogs' ears, just to put me in mind that I was a schoolboy; but I'll never go to Marryborough any more, unless he begs my pardon. I've no notion of being an humble friend; but it does not signify being in a passion about it now," continued Holloway. "What I want you, Howard, to do for me is, just to think; for I can't think at present, I'm in such a hurry, with all these things coming across me at once. What can I do to find money for the stage-coachman and for Mr. Carat? Why both together come to fifteen guineas.—And what can I do about Dr. B.? And do you know my father is coming here this very morning? How shall I manage? He'd never forgive me: at least he'd not give me any money, for I don't know how long, if these things were to come out. What would you advise me to do?"

Howard, with his usual honest policy, advised Holloway at once to tell all the circumstances to his father. Holloway was at first much alarmed at this proposal, and insisted upon it that this method would not *do at all* with the alderman, though it might do very well with such a woman as Mrs. Howard. At length, however, overcome, partly by the arguments, and partly by the persuasion of his new adviser, Holloway determined upon his confession.

Alderman Holloway arrived, and was beginning to talk to Dr. B. of his son's proficiency in his studies, when the young gentleman made his appearance, with a countenance extremely embarrassed and agitated. The sight of Dr. B. deprived Holloway of courage to speak. The doctor fixed his penetrating eye upon the pale culprit, who immediately stopped short in the middle of the room, stammering out, "I came to speak, sir—I had something to say to my father, sir—I came, if you please, to speak to my father, sir." To Holloway's utter astonishment, Dr. B.'s countenance and manner suddenly changed at these words; all his severity vanished; and, with a look and voice the most encouraging, he led the abashed youth towards his father.

"You came to speak to your father, sir? Speak to him then without fear, without reserve: you will certainly find in a father your most indulgent friend. I'll leave you together."

This opening of the case by Dr. B. was of equal advantage both to the father and to the son. Alderman Holloway, though without literature, was not without understanding; his affection for his son made him quickly comprehend the good sense of the doctor's hint. The alderman was not *surprised* by the story of the overturn of the stage-coach, because he had heard it before from his footman. But the lottery transaction with the Jew —and, above all, with the loss and loan of so much money to his friend Lord Rawson struck him with some astonishment; yet he commanded his temper, which was naturally violent; and, after a constrained silence, he begged his son to summon Mr. Supine. "At least," cried the alderman, "I've a right to be in a passion with that careless, indolent, dilettanti puppy, whom I've been paying all this while for taking such care of you. I wish I had hold of his German flute at this instant. You are very right, Augustus, to come like a man, and tell me all these things; and now I must tell you that some of them I had heard of before. I wish I had that Jew, that Mr. Carat of yours, here! and that stage-coachman, who had the impertinence to take you out with him at night. But it's all Mr. Supine's fault—and mine, for not choosing a better tutor for you. As to Lord Rawson, I can't blame you either much for that, for I encouraged the connexion, I must own. I'm glad you have quarrelled with him, however; and pray look out for a better friend as fast as possible. You were very right to tell me all these things; on that consideration, and that only, I'll lend my hand to getting you out of these scrapes."

"For that," cried Holloway, "I may thank Howard, then; for he advised and urged me to tell you all this at once."

"Call him; let me thank him," said the alderman; "he's an excellent young man then—call him."

Dr. B. now entered the room with little Oliver.

When Holloway returned with Howard, he beheld the stage-coachman standing silent on one side of his father; Mr. Carat, the Jew, on the other side, jabbering an unintelligible vindication of himself; while Dr. B. was contemplating the box of lottery prizes, which lay open upon the table. Mr. Supine, leaning against the chimney-piece, appeared in the attitude of an Antinous in despair.

"Come, my little friend," said Dr. B. to Oliver, "you

did not put into the lottery, I understand. Choose from among these things whatever you please. It is better to trust to prudence than fortune, you see. Mr. Howard, I know that I am rewarding you at this instant, in the manner you best like, and best deserve."

There was a large old-fashioned chased gold toothpick case, on which Oliver immediately fixed his eye. After examining it very carefully, he drew the doctor aside, and, after some consultation, Oliver left the room hastily; while the alderman, with all the eloquence of which he was master, expressed his gratitude to Howard for the advice which he had given his son. "Cultivate this young gentleman's friendship," added he, turning to Holloway: "he has not a title; but even *I*, Augustus, am now ready to acknowledge he is worth twenty Lord Rawsons. Had he a title, he would grace it; and that's as much as I can say for any man."

The Jew, all this time, stood in the greatest trepidation; he trembled lest the alderman should have him taken up and committed to jail for his illegal, unlicensed lottery. He poured forth as many protestations as his knowledge of the English language could afford of the purity of his intentions; and, to demonstrate his disinterestedness, began to display the trinkets in his prize-box, with a panegyric upon each. Dr. B. interrupted him by paying for the toothpick case which he had bought for Oliver. "Now, Mr. Carat," said the doctor, "you will please to return, in the first place, the money you have received for your *illegal* lottery tickets."

The word *illegal*, pronounced in a tremendous tone, operated instantaneously upon the Jew; his hand, which had closed upon Holloway's guineas, opened; he laid the money down upon the table; but mechanically seized his box of trinkets, which he seemed to fear would be the next seized, as forfeits. No persons are so apprehensive of injustice and fraud as those who are themselves dishonest. Mr. Carat, bowing repeatedly to Alderman Holloway, shuffled towards the door, asking if he might now depart; when the door opened with such a force as almost to push the retreating Jew upon his face.

Little Oliver, out of breath, burst into the room, whispered a few words to Dr. B. and Alderman Holloway, who answered, "*He* may come in;" and a tall, stout man, an officer from Bow-street, immediately entered. "There's your man, sir," said the alderman, pointing to

the Jew; "there is Mr. Carat." The man instantly seized Mr. Carat, produced a warrant from Justice ——, for apprehending the Jew upon suspicion of his having in his possession certain valuable jewels, the property of Mrs. Frances Howard.

Oliver was eager to explain. "Do you know, Howard," said he, "how all this came about? Do you know your aunt's gone to Bow-street, and has taken the mulatto woman with her, and Mr. Russell has gone with her: and she thinks—and *I* think—she'll certainly have her jewels, her grandmother's jewels, that were left in Jamaica."

"How? but how?" exclaimed Howard.

"Why," said Oliver, "by the toothpick case. The reason I chose that toothpick case out of the Jew's box was, because it came into my head, the minute I saw it, that the mulatto woman's curious thimble—you remember her thimble, Howard—would just fit one end of it. I ran home and tried it, and the thimble screwed on as nicely as possible; and the chasing, as Mr. Russell said, and the colour of the gold, matched exactly. O! Mrs. Howard was so surprised when we showed it to her—so astonished to see this toothpick case in England; for it had been left, she said, with all her grandmother's diamonds and *things*, in Jamaica."

"Yes," interrupted Howard; "I remember my aunt told us, when you asked her about Cuba's thimble, that she gave it to Cuba when she was a child, and that it belonged to some old trinket. Go on."

"Well, where was I?—O, then, as soon as she saw the toothpick case, she asked how it had been found; and I told her all about the lottery and Mr. Carat; then she and Mr. Russell consulted, and away they went, with Cuba, in a coach; and all the rest you know; and I wish I could hear the end of it!"

"And so you shall, my good little fellow; we'll all go together, to hear the Jew's examination: you shall go with me in my coach to Bow-street," said Alderman Holloway.

In the midst of their bustle, the poor stage-coachman, who had waited with uncommon patience in hopes that Alderman Holloway would at last recollect him, pressed forward, and petitioned to be paid his five guineas for the lost parcel. "I have lost my place already," said he, "and the little goods I have will be seized this day for the value of that unlucky parcel, master."

The alderman put his hand slowly into his purse; but

just when he had pulled out five guineas, a servant came into the room to inform Dr. B. that a sailor was waiting in the hall, who desired to speak, directly, about something of consequence, to the stage-coachman.

Dr. B., who imagined that the sailor might have something to do with the business in question, ordered that he might be shown into the room.

"I wants one Gregory Giles, a stage-coachman, if such a one be here amongst ye, gentlefolks, and nobody else," cried the sailor, producing a parcel, wrapped up in brown paper.

"It's my very parcel," exclaimed the stage-coachman. "I am Gregory Giles! God bless your honest heart!—Where did ye find it?—Give it me!"

The sailor said he had found it in a dry ditch on the Bath road, a little beyond the first turnpike going out of town; that he had inquired at the turnpike-house; had heard that the stage had been overturned a few days before, and that a parcel had been lost, about which the coachman had been in great trouble; that he had gone directly to the inn where the coach put up; had traced the coachman from place to place, and was heartily glad he had found him at last.

"Thank'ee, with all my heart," said the coachman, "for all the trouble you've been at; and here's the crown reward that I offered for it, and my thanks into the bargain."

"No, no," said the honest sailor, pushing back the money; "I won't take any thing from a poor fellow like myself: put your silver into your pocket: I hear you lost your place already by that parcel. There was a great talk at the turnpike-house about your losing your place, for giving some young gentleman a lift. Put up your money."

All present were eager in rewarding the honest sailor.

A hackney-coach was now come to the door for Mr. Carat, and everybody hurried off as fast as possible.

"Where are they all steering to?" said the sailor. The stage-coachman told him all that he had heard of the matter. "I'll be in their wake, then," cried the sailor; "I shall like to see the Jew upon his court-martial; I was choused once by a Jew myself." He got to Bow-street as soon as they did.

The first thing Howard learned was, that the jewels, which had been all found at Mr. Carat's, precisely answered the description which his aunt had given of them

The Jew was in the utmost consternation: finding that the jewels were positively sworn to, he declared, upon his examination, that he had bought them from a captain of a ship; that he had paid the full value for them; and that, at the time he purchased them, he had no suspicion of their having been fraudulently obtained. This defence appearing evidently evasive, the magistrates who examined Mr. Carat informed him, that unless he could produce the person from whom he had bought the jewels, he must be committed to Newgate, for receiving stolen goods. Terrified at this sentence, the Jew, though he had at first asserted that he knew nothing of the captain from whom he had received the diamonds, now acknowledged that he actually lodged at his house.

"Hah!" exclaimed Holloway: "I remember the day that I and Lord Rawson called at your house, you were settling accounts, your foreman told us, with a captain of a ship, who was to leave England in a few days: it's well he's not off."

An officer was immediately sent to Mr. Carat's in quest of this captain; but there were great apprehensions that he might have escaped at the first alarm of the search for the jewels. Fortunately, however, he had not been able to get off, as two constables had been stationed at Mr. Carat's house. The officer from Bow-street found him in his own bed-chamber, rummaging a portmanteau for some papers which he wanted to burn. His papers were seized, and carried along with him before the magistrate.

Alderman Holloway knew the captain the moment he was brought into the room, though his dress and whole appearance were very different from what they had been when he had waited upon the alderman some months before this time, with a dismal, plausible story of his own poverty and misfortunes. He had then told him that his mate and he had a quarrel, upon the voyage from Jamaica; that the mate knew what a valuable cargo he had on board; that just when they got in sight of land, the crew rose upon him; the mate seized him, and by force put him into a boat, and set him ashore.

The discovery of the jewels at Mr. Carat's at once overturned the captain's whole story; cunning people often insert something in their narration to make it better, which ultimately tends to convict them of falsehood. The captain, having now no other resource, and having the horrors of imprisonment, and the certainty of con-

demnation upon a public trial full before him, threw himself, as the only chance that remained for him, upon Mrs. Howard's mercy; confessed that all that he had told her before was false; that his mate and he had acted in concert; that the rising of the crew against him had been contrived between them; that he had received the jewels, when he was set ashore, for his immediate share of the booty; and that the mate had run the ship off to Charleston, to sell her cargo. According to agreement, the captain added, he was to have had a share in the cargo; but the mate had *cheated him* of that; he had never heard from him, or of him, he would take his oath, from the day he was set ashore, and knew nothing of him or the cargo.

"Avast, friend, by your leave," cried the honest sailor who had found the stage-coachman's parcel—"avast, friend, by your leave," said he, elbowing his way between Alderman Holloway and his next neighbour, and getting clear into the middle of the circle—"I know more of this matter, *my lord*, or please your worship, which is much the same thing, than anybody here; and I'm glad on't, mistress," continued the tar, pulling a cud of tobacco out of his mouth, and addressing himself to Mrs. Howard: then turning to the captain, "Wasn't *she* the *Lively Peggy*, pray?—it's no use tacking. Wasn't your mate one John Matthews, pray? Captain, your face tells truth, in spite of your teeth."

The captain instantly grew pale and trembled: on which the sailor turned abruptly from him and went on with his story. "Mistress," said he, "though I'm a loser by it, no matter. The Lively Peggy and her cargo are safe and sound in Plymouth at this very time being, and we have her mate in limbo, curse him. We made a prize of him coming from America, for he was under French colours, and a fine prize we thought we'd made. But her cargo belongs to a British subject; and there's an end of our prize-money: no matter for that. There was an ugly look with Matthews from the first; and I found the day we took her something odd in the look of her stern. The rascals had done their best to paint over her name; but *I*, though no great scholar, made a shift to spell the Lively Peggy through it all. We have the mate in limbo at Plymouth: but it's all come out, without any more to do; and, mistress, I'll get you her bill of lading in a trice, and I give ye joy with all my heart."

Alderman Holloway, a man used to business, would not indulge himself in a single compliment upon this occasion, till he had cautiously examined the captain's papers. The bill of lading which had been sent with the Lively Peggy from Jamaica, was found among them; it was an exact list, corresponding precisely with that which Mrs. Howard's agent had sent her by post, of the consignment shipped after the sale of her plantation. The alderman, satisfied, after counting the puncheons of rum and hogsheads of sugar, turned to Mrs. Howard, and shook hands with her, with a face of mercantile congratulation, declaring that "she was now as good a woman as ever she had been, and need never desire to be better."

"My dear Oliver," cried Howard, "this is all owing to you: *you* discovered—"

"No, no, no!" interrupted Oliver, precipitately: "all that I did was accident; all that you did was not accident. You first made me love you, by teaching me that I was not a blockhead, and by freeing me from—"

"*A tyrant*, you were going to say," cried Holloway, colouring deeply; "and if you had, you'd have said the truth. I thought, Howard, *afterward*, that you were a brave fellow for taking his part, I confess. But, Oliver, I thought you had forgiven me for all these things."

"Forgiven! Oh yes, to be sure," cried little Oliver; "I wasn't thinking of myself, or you either; I was only thinking of Howard's good-nature; and then," continued he, "Howard was just as good to the mulatto woman as he was to me—wasn't he, Cuba?"

"That he was!" replied the poor woman; and looking at Mrs. Howard, added, "Massa's *heart* as good as hers."

"And his *head's* as good as his heart, which makes it all better still," continued Oliver, with enthusiasm. "Mr. Russell, you know how hard he worked at that translation to earn money to support poor Cuba, and to paper the room, and to pay the bricklayer *for* the smoky chimney: these things weren't done by accident, were they? though it was by accident that I happened to observe Cuba's curious thimble."

"There are some people," interrupted Mr. Russell, "who, by accident, never observe any thing. We will not allow you, Oliver, to call your quick habit of obser vation accident; your excellent capacity will—"

"*My* excellent capacity!" repeated Oliver, with unfeigned surprise: "why you know I get by rote slower than anybody in the world."

"You may," said Dr. B., "notwithstanding, have an excellent capacity: much may be learned without books; much more with books, Oliver; but for your comfort you need not learn them by rote."

"I'm glad of it, heartily," cried Oliver; "but this put something out of my head that I was in a great hurry to say—Oh, one other thing about *accident*. It was not *accident*, but it was Howard's sense in persuading me not to put into the lottery, that was the very cause of Dr. B.'s giving me the choice of all the things in the Jew's box—was it?"

"Well, Oliver, we are ready to allow all you want us to perceive; in one word, that your friend Howard *has not been educated by accident*," said Dr. B., looking at Mrs. Howard.

The Jew and the captain of the Lively Peggy were now left in the hands of the law. The sailor was properly rewarded. Mr. Russell was engaged to superintend the education of Holloway. He succeeded, and was presented by the alderman with a living in Surrey. Mr. Supine never visited Italy, and did not meet with any consolation but in his German flute. Howard continued eager to improve himself; nor did he imagine that the moment he left school, and parted from his tutor, his education was finished, and that his books were "like past misfortunes," good for nothing but to be forgotten. His love for literature he found one of the first pleasures of his life; nor did he, after he came into the possession of a large fortune, find that his habits of constant occupation lessened his enjoyments, for he was never known to yawn at a window upon a rainy morning!

Little Oliver's understanding rapidly improved; his affection for his friend Howard increased as he grew up, for he always remembered that Howard was the first person who discovered that he was not a dunce. Mrs. Howard had the calm satisfaction of seeing an education well finished which she had well begun; and she enjoyed in her nephew's friendship, esteem, and unconstrained gratitude, all the rewards which her good sense, firmness, and benevolence had so well deserved.

END OF VOL. II.

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